

*Sam. Addis.*  
THE  
HISTORY  
Of the RENOWNED  
DON QUIXOTE  
*De la MANCHA.*

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Written in SPANISH by  
*Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.*

TRANSLATED by Several HANDS:

And Publish'd by  
PETER MOTTEUX.

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Adorn'd with New SCULPTURES.

*The FOURTH EDITION, Carefully Revised,  
and Compared with the Best Edition of the  
ORIGINAL, Printed at MADRID.*

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By J. OZELL.

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VOL. IV.

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nde

THE DEDICATION



To the Honourable  
**Colonel Stanhope.**

S I R,



SOME People may be surpriz'd at my Dedicating any Part of *Don Quixote* in English to a Person, who having so true a Taste of his Perfections in his Native language, can have little Relish for him under the Disadvantages of a Transla-

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tion :

## The DEDICATION.

tion: But this which might appear to others a reasonable Objection, was to me the most prevalent Inducement to this Address. I must indeed confess that your Capacity startl'd my Presumption; but then I consider'd, that a Person, who is so truly sensible of the Beauties of the Original, wou'd be most conscious of the Great Difficulties that must attend my Undertaking, and consequently most likely to excuse the Imperfection in the Translating of a Book that had been thrice attempted in *English* before; yet so, as not to discourage a fourth Essay. Expecting therefore to be Attack'd by the Criticks, and believing that the most I cou'd pretend to was a Handsome Retreat, I thought it my best way to secure the Whole, by having the Rear brought up by a Leader, whose very Reputation, wou'd be sufficient to keep the Enemy in Awe.

My Author, by a Successful Errantry has visited most Parts of *Europe*, and been taught to speak all the Polite Language



## *The DEDICATION.*

in the Christian World. But he has been a whole Century in arriving at a Part of that Accomplishment, which you, Sir, have gain'd in so few Years, that if we compare the Perfection you have attain'd, with the shortness of the Time, we must conclude, that not only all these Languages, but a Thousand Noble Endowments have been rather Born with you, than Acquir'd.

LEARNING in Schools, Philosophy in Retirement, and Experience in Gray Heirs, are but the Consequence of their several Constitutions; but to find the Muses at Court, the Philosopher in the Camp, and the Depth of Prudence in Youth, is one of those Rarities, that should be shewn to delight Mankind with Admiration, and to Improve the World by Example. Could your Character, Sir, be drawn to the Life, the Good that might be done by setting it in view, might plead an Excuse even to your self, who appear so great a Lover of your Country, by the whole Bent of your

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Studies;

## *The* DEDICATION.

Studies ; for what you seem to have laid out for your Private Accomplishment, proves indeed Dedicated to the Service of the Publick ; and You have so Profited in Your Endeavours, that your Country seems at a Stand, whether to fix You upon Action in the Field, Council at Home, or Negotiation Abroad. If these several Talents, even when divided, illustrate Noble Families, where, as in Yours, Merit flows down from Father to Son, what shall we say of the Person, in whom they appear so happily united!

ONE of the first Subjects we find treated in Poetry, was the Expedition at *Colchos*, and the Illustrious *Argonautes* found an *Orpheus* to transmit their Fame to Futurity. Whether this were not a kind of a Laudable Knight-Errantry in the Volunteers, or a Fiction of the Poet, You, Sir, can best determine, who are so Great a Critick in the *Greek*. But had that very *Orpheus* liv'd in this Age, what Glorious unfeign'd Subjects had he not found in the  
late



## The DEDICATION.

late Adventurers for the *Iberian* Golden Fleece! These Papers, Sir, are no small Part of the Treasures of *Spain*; and since You had so Great a Share in the Glory of enriching your Country with the Wealth of that Nation, You must be content to have a Part in Impropropriating *Cervantes* to the use of the *English*. You have humbled the Pride of the *Spaniard*, and he throws himself at your Feet for Protection. He, that was himself a Soldier, knows that the Gallant Man will always give Quarter; and hopes that You, whom *Italy* and *Flanders* have seen so early, and so eminently Brave in the Defence of his Country, when it was the Interest of your own, will now Generously Protect an Honest *Spaniard* like *Cervantes*, tho' you have so lately been One of the Foremost in an Action, no less Fatal to his Nation, than Glorious to the Undertakers.

SIR, I feel a Warmth within me, that prompts me to Expatiate upon a Subject of which I must own my Self particular-

*The DEDICATION.*

ly Fond ; but then a Remainder of Discretion checks my Zeal, and cautions me against any Thing beyond my Strength and your Patience. I am,

S I R,

*Your Most Humble and*

*Most Obedient Servant,*

P. Motteux.





THE  
Life and Atchievements  
Of the Renowned  
*DON QUIXOTE*  
*De la MANCHA.*

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V O L. IV.

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C H A P. XXXIV.

*Containing Ways and Means for disenchanted  
the Peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, being  
one of the most famous Adventures in the  
whole Book.*

**T**HE Duke and Dutcheſs were extremely diverted with the Humours of their Guests: Reſolving therefore to improve their Sport, by carrying on ſome pleaſant Deſign, that might bear the Appearance of an Adventure, they took the Hint from Don  
A 5 *Quixote's*

*Quixote's* Account of *Montesino's* Cave, as a Subject from which they might raise an extraordinary Entertainment: The rather, since, to the Dutchess's Amazement, *Sancho's* Simplicity was so great, as to believe that *Dulcinea del Toboso* was really enchanted, though he himself had been the first Contriver of the Story, and her only Inchanter.

Accordingly, having given Directions to their Servants that nothing might be wanting, and propos'd a Day for Hunting the Wild Boar, in five or six Days they were ready to set out, with a Train of Huntsmen and other Attendants not unbecoming the greatest Prince. They presented *Don Quixote* with a Hunting-Suit, but he refus'd it, alledging it superfluous, since he was in a short Time to return to the hard Exercise of Arms, and could carry no Sumpters or Wardrobes along with him: But *Sancho* readily accepted one of fine green Cloth, with Design to sell it the first Opportunity.

The Day prefix'd being come, *Don Quixote* arm'd, and *Sancho* equipp'd himself in his new Suit, and mounting his Ass, which he would not quit for a good Horse that was offer'd him, he crowded in among the Train of Sportsmen. The Dutchess also in a Dress both odd and gay, made one of the Company. The Knight, who was Courtesy it self, very gallantly would needs hold the Reins of her Palfrey, tho' the Duke seem'd very unwilling to let him. In short, they came to the Scene of their Sport, which was in a Wood between two very high Mountains, where alighting, and taking their several Stands, the Dutchess with a pointed Javelin in her Hand, attended by the Duke and *Don Quixote* took their Stand in a Place where they knew the Boars were used to pass through. The Hunters posted themselves in several Lanes and Paths as they

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*The Duke, Duchess and Don Quixote, hunting the wild Boar.  
Sancho Panza falling out of a Tree is catch'd by the  
Breech.*

*Vol. 4. Pag: 11.*



they most conveniently could. But as for *Sancho*, he chose to stay behind 'em all with his *Dapple*, whom he would by no means leave a Moment, for fear the poor Creature should meet with some sad Accident.

And now the Chace began with full Cry, the Dogs open'd, the Horns sounded, and the Huntsmen hollow'd in so loud a Consort, that there was no hearing one another. Soon after, a hideous Boar, of a monstrous Size, came on, gnashing his Teeth and Tusks, and foaming at the Mouth, and, being baited hard by the Dogs, and follow'd close by the Huntsmen, made furiously towards the Pass which Don *Quixote* had taken. Whereupon the Knight grasping his Shield, and drawing his Sword, mov'd forward to receive the raging Beast. The Duke join'd him with a Boar-Spear, and the Dutcheß would have been foremost, had not the Duke prevented her. *Sancho*, alone, seeing the furious Animal, resolv'd to shift for one, and leaving *Dapple*, away he scudded as fast as his Legs would carry him towards an high Oak, to the Top of which he endeavour'd to clamber: But as he was getting up, one of the Boughs unluckily broke, and down he was tumbling, when a Snag or Stump of another Bough caught hold of his new Coat, and stopp'd his Fall, flinging him in the Air by the Middle, so that he could neither get up nor down. His fine Green Coat was torn, and he fancy'd every Moment the wild Boar was running that way with foaming Chaps and dreadful Tusks to tear him to pieces. Which so disturb'd him, that he roar'd and bellow'd for help, as if some wild Beast had been devouring him in good earnest.

At last the Tusky Boar was laid at his length with a Number of pointed Spears fix'd in him; and Don *Quixote* being alarm'd by *Sancho's* Noise, which

which he could distinguish easily, look'd about, and discover'd him swinging in the Tree with his Head downwards, and close by him poor *Dapple*, who like a true Friend never forsook him in his Adversity: For *Cid Hamet* observes, that they were such true and inseparable Friends, that *Sancho* was seldom seen without *Dapple*, or *Dapple* without *Sancho*. Don *Quixote* went and took down his Squire, who, as soon as he was at Liberty, began to examine the Damage his fine Hunting Suit had receiv'd, which griev'd him to the Soul, for he priz'd it as much as if it had made him Heir to an Estate.

Mean while the Boar being laid across a large Mule, and cover'd with Branches of Rosemary and Myrtle, was carry'd in Triumph by the Victorious Huntsmen to a large Field Tent, pitch'd in the middle of the Wood, where an excellent Entertainment was provided suitable to the Magnificence of the Founder.

*Sancho* drew near the Dutcheß, and shewing her historn Coat, Had we been hunting the Hare now, or catching of Sparrows, quoth he, my Coat might have slept in a whole Skin. For my part, I wonder what Pleasure there can be in beating the Bushes for a Beast, which if it does but come at you, will run its plaguy Tusshes in your Guts, and be the Death of you: I han't forgot an old Song to this Purpose;

*May Fate of Fabila be rhine,  
And make thee Food for Bears or Swine.*

That *Fabila*, said Don *Quixote*, was a King of the *Gorks*, who going a Hunting once was devoured by a Bear. That's it I say, quoth *Sancho*; and therefore why should Kings and other great Folks run themselves into Harm's way, when they may have Sport enough without it; Mercy on me, what Pleasure

Pleasure can you find, any of ye all, in killing a poor Beast that never meant any Harm? You are mistaken, *Sancho*, said the Duke, Hunting wild Beasts is the most proper Exercise for Knights and Princes; for in the Chace of a stout noble Beast, may be represented the whole Art of War, Stratagems, Policy and Ambuscades, with all other Devices usually practis'd to overcome an Enemy with Safety. Here we are expos'd to the Extremities of Heat and Cold; Ease and Laziness can have no Room in this Diversion: By this we are inur'd to Toil and Hardship, our Limbs are strengthen'd, our Joynts made supple, and our whole Body hale and active: In short, it is an Exercise that may be beneficial to many, and can be prejudicial to none; and the most enticing Property is its Rarity, being plac'd above the Reach of the Vulgar, who may indeed enjoy the Diversion of other sorts of Game, but not this nobler kind, nor that of Hawking, a Sport also reserv'd for Kings and Persons of Quality. Therefore, *Sancho*, let me advise you to alter your Opinion, against you become a Governour; for then you'll find the great Advantage of these Sports and Diversions. You're out, far wide, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, 'twere better that a Governour had his Legs broken, and be laid up at home, than to be gadding abroad at this Rate. 'Twould be a pretty Business, forsooth, when poor People come weary and tir'd to wait on the Governour about Business, that he should be rambling about the Woods for his Pleasure! There would be a sweet Government truly! Good Faith, Sir, I think these Sports and Pastimes are fitter for those that have nothing to do than for Governours. No, I intend my Recreation shall be a Game at Whisk at *Christmas*, and Nine-pins on Sundays and Holidays; but for your Hunting, as you call it, it goes mightily against my Calling and Conscience. I wish with all

all my Heart, said the Duke, that you prove as good as you promise; but saying and doing are different things. Well, well, quoth *Sancho*, be it how it will, I say that an honest Man's Word is as good as his Bond. Heaven's Help is better than early rising. 'Tis the Belly makes the Feet amble, and not the Feet the Belly. My Meaning is, that with Heaven's Help, and my honest Endeavours, I shall govern better than any Goshawk. Do but put your Finger in my Mouth, and try if I can't bite. A Curse on thee and thy impertinent Proverbs, said Don *Quixote*: Shall I never get thee to talk Sense without a String of that disagreeable Stuff? I beseech your Graces, do not countenance this eternal Dunce, or he will tease your very Souls with a thousand unseasonable and insignificant old Saws, for which I wish his Mouth stich'd up, and my self a Mischief if I hear him. Oh, Sir, said the Dutcheß, *Sancho's* Proverbs will always please for their sententious Brevity, though they were as numerous as a Printed Collection; and I assure you, I relish 'em more than I would do others, that might be better, and more to the Purpose.

After this, and such like diverting Talk, they left the Tent, and walk'd into the Wood to see whether any Game had fall'n into their Nets. Now, while they were thus intent upon their Sport the Night drew on apace, and more cloudy and overcast than was usual at that Time of the Year, which was about Midsummer; but it happen'd very critically for the better carrying on the intended Contrivance. A little while after the Close of the Evening, when it grew quite dark, in a Moment the Wood seem'd all on fire, and blaz'd in every Quarter. This was attended by an alarming Sound of Trumpets and other Warlike Instruments, answering one another from all Sides, as if  
several



several Parties of Horse had been hastily marching through the Wood : Then presently was heard a confus'd Noise of *Moorish* Cries, such as are us'd in joining Battel, which together with the Rattling of the Drums, the loud Sound of the Trumpets, and other Instruments of War, made such a hideous and dreadful Consort in the Air, that the Duke was amaz'd, the Dutchess astonish'd, Don *Quixote* was surpriz'd, and *Sancho* shook like a Leaf, and even those that knew the Occasion of all this were affrighted.

This Consternation caus'd a general Silence, and by and by one riding Post, equipp'd like a Devil, pass'd by the Company, winding a huge hollow Horn, that made a horrible hoarse Noise. Hark you, Post, said the Duke, whither so fast? What are you? and what Parties of Soldiers are these that march a-crofs the Wood? I am the Devil, cry'd the Post, in a horrible Tone, and go in quest of Don *Quixote de la Mancha*; and those that are coming this way, are six Bands of Necromancers, that conduct the Peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, enchanted in a Triumphant Chariot. She is attended by that Gallant French Knight *Montesinos*, who comes to give Information how she may be freed from Incantment. Wer't thou as much a Devil, said the Duke, as thy horrid Shape speaks thee to be, thou wouldst have known this Knight here before thee to be that Don *Quixote de la Mancha* whom thou seekest. Before Heaven, and on my Conscience, reply'd the Devil, I never thought on't; for I have so many Things in my Head, that it almost distracts me, I had quite and clean forgot my Errand. Surely, quoth *Sancho*, this Devil must be a very honest Fellow, and a good Christian, for he swears as devoutly by Heaven and his Conscience, as I should do; and now I am apt to believe there be some good People even in Hell. At the same Time,

Time, the Devil directing himself to Don *Quixote*, without dismounting, To thee, O Knight of the Lions, cry'd he, (and I wish thee fast in their Claws) To thee am I sent by the Valiant, but unfortunate *Montesinos*, to bid thee attend his Coming in this very Place, whither he brings one whom they call *Dulcinea del Toboso* in order to give thee Instructions touching her Disinchantment. Now I have deliver'd my Message, I must fly, and the Devils that are like me be with thee, and Angels guard the rest. This said, he winded his monstrous Horn, and without staying for an Answer, disappear'd.

This increas'd the general Consternation, but most of all surpriz'd Don *Quixote* and *Sancho*; the latter to find that, in spite of Truth, they still would have *Dulcinea* to be enchanted; and the Knight to think that the Adventures of *Montesino's* Cave were turn'd to reality. While he stood pondering these things in his Thoughts; Well, Sir, said the Duke to him, what do you intend to do? Will you stay? Stay! cry'd Don *Quixote*, shall I not? I will stay here, Intrepid and Courageous, tho' all the Infernal Powers enclos'd me round. So you may if you will, quoth *Sancho*, but if any more Devils or Horns come hither, they shall as soon find me in *Flanders* as here.

Now the Night grew darker and darker, and several shooting Lights were seen glancing up and down the Wood, like Meteors or glaring Exhalations from the Earth. Then was heard a horrid Noise, like the Creaking of the ungreas'd Wheels of heavy Waggon, from which piercing ungrateful Sound, Bears and Wolves themselves are said to fly. This odious Jarring was presently seconded by a greater, which seem'd to be the dreadful Din and Shocks of four several Engagements in each Quarter of the Wood, with all the Sounds and Hurry of so

many



many join'd Battles. On one side were heard several Peals of Cannon; on the other the Discharging of numerous Volleys of small Shot; here the Shouts of the Engaging Parties, that seem'd to be near at hand; there Cries of the *Moors* that seem'd at a greater distance. In short, the strange confus'd Intermixture of Drums, Trumpets, Cornets, Horns, the Thund'ring of the Cannon, the Rattling of the small Shot, the Creaking of the Wheels, and the Cries of the Combatants, made the most dismal Noise imaginable, and try'd Don *Quixote's* Courage to the uttermost. But poor *Sancho* was annihilated, and fell into a Swoon upon the Dutchess's Coats, who taking Care of him, and ordering some Water to be sprinkled in his Face, at last recover'd him, just as the foremost of the creaking Carriages came up, drawn by four heavy Oxen cover'd with Mourning, and carrying a large lighted Torch upon each Horn. On the Top of the Cart or Waggon was an exalted Seat, on which sat a Venerable Old Man, with a Beard as white as Snow, and so long that it reach'd down to his Girdle. He was clad in a long Gown of black buckram, as were also two Devils that drove the Waggons, both so very monstrous and ugly, that *Sancho* having seen 'em once, was forc'd to shut his Eyes, and would not venture upon a second Look. The Cart, which was stuck full of lights within, being approach'd to the Standing, the Reverend old Man stood up, and cry'd with a loud Voice, *I am the Sage Lirgander*, and the Cart pass'd on without one Word more being spoken. Then follow'd another Cart with another grave old Man, who, making the Cart stop at a convenient Distance, rose up from his high Seat, and in deep a Tone as the first, cry'd, *I am the Sage Aquif, great Friend to Urganda the unknown*, and went forward. He was succeeded by a third  
Cart

Cart, that mov'd in the same solemn Pace, and bore a Person not so ancient as the rest, but a robust and sturdy, sower-look'd, ill-favour'd Fellow, who rose up from his Throne like the rest, and with a more hollow and Devil-like Voice, cry'd out, *I am Archelaus the Inchanter, the mortal Enemy of Amadis de Gaul and all his Race*; which said, he pass'd by, like the other Carts, which taking a short Turn made a Halt, and the grating Noise of the Wheels ceasing, an excellent Consort of sweet Musick was heard, which mightily comforted poor *Sancho*; and passing with him for a good Omen, My Lady, (quoth he to the Dutcheis, from whom he would not budge an Inch) There can be no Mischief sure where there's Musick. Very true, said the Dutcheis, especially when there is Brightness and Light. Ay, but there's no Light without Fire, reply'd *Sancho*, and Brightness comes most from Flames; who knows but those about us may burn us? But Musick I take to be always a Sign of Feasting and Merriment. We shall know presently what this will come to, said Don *Quixote*; and he said right, for you will find it in the next Chapter.

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## CHAP. XXXV.

*Wherein is continu'd the Information given to Don Quixote how to disinchant Dulcinea, with other wonderful Passages.*

**W**Hen the pleasant Musick drew near, there appear'd a stately Triumphant Chariot drawn by six Dun Mules cover'd with White upon each of which sat a Penitent clad also in White, and holding a great lighted Torch in his Hand. The Carriage was twice or thrice longer than

than any of the former, twelve other Penitents being plac'd at the Top and Sides. all in White, and bearing likewise each a lighted Torch, which made a dazzling and surprizing Appearance. There was a high Throne erected at the further end, on which sat a Nymph array'd in Cloth of Silver, with many Golden Spangles glittering all about her, which made her Dress, tho' not rich, appear very Glorious; Her Face was cover'd with transparent Gauze, through the flowing Folds of which might be discry'd a most Beautiful Face; and by the great Light which the Torches gave, it was easie to discern, that as she was not less than seventeen Years of Age, neither could she be thought above twenty. Close by her was a Figure clad in a long Gown like that of a Magistrate, reaching down to its Feet, and its Head cover'd with a black Veil. When they came directly opposite to the Company, the Shawms or Hautboyst that play'd before, immediately ceas'd, and the *Spanish* Harps and Lutes, that were in the Chariot did the like, then the Figure in the Gown stood up, and opening its Garments, and throwing away its mourning Veil, discover'd a bare and frightful Skeleton, that represented the deform'd Figure of Death; which startl'd Don *Quixote*, made *Sancho's* Bones rattle in his Skin for fear, and caus'd the Duke and the Dutcheß to seem more than commonly disturb'd. This living Death being thus got up, in a dull heavy sleeping Tone, as if its Tongue had not been well awake, began in this Manner.

# MERLIN'S SPEECH.

Behold old Merlin, in Romantick Writ  
Miscal'd the Spurious Progeny of Hell;  
Falshood current with the Stamp of Age:  
reign the Prince of Zoroastic Science,

That

*That oft evokes and rates the rigid Pow'rs :  
 Archive of Fate's dread Records in the Skies,  
 Coeuous with the Chivalry of Tore ;  
 All brave Knight-Errants still I've deem'd my Charge,  
 Heirs of my Love, and Fav'rites of my Charms.*

*While other Magick Seers, averse from Good,  
 Are dire and baleful like the Seat of Woe,  
 My nobler Soul, where Pow'r and Pity joyn,  
 Diffuses Blessings, as they scatter Plagues.*

*Deep in the Nether World, the dreary Caves  
 Where my retreated Soul in silent State,  
 Forms Mystick Figures and Tremendous Spells,  
 I heard the Peerless Dulcinea's Moans.*

*Apprix'd of her Distress, her frightful Change,  
 From Princely State, and Beauty near Divine,  
 To the vile semblance of a rustick Quean,  
 The dire Misdeed of Necromantick Hate :  
 I sympathiz'd, and awfully revolv'd  
 Twice fifty thousand Scrolls, occult and loath'd,  
 Summ of my Art, Hell's black Philosophy ;  
 Then clos'd my Soul within this bony Trunk,  
 This ghastly Form, the Ruins of a Man ;  
 And rise in Pity to reveal a Cure  
 To Woes so great, and break the cursed Spell.*

*O Glory thou of all that e'er could grace  
 A Coat of Steel, and Fence of Adamant !  
 Light, Lanthorn, Path, and Polar Star and Guide  
 To all who dare dismiss ignoble Sleep  
 And downy Sloth, for Exercise of Arms,  
 For Toils continual, Peril, Wounds and Blood !  
 Knight of unfathom'd Worth, Abyss of Praise,  
 Who blend'st in one the Prudent and the Brave !  
 To thee great Quixote, I this Truth declare ;  
 That to restore her to her State and Form,  
 Toboso's Pride, the peerless Dulcinea,  
 'Tis Fate's Decree, That Sancho, thy good Squire,  
 On his bare brawny Buttocks should bestow*

Three thousand Lashes, and eke three hundred more,  
Each to afflict, and sting, and gall him sore.  
So shall relent the Authors of her Woes,  
Whose awful Will I for her Ease disclose.

Body o' me, quoth *Sancho*, three thousand Lashes!  
I won't give my self three; I'll assoon give my self  
three Stabs in the Guts. May you and your disin-  
chanting go to the Devil. What a Plague have my  
Buttocks to do with the Black-Art? Passion of my  
Heart! Master *Merlin*, if you have no better way  
for disinchanting the Lady *Dulcinea*, she may e'en  
lye bewitch'd to her dying Day for me.

How now, opprobrious Raschal! cry'd Don  
*Quixote*, stinking Garlick-eater! Sirrah, I will  
take you and rye your Dogship to a Tree, asnaked  
as your Mother bore you; and there I will not only  
give you three thousand three hundred Lashes, but  
six thousand six hundred, ye Varlet, and so smart-  
ly, that you shall feel 'em still though you rub  
your Backside three thousand Times, Scoundrel.  
Answer me a Word, you Rogue, and I'll tear out  
your Soul. Hold, hold, cry'd *Merlin*, hearing  
this, this must not be; the Stripes inflicted on  
honest *Sancho* must be voluntary, without Com-  
pulsion, and only laid on when he thinks most  
convenient. No set Time is for the Task pre-  
fix'd, and if he has a Mind to have abated one half  
of this Atonement, 'tis allow'd; provided the re-  
maining Sripes be struck by a strange Hand, and  
heavily laid on.

Hold you there, quoth *Sancho*, neither a strange  
Hand nor my own, neither heavy nor light shall  
touch my Bum. What a Pox, did I bring Madam  
*Dulcinea del Toboso* into the World, that my hind  
Parts should pay for the harm her Eyes have done?  
Let my Master Don *Quixote* whip himself, he's a  
part of her; he calls her, every foot, my Life, my  
Soul,



Soul, my Sustenance, my Comfort, and all that. So e'en let him jirk out her Inchantment at his own Bum's cost; but as for any whipping of me, I deny and prenounce it flat and plain.

No sooner had *Sancho* thus spoke his Mind, but the Nymph that sat by *Merlin's* Ghost in the glittering Apparel, rising, and lifting up her thin Veil, discover'd a very beautiful Face; and with a Masculine Grace, but no very agreeable Voice, addresssing *Sancho*; O thou disastrous Squire, said she, thou Lump with no more Soul than a broken Pitcher, Heart of Cork, and Bowels of Flint! Hadst thou been commanded, base Sheep-stealer, to have thrown thy self headlong from the Top of a high Tower to the Ground; hadst thou been desir'd, Enemy of Mankind, to have swallow'd a dozen of Toads, two dozen of Lizards, and three dozen of Snakes; or hadst thou been requested to have Butcher'd thy Wife and Children, I should not wonder that it had turn'd thy squeamish Stomach: But to make such a Hesitation at three thousand three hundred Stripes, which every puny Shcool-boy makes nothing of receiving every Month, 'tis amazing, nay, astonishing to the tender and commiserating Bowels of all that hear thee, and will be a Blot in thy Scutcheon to all Futurity. Look up, thou wretched and Marble-hearted Animal, look up and fix thy huge louring goggle-Eyes upon the bright Luminaries of my Sight: Behold those briny Torrents, which streaming down, furrow the flowery Meadows of my Cheeks: Relent, base and inexorable Monster, relent, let thy savage Breast confess at last a Sense of my Distress; and mov'd with the Tenderness of my Youth, that consumes and withers in this vile Transformation, crack this fordid Shell of Rusticity that envelopes my blooming Charms. In vain has the Goodness of *Merlin* permitted me to re-

assume

assume a while my native Shape, since neither that nor the Tears of Beauty in Affliction, which are said to reduce obdurate Rocks to the Softness of Cotton, and Tygers to the Tenderneſs of Lambs, are ſufficient to melt thy haggard Breſt. Scourge, scourge that Brawny Hide of thine, ſtubborn and unrelenting Brute, that courſe Incloſure of thy courſer Soul, and rouse up thus thy ſelf from that ſafe Sloth, that makes thee live only to eat and ſamper thy lazy Fleſh, indulging ſtill thy voracious Appetite. Reſtore me the Delicacy of my Skin, the ſweetneſs of my Diſpoſition, and the Beauty of my Face. But if my Entreaties and Tears cannot work thee into a reaſonable Compliancè, if I am not yet ſufficiently Wretched to move thy Pity, at leaſt let the Anguiſh of that miſerable Knight, thy tender Maſter, mollify thy Heart. Alas! I ſee his very Soul juſt at his Throat, and ſticking not ten inches from his Lips, waiting only thy cruel or kind answer, either to fly out of his Mouth or return to his Breſt.

Don *Quixote* hearing this, clapp'd his Hand upon his Gullet, and turning to the Duke? By Heavens, my Lord, ſaid he, *Dulcinea* is in the right; for I and my Soul travers'd in my Windpipe like a bullet in a Croſs-bow. What's your Answer now, *Sancho*, ſaid the Dutcheſs? I ſay as I ſaid before, quoth *Sancho*; as for the Flogging, I pronounce it plain and plain. Renounce, you mean, ſaid the Duke. Good your Lordſhip, quoth *Sancho*, this is no time for me to mind Niceties, and ſpelling of letters: I have other Fiſh to fry. This plaguy whipping-bout makes me quite diſtracted, I don't know what I ſay or do — But I would fain ſhow of my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, where ſhe ſuck'd up this kind of Breeding, to beg thus like a ſcurvy Beggar? Here ſhe comes to deſire me to ſhew my Back-ſide, as raw as a piece of Beef, and the

the best Word she can give, is, Soul of a broken Pitcher, Monster, Brute, Sheep-stealer, with a ribble rabble of saucy Nick-names that the Devil himself would not bear. Do you think, Mistress of mine, that my Skin is made of Brass? Or shall I get any thing by your disinchantment? Beshrew her Heart. Where's the fine Present she has brought along with her to soften me? A Basket of fine Linnen, Holland-Shirts, Caps and Socks (tho' I wear none) had been somewhat like. But to fall upon me and bespatter me thus with dirty Names, d'y' think that will do? No, i'fackins: Remember the old Sayings, a Golden Load makes the Burden light; Gifts will enter Stone-Walls; Scratch my Breech, and I'll claw your Elbow; a Bird in Hand is worth two in the Bush. Nay, my Master too, who, one would think, should tell me a fine Story, and coaks me up with dainty Sugar-plum Words, talks of tying me to a Tree forsooth, and of doubling the Whipping. Odsbobs! methinks those troublesome People should know who they prate to. 'Tis not only a Squire Errant they would have to whip himself, but a Governour and there is no more to do, think they, but up and ride? Let 'em e'en learn Manners, with Pox. There's a time for some things, and a time for all things; a time for great things, and a time for small things. Am I now in the Humour to hear Petitions, d'ye think? just when my Heart is ready to burst, for having torn my new Coat, they would have me tear my own Flesh too, in the Devils's Name, when I have no more Stomach to it, than I've to be among the Men-eaters. Upon my Honour *Sancho*, said the Duke, if you don't relent, and become as soft as a ripe Fig, you shall have no Government. 'Twould be a fine a thing indeed that I should send among my Islanders, a merciless hard-hearted Tyrant, whom neither the

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Tears of distress'd Damsels, nor the Admonitions of wise, ancient and powerful Inchanters, can move to Compassion. In short, Sir, no Stripes, no Government. But, quoth *Sancho*, mayn't I have a Day or two to consider on't? Not a Minute, cry'd *Merlin*, you must declare now, and in this very Place, what you resolve to do, for *Dulcinea* must be again transform'd into a Country-Wench, and carried back immediately to *Montesinos's* Cave; or else she shall go as she is now to the *Elysian Fields*, there to remain till the Number of the Stripes be made out. Come, come, honest *Sancho*, said the Dutcheß, pluck up a good Courage, and shew your Gratitude to your Master, whose Bread you have eaten, and to whose generous Nature and high Feats of Chivalry we are all so much oblig'd: Come, Child, give your Consent, and make a Fool of the Devil: Hang Fear, faint Heart ne'er won fair Lady; Fortune favours the Brave, as you know better than I can tell you. Hark you, Master *Merlin*, (quoth *Sancho*, without giving the Dutcheß an Answer) pray will you tell me one thing. How comes it about that this same Post-Devil that came before you, brought my Master Word from Signior *Montesinos* that he would be here and give him Directions about this Disinchantment, and yet we hear no News of *Montesinos* all this while? Pshaw, answer'd *Merlin*, the Devil's an Ass, and a lying Rascal; he came from me, and not from *Montesinos*, for he poor man, is still in his Cave expecting the Dissolution of the Spell that confines him there yet, so that he is not quite ready to be free: But if he owes you any Money, or you have any Business with him, he shall be forth-coming, when, and where you please. But now pray make an End, and undergo this small Pennance, 'twill do you a World of good; for 'twill not only prove beneficial to your



Soul, as an Act of Charity, but also to your Body, as a healthy Exercise ; for you are of a very Sanguine Complexion, *Sancho*, and losing a little Blood will do you no Harm. Well, quoth *Sancho*, there is like to be no Want of Physicians in this World, I find ; the very Conjurers set up for Doctors too. Well then, since every body says as much, (tho' I can hardly believe it) I am content to give myself the three thousand three hundred Stripes ; upon condition that I may be paying 'em off as long as I please ; observe that, tho' I will be out of Debt as soon as I can, that the World mayn't be without the pretty Face of the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* which, I must own, I could never have believed to have been so handsome. *Item*, I shall not be bound to fetch Blood, that's certain ; and if any Stroke happen to miss me, it shall pass for nothing however. *Item*, Master *Merlin* (because he knows all things) shall be oblig'd to reckon the Lashes, and take care I don't give myself one more than the Tale. There's no fear of that, said *Merlin* ; for at the very last Lash the Lady *Dulcinea* will be disenchanted, come straight to you, make you Courtly, and give you Thanks. Heaven forbid I should wrong any Man of the least Hair of his Head. Well, quoth *Sancho*, what must be, must be. I yield to my hard Luck, and on the afore said Terms, take up with my Pennance.

Scarce had *Sancho* spoke, when the Musick struck up again, and a Congratulatory Volley of small Shot was immediately discharg'd. Don *Quixote* fell on *Sancho's* Neck, hugging and kissing him a thousand Times, The Duke, the Dutchess, and the whole Company seem'd mightily pleas'd. The Chariot mov'd on, and, as it pass'd by, the Lady *Dulcinea* made the Duke and Dutchess a Bow, and *Sancho* a low Courtly.



And now the jolly Morn began to spread her smiling Look in the *Eastern* Quarter of the Skies, and the Flowers of the Field to disclose their bloomy Folds, and raise their Fragrant Heads. The Brooks, now cool and clear, in gentle Murmurs play'd with the grey Pebbles, and flow'd along to pay their Liquid Crystal-Tribute to the expecting Rivers. The Sky was clear, the Air serene, swept clean by brushing Winds for the Reception of the shining Light, and every thing, not only joyntly, but in its separate Gayety, welcom'd the fair *Aurora*, and like her, foretold a fairer Day. The Duke and Dutcheß, well pleas'd with the Management and Success of the Hunting, and the counterfeited Adventure, returned to the Castle; resolving to make a second Essay of the same Nature, having receiv'd as much Pleasure from the first, as any Reality could have produc'd.

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CHAP. XXXVI.

*The strange and never-thought-of Adventure of the disconsolate Matron, alias, the Countess Trifaldi, with Sancho Pança's Letter to his Wife Teresa Pança.*

THE whole Contrivance of the late Adventure was plotted by the Duke's Steward, a Man of Wit, and of a facetious and quick Fancy. He made the Verses, acted *Merlin* himself, and instructed a Page to personate *Dulcinea*. And now at his Master's Appointment, he prepar'd another Scene of Mirth, as pleasant and as artful, and surprizing as can be imagin'd.

The next day, the Dutcheſſes ask'd *Sancho* whether he had begun his Penitential Task to diſinchant *Dulcinea*? Ay marry have I, quoth *Sancho*, for I have already lent my ſelf five Lashes on the Buttocks. With what, Friend, asked the Dutcheſſes? With the Palm of my Hand, answer'd *Sancho*. Your Hand! ſaid the Dutcheſſes, thoſe are rather Claps than Lashes, *Sancho*; I doubt Father *Merlin* won't be ſatisfied at ſo eaſy a rate; for the Liberty of ſo great a Lady is not to be purchaſed at ſo mean a Price. No, you ſhould laſh your ſelf with ſomething that may make you ſmart: A good Friar's Scourge, a Cat of nine-tails, or Penitent Whip, would do well; for Letters written in Blood, ſtand good; but Works of Charity faintly and coldly done, loſe their Merit, and ſignify nothing. Then, Madam, quoth he, will your Worſhip's Grace do ſo much as help me to a convenient Rod, ſuch as you ſhall think beſt; tho' it muſt not be too ſmarting neither; for Faith, tho' I am a Clown, my Fleſh is as ſoft as any Lady's in the Land, no Diſparagement to any body's Buttocks. Well, well, *Sancho*, ſaid ſhe, it ſhall be my Care to provide you a Whip that ſhall ſuit your ſoft Conſtitution as if they were Twins. But now my dear Madam, quoth he, you muſt know I have written a Letter here to my Wife *Tereſa Pança*, give her to underſtand how things are with me. I have it in my Boſom, and it's juſt ready to fly away; it wants nothing but the Direction on the out-ſide. Now I would have your Wiſdom read it, and ſee if it be not written like a Governor; I mean, in ſuch a Style as Governors ſhould write. And who penn'd it, ask'd the Dutcheſſes? What a Queſtion there is now, quoth *Sancho*? Who ſhould pen it but my ſelf, Sinner I am? And did you write it too, ſaid the Dutcheſſes? Not I, quoth *Sancho*, for I can neither write

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read; though I can make my Mark. Let's see the Letter, said the Dutchess, for I dare say, your Wit is set out in it to some Purpose. Sancho pull'd the Letter out of his Bosom unseal'd, and the Dutchess having taken it, read what follows.

Sancho Pança to his Wife Teresa Pança.

I F I am well Lash'd, yet I am Whipp'd into a Government: I've got a good Government, it cost me many a good Lash. Thou must know, my Teresa, that I am resolv'd thou shalt ride in a Coach; for now any other Way of going, is to me but creeping on all fours, like a Kitten. Thou art now a Governor's Wife, I guess whether any one will dare to tread on thy Heels. I have sent thee a Green Hunting-Suit of Reparel, which my Lady Dutchess gave me. Pray see and get it turn'd into a Petticoat and Jacket for our Daughter. The folks in this Country are very ready to talk little good of my Master, Don Quixote. They say he is a mad Wiseman, and a pleasant Mad-man, and that I an't a jot behind-hand with him. We have been in Montefinos's Cave, and Merlin the Wizzard has pitch'd on me to disinchant Dulcinea del Toboso, the same who among you is call'd Aldonsa Lorenzo. When I have given my self three Thousand three Hundred Lashes, knocking five, she will be as Disinchant'd as the Morker that bore her. But not a Word of the Pudding; for if you tell your Case among a parcel of tattling Gossips, you'll never have done; one will cry 'tis White, and others 'tis Black. I am to go to my Government very suddenly, whither I go with a huge Mind to make Money, as I am told all new Governors do. I'll first see how matters go, and then send thee Word whether thou hadst best come or no. Dapple is well, and gives his humble service to you. I won't part with him, though I were to make the Great Turk. My Lady Dutchess kisses thy

*Hands a Thousand times over; pray return her two Thousand for her one; for there's nothing cheaper than fair Words, as my Master says. Heaven has not been pleas'd to make me light on another Cloak-Bag, with a hundred Pieces of Gold in it, like those you wot of. But all in good time; don't let that vex thee, my Jugg, the Government will make it up, I'll warrant thee. Though after all, one thing sticks plaguily in my Gizzard: They tell me, that when once I have tasted on't, I shall be ready to eat my very Fingers after it, so savoury is the Sauce. Should it fall out so, I should make but an ill hand of it; and yet your maim'd and crippl'd Almshouses pick up a pretty Livelihood, and make their Begging as good as a Prebend. So that one way or other, Old Girl, matters will go swimmingly, and thou'lt be Rich and Happy. Heaven make thee so, as well it may; and keep me for thy Sake. From this Castle the Twentieth of June, 1614.*

*Thy Husband the Governor*

*Sancho Panza*

*Methinks, Mr. Governor, said the Dutcheffe (having read the Letter) you are out in two Particulars; first, when you intimate that this Government was bestow'd on you for the Stripes you are to give your self; whereas you may remember, it was allotted you before this Disinchantment was dream'd of. The second Branch that you have fail'd in, is the Discovery of your Avarice, which is the most detestable Quality in Governors; because their Self-Interest is always indulg'd at the Expence of Justice. You know the Saying, Covetousness breaks the Sack, and that Vice always prompts a Governor to fleece and oppress the Subject. Truly, my good Lady, quoth Sancho, I meant no harm, I did not well think*

think of what I wrote, and if your Grace's Worship does not like this Letter, I'll tear it, and have another; but remember the old Saying, seldom comes a better. I shall make but sad Work on't, if I must pump my Brains for't. No, no, said the Dutcheſs, this will do well enough, and I must have the Duke see it.

They went then into the Garden, where they were to dine that Day, and there she shew'd the Duke the learned Epistle, which he read over with a great deal of Pleasure.

After Dinner, *Sancho* was entertaining the Company very pleasantly, with some of his savoury Discourse, when suddenly they were surpriz'd with the mournful Sound of a Fife, which play'd in Consort with a hoarse unbrac'd Drum. All the Company seem'd amaz'd and discompos'd at the unpleasing Noise, but Don *Quixote* especially was so alarm'd with this solemn Martial Harmony, that he could not compose his Thoughts. *Sancho's* Fear undoubtedly wrought the usual Effects, and carried him to crouch by the Dutcheſs.

During this Consternation, two Men in deep Mourning Cloaks trailing on the Ground, enter'd the Garden, each of 'em beating a large Drum cover'd also with Black, and with these a third playing on a Fife, in Mourning like the rest. They usher'd in a Person of a Gigantick Stature, to which the long black Garb in which he was wrapp'd up, was no small Addition: It had a Train of a prodigious Length, and over the Cas-sock was girt a broad black Belt, which slung a Scimiter of a mighty Size. His Face was cover'd with a thin black Vail, through which might be discern'd a Beard of vast Length, as white as Snow. The Solemnity of his Pace kept exact Time to the Gravity of the Musick: In short, his Stature, his Motion, his black Hue, and his Attendance,



were every way surprizing and astonishing. With this State and Formality he approach'd, and fell on his Knees at a convenient distance, before the Duke; who not suffering him to speak till he arose, the monstrous Spectre erected his Bulk, and throwing off his Veil, discover'd the most terrible, hugeous, white, broad, prominent, bushy Beard, that ever mortal Eyes were frighted at. Then fixing his Eyes on the Duke, and with a deep sonorous Voice, roaring out from the ample Cavern of his spreading Lungs, *Most High and Potent Lord*, cry'd he, *my Name is Trifaldin with the white Beard, Squire to the Countess Trifaldi*, otherwise yclep'd, *the Disconsolate Matron*, from whom I am Ambassador to your Grace, begging Admittance for her Ladyship to come and relate, before your Magnificence, the unhappy and wonderful Circumstances of her Misfortune. But first she desires to be inform'd whether the Valorous and Invincible Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha* resides at this Time in your Castle; for 'tis in Quest of him that my Lady has travell'd without Coach or Palfrey, Hungry and Thirsty, and in short, without breaking her Fast, from the Kingdom of *Candaya*, all the Way to these your Grace's Territories: A thing incredibly miraculous, if not wrought by Incantment. She is now without the Gate of this Castle, waiting only for your Grace's Permission to enter. This said, the Squire cough'd, and with both his Hands, stroak'd his unweildy Beard from the top to the bottom, and with a formal Gravity expected the Duke's Answer.

Worthy Squire *Trifaldin with the white Beard*, said the Duke, long since have we heard the Misfortunes of the Countess *Trifaldi*, whom Inchanters have occasion'd to be call'd the *Disconsolate Matron*; and therefore, most stupendous Squire, you may tell her that she may make her Entry,  
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and that the Valiant Don *Quixote de la Mancha* is here present, on whose Generous Assistance she may safely rely for Redress. Inform her also from me, That, if she has occasion for my Aid, she may depend on my Readiness to do her Service, being obliged, as I am a Knight, to be aiding and assisting, to the utmost of my Power, to all Persons of her Sex, in distress, especially widow'd Matrons, like her Ladyship.

*Trifaldin* hearing this, made his Obeisance with the Knee, and beckoning to the Fife and Drums to observe his Motion, they all March'd out in the same solemn Procession as they enter'd, and left all the Beholders in a deep Admiration of his Proportion and Deportment.

Then the Duke turning to Don *Quixote*, Behold, Sir Knight, said he, how the Light and Glory of Virtue dart their Beams through the Clouds of Malice and Ignorance, and Shine to the remotest Parts of the Earth: 'Tis hardly six Days since you have vouchsafed to honour this Castle with your Presence, and already the Afflicted and Distress'd flock hither from the uttermost Regions, not in Coaches, or on Dromedaries, but on Foot, and without eating by the Way; such is their Confidence in the Strength of that Arm, the Fame of whose great Exploits, flies and spreads every where, and makes the whole World acquainted with your Valour.

What would I give, my Lord, said Don *Quixote*, that the same Holy Pedant were here now, who yestern Day at your Table would have run down Knight-Errantry at such a Rate; that the Testimony of his own Eyes might convince him of the Absurdity of his Error, and let him see, that the Comfortless, and Afflicted, do not in Enormous Misfortunes, and uncommon Adversity, repair for Redress to the Doors of droning Church-men, or

your little Sacristans of Villages ; nor to the Fire-side of your Country-Gentleman, who never travels beyond his Land-Mark ; nor to the lolling, lazy Courtier, who rather hearkens after News, which he may relate, than endeavours to perform such Deeds as may deserve to be Recorded and related. No, the Protection of Damsels, the Comfort of Widows, the Redress of the Injur'd, and the Support of the Distress'd, are no where so perfectly to be expected as from the generous Professors of Knight-Errantry. Therefore I thank Heaven a thousand Times, for having qualify'd me to answer the Necessities of the Miserable by such a Function. As for the Hardships and Accidents that may attend me, I look on 'em as no Discouragements, since proceeding from so noble a Cause. Then let this Matron be admitted to make known her Request, and I will refer her for Redress, to the Force of my Arm, and the Intrepid Resolution of my Courageous Soul.

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## C H A P. XXXVII.

*The famous Adventure of the disconsolate \* Matron continu'd.*

**T**HE Duke and Dutches were mightily pleas'd to find Don *Quixote* wrought up to a Resolution so agreeable to their Design. But *Sancho*, who made his Observations, was not so well satisfy'd. I am in a bodily Fear, quoth he, that this same Mistress Waiting-Woman will be a Baulk to my Preferment. I remember I once knew a *Toledo-Pothecary*

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\* *The Spanish is Duena, which signifies an old Waiting-Woman.*

cary that talk'd like a Canary-Bird, and us'd to say, Where-ever come old Waiting-Women, Good Luck can happen there to no Man. Body of me, he knew 'em too well, and therefore valu'd 'em accordingly. He could have eaten 'em all with a Grain of Salt. Since then the best of 'em are so plaguy troublesome and impertinent, what will those be that are in doleful Dumps, like this same Countess Three Folds, Three Skirts, or Three Tails, what d'ye call her? Hold your Tongue *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*. This Matron that comes so far in Search of me, lives too remote to lie under the Lash of the Apothecary's Satyr. Besides, you are to remember she's a Countess, and when Ladies of that Quality become *Governantes*, or Waiting-Women, 'tis only to Queens or Empreſſes; and in their own Houses they are as absolute Ladies as any others, and attended by other Waiting-Women. Ay, ay, (cry'd Donna *Rodriguez*, who was present) there are some that serve my Lady Dutcheſs here in that Capacity, that might have been Countesses too had they had better Luck. But we are not all born to be rich, tho' we are all born to be honest. Let no Body then speak ill of waiting Gentlewomen, especially of those that are ancient and Maidens; for though I am none of those, I easily conceive the Advantage that a waiting Gentlewoman, who is a Maiden, has over one that is a Widow. When all's said, whoever will offer to meddle with Waiting-Women will get little by't. Many go out for Wooll, and come home shorn themselves. For all that, quoth *Sancho*, your Waiting-Women are not so bare but that they may be shorn, if my Barber spoke Truth: So that they had best not stir the Rice, though it sticks to the Pot. These Squires forsooth, answer'd Donna *Rodriguez*, must be always cocking up their Noses against us: As they are alway haunting the Anti-Chambers, like  
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a Parcel of evil Sprights as they are, they see us whisk in and out at all Times; so when they are not tumbling their Beads, which Heaven knows, is most part of the Day, they can find no other Pastime than to abuse us, and tell idle Stories of us, unburying our Bones, and burying our Reputation. But their Tongues are no Slander, and I can tell those silly Rake-shames, that in spite of their Flouts we shall keep the upper Hand of 'em, and live in the World in the better sort of Houses, though we starve for't; and cover our Flesh, whether delicate or not, with black Gowns as they cover a Dunghil with a Piece of Hanging when a Procession goes by. S'Life, Sir, were this a proper Time, I would convince you and all the World, that there's no Virtue but is enclos'd within the Stays of a Waiting-Woman. I fancy, said the Dutchess, that honest *Rodriguez* is much in the Right: But we must now chuse a fitter Time for this Dispute, to confound the ill Opinion of that wicked Apothecary, and to root out that which the great *Sancho Pança* has fix'd in his Breast. For my Part, quoth *Sancho*, I won't dispute with her; for since the Thoughts of being a Governor have steam'd up into my Brains, all my Concern for the Squire is vanish'd into Smoak; and I care not a wild Fig for all the Waiting-Women in the World.

This Subject would have engag'd 'em longer in Discourse, had they not been cut short by the Sound of the Fife and Drums, that gave 'em Notice of the *distonsolate Matron's* Approach. Thereupon the Dutchess ask'd the Duke how it might be proper to receive her? and how far Ceremony was due to her Quality as a Countess? Look you (quoth *Sancho*, striking in before the Duke could answer) I would advise ye to meet her Countessship half way, but for the Waiting-Womanship don't stir



for a Step. Who bids you trouble your self? said Don Quixote. Who bid me! answer'd Sancho, why I my self did. Han't I been Squire to your Worship, and thus serv'd a Prenticeship to good Manners? And ha'n't I had the Flower of Courtesy for my Master, who has often told me, A Man may as well lose at one and thirty, with a Card too much as a Card too little? Good Wits jump; a Word to the Wise is enough. Sancho says well, said the Duke: To decide the Matter, we will first see what kind of a Countess she is, and behave ourselves accordingly.

Now the Fife and the Drums enter'd as before — But here the Author ends this short Chapter, and begins another, prosecuting the same Adventure, which is one of the most notable in the History.

## CHAP. XXXVIII.

*The Account which the disconsolate Matron gives of her Misfortune.*

THE doleful Drums and Fife were follow'd by twelve elderly Waiting-Women that enter'd the Garden, rank'd in Pairs, all clad in large mourning Habits, that seem'd to be of mill'd Serge, over which they wore Veils of white Callicoe, so long that nothing could be seen of their black Dress but the very Bottom. After them came the Countess Trifaldi, handed by her Squire Trifaldin with the white Beard. The Lady was dress'd in a suit of the finest Bays, which, had it been napp'd would have had Tufts as big as Rouncival-Pease. Her Train, or Tail, which you will, was mathematically divided into three equal Skirts or Angles, and

and born up by three Pages in Mourning; and from this pleasant triangular Figure of her Train, as every one conjectur'd, was she call'd *Trifaldi*; as who should say, the Countess of *Threesolds*, or *Three Skirts*. *Benengely* is of the same Opinion, tho' he affirms that her true Title was the Countess *Lobuna*, or of *Wolf-Land*, from the Abundance of Wolves bred in her Country; and had they been Foxes, she had, by the same Rule, been call'd the Countess *Zorruna*, or of *Fox-Land*; it being a Custom in those Nations, for great Persons to take their Denominations from the Commodity with which their Country most abounds. However, this Countess chose to borrow her Title from this new Fashion of her own Invention, and leaving her Name of *Lobuna*, took that of *Trifaldi*.

Her twelve Female Attendants approach'd with her in a Procession-pace, with black Veils over their Faces, not transparent, like that of *Trifaldin*, but thick enough to hinder altogether the Sight of their Countenances. As soon as the whole Train of Waiting-Women was come in, the Duke and the Dutcheß, and Don *Quixote* stood up, and so did all those who were with 'em. Then the twelve Women ranging themselves in two Rows, made a Lane for the Countess to march up between 'em, which she did, still led by *Trifaldin*, her Squire. The Duke, the Dutcheß, and Don *Quixote*, advancing about a dozen Paces to meet her, she fell on her Knees, and with a Voice rather hoarse and rough, than clear and delicate, May it please your Highnesses, said she, to spare yourselves the trouble of receiving with so much Ceremony and Compliment a Man (Woman I would say) who is your devoted Servant.- Alas! The Sense of my Misfortunes has so troubl'd my Intellectuals, that my Responses cannot be suppos'd able to answer the critical Opinion of your Presence.

ence. My Understanding has forsook me, and is gone a Wool-gathering, and sure 'tis far remote; for the more I seek it, the more unlikely I am to find it again. The greatest Claim, Madam, answer'd the Duke, that we can lay to Sense, is a true Respect, and decent Deference to the Worthiness of your Person, which, without any further View, sufficiently bespeaks your Merit and excellent Qualifications. Then begging the Honour of her Hand, he led her up, and plac'd her in a Chair by his Dutcheß, who receiv'd her with all the Ceremony suitable to the Occasion.

Don Quixote said nothing all this while, and Sancho was sneaking about, and peeping under the Veils of the Lady's Women; but to no purpose, for they kept themselves very close and silent, till he at last thus began: I am confident, thrice potent Lord, thrice Beautiful Lady, and thrice intelligent Auditors, that my most unfortunate Miserableness shall find in your most generous and compassionate Bowels, a most Merciful Sanctuary; my Miserableness, which is such as would liquify Marble, malleate Steel, and mollify Adamantine Rocks. But before the Rehearsal of my ineffable Misfortunes enter, I won't say your ears, but the publick Mart of your hearing Faculties, I earnestly request, that I may have Cognizance, whether the Cabal, Choir, or Conclave of this Illustrious Appearance, be not adorn'd with the Presence of the Adjutoriferous Don Quixote de la Manchissima, and his Squirrissimus Pança? Pança is at your Elbowissimus (quoth Sancho, before any body else could answer) and Don Quixotissimo likewise: Therefore, most dolorous Madam, you may tell out your Teale; for we are all ready to be your Ladyship's Servitorissimus to the best of our Cepicities, and so forth. Don Quixote then advanc'd, and addressing the Countess, if your

your Misfortunes, embarrass'd Lady, said he, may hope any Redress from the Power and Assistance of Knight-Errantry, I offer you my Force and Courage, and such as they are, I dedicate 'em to your Service. I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whose Profession is a sufficient Obligation to Succour the Distress'd, without the Formality of Preambles, or the Elegance of Oratory to circumvent my Favour. Therefore, pray, Madam, let us know, by a succinct and plain account of your Calamities, what Remedies should be apply'd; and if your Grievs are such as do not admit of a Cure, assure your self at least, that we will Comfort you in your Afflictions, by sympathizing in your Sorrow.

The Lady hearing this, threw herself at *Don Quixote's* Feet, in spight of his kind Endeavours to the contrary, and striving to embrace 'em, most invincible Knight, said she, I prostrate my self at these Feet, the Foundations and Pillars of Chivalry-Errant, the Supporters of my drooping Spirits, whose Indefatigable Steps alone can hasten my Relief, and the cure of my Afflictions. O Valorous Errant, whose real Atchievements Eclipse and Obscure the Fabulous Legend, of the *Amadis*, *Esplandian*, and *Belianiser*! Then turning from *Don Quixote*, she laid hold on *Sancho*, and squeezing his Hands very hard, and thou, the most Loyal Squire, that ever attended on the Magnanimity of Knight-Errantry, whose goodness is more Extensive than the Beard of my Usher *Trifaldin*! How happily have thy Stars plac'd thee, under the Discipline of the whole Martial College of Chivalry Professors, centr'd and Epitomiz'd in the single *Don Quixote*! I conjure thee by thy Love of Goodness, and thy unspotted Loyalty to so great a Master, to employ thy moving and interceding Eloquence in my Behalf, that eftsoons his Favour  
may

may shine upon this humble, and most disconsolate Countess.

Look you, Madam Countess, quoth *Sancho*, as for measuring my Goodness by your Squire's Beard, that's neither here nor there; so my Soul go to Heav'n when I depart this Life, I don't matter the rest; for, as for the Beards of this World, 'tis not what I stand upon; so that without all this flattery and Wheedling, I'll put in a Word for you to my Master. I know he loves me, and besides, at this Time, he stands in need of me about a certain Business, and he shall do what he can for you. But pray discharge your burden'd Mind; unload, and let us see what Grievs you bring, and then leave us to take care of the rest.

The Duke and Dutchess were ready to burst with Laughing, to find the Adventure run in this pleasant Strain; and they admir'd at the same time, the rare Cunning and Management of *Trialdi*, who re-assuming her Seat, thus began her story.

The famous Kingdom of *Candaya*, situated between the great *Taprobena* and the South Sea, about two Leagues beyond *Cape Comorin*, had for its Queen, the Lady *Donna Maguntia*, whose Husband King *Archipielo* dying, left the Princess *Anomafia*, their only Child, Heiress to the Crown. This Princess was educated, and brought up under my Care and Direction; I being the Eldest, and first Lady of the Bed-Chamber to the Queen, her Mother. In Process of time, the young Princess arriv'd at the Age of fourteen Years, and appear'd perfectly beautiful, that it was not in the Power of Nature to give any Addition to her Charms. What's yet more, her Mind was no less adorn'd than her Body. Wisdom it self was but a Fool to her: She was no less Discreet than Fair, and the fairest Creature in the World; and so she is still, unless



unless the fatal Knife, or unrelenting Sheers of the envious and inflexible Sisters have cut her Thread of Life. But sure the Heavens would not permit such an Injury to be done to the Earth, as the untimely Lopping of the loveliest Branch that ever Adorn'd the Garden of the World.

Her Beauty, which my unpolish'd Tongue can never sufficiently Praise, attracting all Eyes, soon got her a World of Adorers, many of 'em Princes, who were her Neighbours, and more distant Foreigners. Amongst the rest, a private Knight, who resided at Court, was so Audacious as to raise his Thoughts to that Heaven of Beauty. This young Gentleman was indeed Master of all Gallantries that the Air of his Courtly Education cou'd Inspire; and so confiding on his Youth, his handsome Mein, his agreeable Air and Dress, his graceful Carriage, and the Charms of his easy Wit, and other Qualifications, he follow'd the Impulse of his inordinate and most Presumptuous Passion. I must needs say, that he was an extraordinary Person, he play'd to a Miracle on the Guittar, and made it speak not only to the Ears, but to the very Soul. He danc'd to Admiration, and had such a rare Knack at making of Bird-Cages, that he might have got an Estate by that very Art; and to sum up all his Accomplishments, he was a Poet. So many Parts and Endowments were sufficient to have mov'd a Mountain, and much more the Heart of a young, tender Virgin. But all his fine Arts and soothing Behaviour had prov'd Ineffectual against the Virtue and Reservedness of my Beautiful Charge, if the damn'd cunning Rogue had not first conquer'd me. The deceitful Villain endeavour'd to seduce the Keeper, so to secure the Keys of the Fortrefs: In short, he slyly'd me with pleasing Trifles, and so insinuated himself

himself into my Soul, that at last he perfectly bewitch'd me, and made me give way before I was aware, to what I should never have permitted. But that which first wrought me to his Purpose, and undermin'd my Virtue, was a cursed Copy of Verses he sung one Night under my Window, which, if I remember right, began thus.

A S O N G.

A Secret Fire consumes my Heart ;  
And, to augment my raging Pain,  
The charming Foe that rais'd the Smart,  
Denies me Freedom to Complain.  
But sure 'tis Just, we should conceal  
The Bliss and Woe in Love we feel:  
For, Oh what Humane Tongue can tell  
The Joys of Heaven, or Pains of Hell!

The Words were to me so many Pearls of Eloquence, and his Voice sweeter to my Ears than Sugar to the Taste. The Reflection on the Misfortune which these Verses brought on me, has often made me applaud *Plato's* Design of Banishing all Poets from a good and well-govern'd Commonwealth, especially those who write Wantonly or Lasciviously. For instead of Composing lamentable Verses, like those of the Marquess of *Mantua*, that make Women and Children Cry by the Fire-side ; they try their utmost Skill on such soft Strokes as enter the Soul, and Wound it, like that Thunder which hurts and consumes all within, yet leaves the Garment sound. Another Time he entertain'd me with the following Song.

A

## A S O N G.

**D**EATH, put on some kind Disguise,  
 And at once my Heart surprize :  
 For, 'tis such a Curse to Live,  
 And so great a Bliss to Die :  
 Shouldst thou any Warning give,  
 I'd relapse to Life for Joy.

Many other Verses of this kind he ply'd me with, which charm'd when read, but Transported when Sung. For you must know, that when our eminent Poets debase themselves to the Writing a sort of Composure call'd *Love-Madrigals*, and *Roundelays*, now much in Vogue in *Candaya* ; those Verses are no sooner heard, but they presently produce a dancing of Souls, tickling of Fancies, emotion of Spirits, and in short, a pleasing Distemper in the whole Body, as if Quick-silver shook it in every Part.

So that once more I pronounce those Poets very dangerous, and fit to be banish'd to the Isles of *Lixards*. Tho' truly I must confess, the Fault is rather Chargeable on those foolish People that commend, and the silly Wenches that believe 'em. For had I been as cautious as my Place requir'd, his Amorous Serenades could never have mov'd me, nor would I have believ'd his Poetical Cant, such as *I dying Live, I burn in Ice, I shiver in Flames, I hope in Despair, I go yet stay*, with a thousand such Contradictions, which make up the greatest part of those kind of Compositions. As ridiculous are their Promises of the Phœnix of *Arabia*, *Ariadne's* Crown, the Couriers of the Sun, the Pearls of the Southern Ocean, the Gold of *Tagus*, the Balsom of *Panchaya*, and Heaven knows what. By the way, 'tis observable, that these Poets are very liberal

liberal of their Gifts, which they know they never can make good.

But whither, woe's me, whither do I wander, miserable Woman? What Madness prompts me to accuse the Faults of others, having so long a score of my own to answer for! Alas! Not his Verses but my own Inclination: Not his Musick, but my own Levity; not his Wit, but my own Folly open'd a Passage, and levell'd the Way for Don *Clavijo* (for that was the Name of the Knight) In short, I procur'd him Admittance, and by my Connivance, he very often had natural Familiarity with *Antonomasia*, who, poor Lady, was rather deluded by me, than by him. But, Wicked as I was, 'twas upon the honourable Score of Marriage; for had he not been engag'd to be her Husband, he shou'd not have touch'd the very Shadow of her Shoe-string. No, no, Matrimony, Matrimony, I say; for without that, I'll never meddle in any such Concern. The greatest Fault in this Business, was the Disparity of their Conditions; he being but a private Knight, and she Heiress to the Crown. Now this Intrigue was kept very close for some time by my cautious Management, but at last a certain kind of Swelling in *Antonomasia*'s Belly began to tell Tales; so that consulting upon the Matter, we found there was but one Way; Don *Clavijo* should demand the young Lady in Marriage before the Curate, by Virtue of a Promise under her Hand, which I dictated for the Purpose, and so binding, that all the Strength of *Sampson* himself could not have broke the Tie. The Business was put in Execution, the Note was produc'd before the Priest, who examin'd the Lady, and finding her Confession to agree with the Tenor of the Contract, put her in Custody of a very honest Serjeant. Bless us, quoth *Sancho*, Serjeants too; and Poets, and Songs, and Verses in your Country!

Country ! O my Conscience, I think the World's the same all the World over ! But, go on, Madam *Trifaldi*, I beseech you, for 'tis late and I am upon Thorns till I know the End of this long-winded Story. I will, answer'd the Countess.

## CHAP. XXXIX.

*Where Trifaldi continues her Stupendous and Memorable Story.*

**I**F every Word that *Sancho* spoke gave the Dutcheßs new Pleasure, every thing he said put Don *Quixote* to as much Pain ; so that he commanded him silence, and gave the Matron opportunity to go on. In short, said she, the Business was debated a good while, and after many Questions and Answers, the Princess firmly persisting in her first Declaration, Judgment was given in favour of Don *Clavijo*, which Queen *Maguntia* her Mother, took so to heart, that we bury'd her about three Days after. Then without doubt she dy'd, quoth *Sancho*. That's a clear Case reply'd *Trifaldin*, for in *Candaya* they don't use to bury the Living, but the Dead. But with your good Leave, Mr. *Squire*, answer'd *Sancho*, People that were in a Swoon have been bury'd alive before now, and methinks Queen *Moguntia* should only have swoon'd away, and not have been in such haste to have dy'd in good earnest, for while there's Life there's Hope's, and there's a Remedy for all things but Death. I don't find the young Lady was so much out of the Way neither, that the Mother should lay it so grievously to Heart. Indeed had she marry'd a Footman, or some other Servant in the Family, as I am told many others have done, it had been a very bad Business, and



past curing ; but for the Queen to make such a heavy out-cry when her Daughter marry'd such a fine-bred young Knight, Faith and Troth, I think the Business had been better made up. 'Twas a slip, but not such a hainous one, as one would think : For as my Master here says, and he won't let me tell a Lie, as of Scholars they make Bishops, so of your Knights (chiefly if they be Errant) one may easily make Kings and Emperours.

That's most certain, said Don *Quixote*, turn a Knight-Errant loose into the wide World with two penny-worth of good Fortune, and he is in *potentia propinqua*, (*proxima* I would say) the greatest Emperor in the World. But let the Lady proceed ; for hitherto her Story has been very pleasant, and I doubt the most bitter part of it is still untold. The most bitter truly, Sir, answer'd she ; and so bitter, that Worm-wood and every bitter Herb, compar'd to it, are as sweet as Honey.

The Queen being really dead continu'd she, and not in a Trance, we bury'd her, and scarce had we done her the last Offices, and taken our last leaves, when (*Quis talia fando temperet a Lachrymis ?* Who can relate such Woes, and not be drown'd in Tears?) The Giant *Malambruno*, Cousin-german to the deceas'd Queen, who, besides his native Cruelty, was also a Magician, appear'd upon her Grave mounted on a Wooden Horse, and by his dreadful angry Looks shew'd he came thither to Revenge the Death of his Relation, by Punishing Don *Clavijo* for his Presumption, and *Antonomasia* for her Oversight. Accordingly he immediately enchanted them both upon the very Tomb, transforming her into a brazen Female Monkey, and the young Knight into a hideous Crocodile of an unknown Metal, and between them both he set an Inscription in the *Syriack* Tongue, which we have

have got since translated into the *Candayan*, and then into Spanish to this Effect.

*These two presumptuous Lovers shall never recover their Natural Shapes till the valourous Knight of Mancha enter into a single Combat with me : For the irrevocable Decrees of Fate this unheard of Adventure is reserved for his unheard of Courage.*

This done, he drew a broad Scimiter of a monstrous Size, and catching me fast by the Hair made an offer to cut my Throat, or to whip off my Head. I was frighted almost to Death, my Hair stood an end, and my Tongue cleav'd to the Roof of my Mouth. However, recovering my self as well as I could, Trembling and Weeping, I begged Mercy in such a moving Accent, and in such tender melting Words, that at last my Entreaties prevail'd on him to stop the cruel Execution. In short he order'd all the Waiting-women at Court to be brought before him, the same that you see here present ; and after he had aggravated our Breach of Trust, and rail'd against the deceitful Practices of mercenary Procuring, and what else he could urge in Scandal of our Profession, and its very Being reviling us for the Fact of which I alone stood guilty ; I will not punish you with instant Death said he, but inflict a Punishment which shall be lasting and eternal Mortification. Now in the very Instant of his denouncing our Sentence, we felt the Pores of our Faces to open, and all about 'em perceiv'd an itching Pain, like the Pricking of Pins and Needles. Thereupon clapping our Hands to our Faces, we found 'em as you shall see 'em immediately ; saying this, the *Disconsolate Matron* and her Attendance throwing off their Veils, expos'd their Faces all rough with bristly Beards, some red, some black, some white, and other motley. The Duke and Dutchess admir'd, Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* were astonish'd, and the Standers-by

ers-by were Thunder-struck. Thus, said the Countess, proceeding, has that murdering and bloody-minded *Malambruno* serv'd us, and planted these rough and horrid Bristles on our Faces, otherwise most delicately smooth. Oh that he had hopp'd off our Heads with his monstrous Scimiter, rather than to have disgraced our Faces with these Brushes upon 'em! For, Gentlemen, if you rightly consider it, and truly, what I have to say should be attended with a Flood of Tears; but such Rivers and Oceans have fallen from me already upon this doleful Subject, that my Eyes are as dry as Chaff; and therefore pray let me speak without Tears at this Time. Where, alas, shall a waiting-woman dare to shew her Head with such Firz-bush upon her Chin? What Charitable Person will entertain her? What Relations will own her? At the best we can scarcely make our Faces passable, though we torture 'em with a thousand Sops and Washes, and even thus we have much ado to get the Men to care for us. What will become of her then that wears a Thicket upon her face! Oh Ladies and Companions of my Misery: an ill Hour were we begot, and in a worse came into the World! With these Words the *Disolate Matron* seem'd to faint away.

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## CHAP. XL.

*Some Things that relate to this Adventure, and appertain to this memorable History.*

ALL Persons that love to read Histories of the nature of this, must certainly be very much oblig'd to *Cid Hamet* the original Author, who has taken such Care in delivering every minute particular, distinctly entire, without concealing the least

least Circumstance that might heighten the Humour, or if omitted, have obscur'd the Light and Truth of the Story. He draws lively Pictures of the Thoughts, discovers the Imaginations, satisfies Curiosity in Secrets, clears Doubts, resolves Arguments, and in short, makes manifest the least Atoms of the most inquisitive Desire! O most famous Author! O Fortunate Don *Quixote*! O Renown'd *Dulcinea*! O Facetious *Sancho*! jointly and severally may you live and continue to the latest Posterity, for the general Delight and Recreation of Mankind—but the Story goes on—

Now, on my honest Word, quoth *Sancho*, when he saw the Matron in a Swoon, and by the Blood of all the *Pança's* my Forefathers, I never heard nor saw the like, neither did my Master ever tell me, or so much as conceit in that working Head-piece of his, such an Adventure as this. Now as the Devils in Hell (and I would not curse any Body) run away with thee for an enchanting Sorcerer of a Whore, thou damn'd Giant *Malambruno*! Could'st thou find no other Punishment for these poor Sinners, but by clapping Scrubbing-Brushes about their Muzzles, with a Pox to you? Had it not been much better to slit their Nostrils half way up their Noses, though they had snuff'd it a little, than to have planted these quick-Hedges o'er their Chaps? I'll lay any Man a Week now, the poor Devils have not Money enough to pay for their Shaving.

'Tis but too true, Sir, said one of them, we have not wherewithal to pay for taking our Beards off, so that some of us, to save Charges, are forc'd to lay on Plaisters of Pitch that pull away Roots as well as all, and leave our Chins as smooth as the Bottom of a Stone-Mortar. There is indeed a sort of Women in *Candaya*, that go about from House to House, to take off the Hairs that grow about the Face, as

face, trim the Eye-brows, and do twenty other little private Jobs for the Women ; but we here, that wait on my Lady, never dar'd to have any thing to do with them ; for they have got ill Names ; for tho' formerly they got free Access, and pass'd for Relations, now they are look'd upon to be no better than Bawds. So if my Lord Don *Quixote* do not relieve us, our Beards will stick by us as long as we live. I'll have mine pluck'd off Hair by Hair among the *Moors*, answer'd Don *Quixote*, rather than not free you from yours. Ah Valorous knight ! (cry'd the Countess *Trifaldi*, recovering that Moment from her Fit) the sweet Sound of your Promise reach'd my Hearing in the very midst of my Trance, and has perfectly restor'd my senses. I beseech you therefore once again, most illustrious Sir, and invincible Errant, that your gracious Promise may soon have the wish'd for Effect. I'll be guilty of no Neglect, Madam, answer'd Don *Quixote* : Point out the Way, and you shall soon be convinc'd of my Readiness to serve you. You must know then, Sir, said the Disconsolate Lady, from this Place to the Kingdom of *Candaya* Computation we reckon five thousand Leagues, more or three more or less. But if you ride through the Air in a direct Line, 'tis not above three thousand two hundred and twenty seven. You are likewise to understand, that *Malambruno* told me, that when Fortune should make me find out the Knight who is to dissolve our Inchantment, he would find him a famous Steed, much easier and less resty than full of Tricks, than those Jades that are commonly let out to hire, as being the same wooden horse that carry'd the Valorous *Peter of Provence*, and the Fair *Magalona*, when he stole her away. 'Tis manag'd by a wooden Peg in its Forehead, instead of a Bridle, and flies as swiftly thro' the Air, as if all the Devils in Hell were switching



him, or blowing Fire in his Tail. This Courser, Tradition delivers, to have been the Handy-work of the Sage *Merlin*, who never lent him to any but particular Friends, or when he was paid Sauce for him. Among others, his Friend *Peter of Provence* borrow'd him, and by the help of his wonderful Speed, stole away the fair *Magalona*, as I said, setting her behind on the Crupper (for you must know he carries double) and sotow'ring up in the Air, he left the People, that stood near the Place whence he started, gaping, staring, and amaz'd.

Since that Journey, we have heard of no Body that has back'd him. But this we know, that *Malambruno* since that got him by his Art; and has us'd him ever since, to post about to all Parts of the World. He's here to Day, and to morrow in *France*, and the next Day in *America*: And one of the best Properties of the Horse is, that he costs not a Farthing in keeping; for he neither eats nor sleeps, neither needs he any shoeing; besides without having Wings, he ambles so very easy through the Air, that you might carry in your Hand a Cup full of Water a thousand Leagues and not spill a Drop; so that the fair *Magalona* lov'd mightily to ride him.

Nay, quoth *Sancho*, as for an easy Pacer, commend me to my *Dapple*. Indeed he's none of your High-Flyers, he can't gallop in the Air; but on the King's High-way, he shall pace ye with the best Ambler that ever went on four Legs. This set the whole Company a laughing. But then a disconsolate Lady going on; This Horse, said she, will certainly be here within half an hour after dark, if *Malambruno* designs to put an end to our Misfortunes, for that was the Sign by which I should discover my Deliverer. And pray, forsooth, quoth *Sancho*, how many will this same Horse carry upon Occasion? Two, answer'd she, one in the Saddle

Saddle, and t'other behind on the Crupper; and those two are commonly the Knight and the Squire, if some stolen Damsel be not to be one. Good discourse Madam, quoth *Sancho*, I'd fain know the Name of this same Nag. The Horse's Name, answer'd she, is neither *Pegasus*, like *Bellephoron's*; nor *Bucephalus*, like *Alexander's*; nor *Brilladoro*, like *Orlando's*; nor *Bayard*, like *Rinaldo's*; nor *Frontin*, like *Rogero's*; nor *Bootes*, nor *Pyrithous*, like the Horses of the Sun; neither is he call'd *Orelia*, like the Horse which *Rodrigo*, the last King of *Spain*, of the *Gothick* Race, bestrid that unfortunate Day, when he lost the Battle, the Kingdom, and his Life. I'll lay you a Wager, quoth *Sancho*, since the Horse goes by none of those famous Names, he does not go by that of *Rosinante* neither, which is my Master's Horse, and another-guess Beast than any you've reckon'd up. 'Tis very right, answer'd the Bearded Lady. However, he has a very proper and significant Name; for he is call'd *Clavileno*, or *Wooden-Peg the Swift*, from the Wooden Peg in his Forehead; so that for the Significancy of Name at least he may be compared with *Rosinante*. I find no Fault with his Name, quoth *Sancho*; But what kind of Bridle or Halter do you manage him with? I told you already, reply'd she, that he is guided with the Peg, which being turned this way or that way he moves accordingly, either mounting aloft in the Air, or almost brushing and sweeping the Ground, or else flying in the middle Region, the way which ought indeed most to be chosen in all Affairs of Life. I should be glad to see this notable Tit, quoth *Sancho*, but don't design to get on his Back, either before or behind. No, by my holy Dame, you may as well expect Pears from an Elm. 'Twere a pretty Jest, I trow, for me that can hardly sit my own *Dapple*, with a Pack-Saddle as soft as Silk, to suffer my self to be hors'd upon a

hard wooden thing without either Cushion or Pillow under my Buttocks. Before *George*! I won't gall my Back-side to take off the best Lady's Beard in the Land. Let them that have Beards wear 'em still, or get them whipp'd off as they think best; I'll not take such a long Jaunt with my Master, nor I. There is no need of me in this shaving of Beards, as there was in *Dulcinea's* Business. Upon my Word, dear Sir, but there is, reply'd *Trifaldi*, and so much that without you nothing can be done. God save the King! cry'd *Sancho*, what have we Squires to do with our Masters Adventures? We must bear the Trouble forsooth, and they run away with the Credit! Body o'me, 'twere something, would those that write their Stories but give the Squires their due Share in their Books; as thus, *Such a Knight ended such an Adventure; but it was with the help of such a one his Squire, without which the Devil a bit could he ever have done it.* But they shall barely tell you in their Histories, Sir *Paralipomenon, Knight of the Three Stars, ended the Adventure of the Six Hobgoblins*; and not a Word all the while of his Squire's Person, as if there were no such Man, though he was by all the while, poor Devil. In short good People, I don't like it, and once more I say, my Master may e'en go by himself for *Sancho*, and Joy betide him. I'll stay and keep Madam Dutchess's Company here, and mayhap by that time he comes back, he'll find his Lady *Dulcinea's* Business pretty forward; for I mean to give my bare Breech a Jirking till I brush off the very Hair, at idle Times, that is, and when I've nothing else to do.

Nevertheless, honest *Sancho*, said the Dutchess, if your Company be necessary in this Adventure, you must go; for all good People will make it their Business to entreat you, and 'twould look very ill, that thro' your vain Fears these poor Gentlewomen should remain thus with rough and  
bristly

bristly Faces. God save the King, I cry again, said *Sancho*, were it a piece of Charity for the Relief of some good sober Gentlewomen, or poor innocent Hospital-Girls, something might be said : But to gall my Back-side, and venture my Neck to un-  
 beard a Pack of idling trolloping Chamber-jades, with a Murrain ! Not I, let 'em go elsewhere for a Shaver ; I wish I might see the whole Tribe of 'em wear Beards from the highest to the lowest, from the proudest to the primeest, all hairy like so many She-goats. You are very angry with Waiting-Women, *Sancho*, said the Dutchesse : That Apothecary has inspir'd you with this bitter Spirit. But you're to blame, Friend, for I'll assure you there are some in my Family, that may serve for Patterns of Discretion to all those of their Function ; and *Donna Rodriguez* here will let me say no less. Ay, ay, Madam, said *Donna Rodriguez* ; your Grace may say what you please : This is a censorious World we live in, but Heaven knows all ; and whether good or bad, bearded or unbearded, we Waiting-Gentlewomen had Mothers as well as the rest of our Sex ; and since Providence has made us as we are, and plac'd us in the World, it knows wherefore, and so we trust in its Mercy, and no body's Beard ? Enough, *Donna Rodriguez*, said *Don Quixote*, as for you, Lady *Trisaldi*, and other distressed Matrons, I hope that Heaven will speedily look with a pitying Eye on your Sorrows, and that *Sancho* will do as I shall desire. If only with *Clavileno* would once come, that I may encounter *Malambruno*, for I am sure no Razor should be more expeditious in shaving your Ladyship's Beard, than my Sword to shave that Giant's Head from his Shoulders : Heaven may a while permit the Wicked, but not for ever.

Ah ! most valorous Champion, said the disconsolate Matron, may all the Stars in the Celestial

Regions shed their most propitious Influence on your generous Valour, which thus supports the Cause of our unfortunate Office, so expos'd to the poisonous Rancour of Apothecaries, and so revild by saucy Grooms and Squires. Now all ill Luck attend the low-spirited Quean, who, in the Flower of her Youth, will not rather chuse to turn Nun, than Waiting-Woman! Poor forlorn contemn'd Creatures as we are! tho' descended in a direct Line from Father to Son, from *Heſtor* of *Troy* himself, yet would not our Ladies find a more civil way to speak to us, than *Thee* and *Thou* though it were to gain 'em a Kingdom. O Giant *Malambuno*! thou, who though an Inchanter, art always most faithful to thy Word, send us the peerless *Clavileno*, that our Misfortunes may have an end. For if the Weather grows hotter than it is, and these shaggy Beards sti l sprout about our Faces, what a sad Pickle will they be in!

The Disconsolate Lady utter'd these Lamentations in so pathetick a manner, that the Tears of all the Spectators waited on her Complaints; and even *Sancho* himself began to water his Plants, and condescend at last to share in the Adventure, and attend his Master to the very fag-end of the World, so he might contribute to the clearing away the Weeds that over-spread those Venerable Faces.

## C H A P. XLI.

*Of Clavileno's (alias Woodden Peg's) Arrival, with the Conclusion of this tedious Adventure.*

**T**Hese Discourses brought on the Night, and with it the appointed Time for the famous *Clavileno's* Arrival. *Don Quixote*, very impatient at



at his Delay, began to fear, that either he was not the Knight for whom this Adventure was reserv'd, or else that the Giant *Malambruno* had not Courage to enter into a single Combat with him. But unexpectedly who should enter the Garden but four Savages cover'd with green Ivy, bearing on their Shoulders a large Wooden Horse, which they set upon his Legs before the Company; and then one of them cry'd out, Now let him that has the Courage mount this Engine —— I am not he, quoth *Sancho*, for I have no Courage, nor am I a Knight—— And let him take his Squire behind him, if he has one (continu'd the Savage) with this Assurance from the valorous *Malambruno*, that no foul Play shall be offer'd, nor will he use any thing but his Sword to offend him. 'Tis but only turning the Peg before him, and the Horse will transport him through the Air to the Place where *Malambruno* attends their Coming. But let them blindfold their Eyes, lest the dazzling and stupendous Height of their Career should make 'em giddy; and let the Neighing of the Horse inform 'em that they are arriv'd to their Journey's end. Thus having made his Speech, the Savage turned about with his Companions, and leaving *Clavileno*, march'd out handsomely the same way they came in.

The Disconsolate Matron seeing the Horse, almost with Tears address'd Don *Quixote*; Valorous Knight, cry'd she, *Malambruno* is a Man of his Word, the Horse is here, our Beards bud on, therefore I and every one of us conjure you by all the Hairs on our Chins, to hasten our Deliverance; since there needs no more but that you and your Squire get up, and give a happy Beginning to your intended Journey. Madam, answer'd Don *Quixote*, I'll do't will all my Heart, I will not so much as stay for a Cushion, or to put on my Spurs, but mount instantly; such is my Impatience to dis-

beard your Ladyship's Face, and restore ye all your former Gracefulness. That's more than I shall do, quoth *Sancho*, I an't in such plaguy haste, not I; and if the Quick-set Hedges on their Snouts can't be lopp'd off without my riding on that hard Crupper, let my Master furnish himself with another Squire, and these Gentlewomen get some other Barber. I'm no Witch sure, to ride through the Air at this rate upon a Broom-stick! What will my Islanders say, think ye, when they hear their Governor is flying like a Paper-Kite? Besides, 'tis three or four thousand Leagues from hence to *Candaya*, and what if the Horse shou'd tire upon the Road? or the Giant grow homoursome? What would become of us then? We may be seven Years a getting home again; and Heaven knows by that Time what would become of my Government. Neither Island nor Dryland would know poor *Sancho* agen. No, no, I know better things. What says the old Proverb? Delays breed Danger; and when a Cow's given thee, run and Halter her! I am the Gentlewomens humble Servant, but they and their Beards must excuse me, Faith! *St. Peter* is well at *Rome*, that is to say, here I'm made much of, and by the Master of the House's Good-Will, I hope to see my self a Governor. Friend *Sancho*, said the Duke, as for your Island it neither floats nor stirs, so there's no Fear it should run away before you come back; the Foundations of it are fix'd and rooted in the profound Abyss of the Earth. Now because you must needs think I cannot but know, that there is no kind of Office of any Value, that is not purchas'd with some sort of Bribe or Gratification, of one kind or other, all that I expect for advancing you to this Government, is only that you wait on your Master in this Expedition, that there may be an End of this memorable Adventure: And I here

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engage my Honour, that whether you return on *Clavileno* with all the Speed his Swiftneſs promiſes, or that it ſhould be your ill Fortune to be oblig'd to Foot it back like a Pilgrim, begging from Inn to Inn, and Door to Door, ſtill whenever you come, you will find your Iſland where you left it, and your Iſlanders as glad to receive you for their Governour as ever. And for my own Part, Signior *Sancho* I'll aſſure you, you'd very much wrong my Friendſhip, ſhould you in the leaſt doubt my Readineſs to ſerve you. Good your Worſhip ſay no more, cry'd *Sancho*, I am but a poor Squire, and your Goodneſs is too great a Load for my Shoulders. But hang Baſeneſs; Mount, Maſter, and blindfold me, ſomebody; wiſh me a good Voyage, and pray for me—But harkee, good Folks, when I am got up, and fly in the Skies, mayn't I ſay my Prayers, and call on the Angels my ſelf to help me, trow? Yes, yes, answer'd *Trifaldi*; for *Malambruno*, though an Inchanter, is nevertheleſs a Chriſtian, and does all things with a great deal of Sagacity, having nothing to do with thoſe he ſhould not meddle with. Come on then, quoth *Sancho*, let's away, and Heaven proſper us. Thy Fear, *Sancho*, ſaid Don *Quixote*, might by a ſuperſtitious Mind, be thought ominous: Since the Adventure of the Fulling-Mills, I have not ſeen thee poſſeſs'd with ſuch a panick Terrour. But hark ye, begging this noble Company's Leave, I muſt have a Word with you in private. Then withdrawing into a diſtant Part of the Garden among ſome Trees; My dear *Sancho*, ſaid he, thou ſeeſt we are going to take a long Journey; thou art no leſs ſenſible of the Uncertainty of our Return, and Heaven alone can tell what Leiſure or Conveniency we may have in all that Time. Let me therefore beg thee to ſlip aſide to thy Chamber, as if it were to get thy ſelf ready for our Journey, and

and there presently dispatch me only some 500 Lashes on the Account of the 3300 thou standest engag'd for; 'twill soon be done, and a Business once begun, you know, is half ended. Stark mad, before *George*, cry'd *Sancho*. I wonder you are not ashamed, Sir. This is just as they say, You see me in Haste, and ask me for a Maidenhead; I am just going to ride the wooden Horse, and you would have me flea my Back-side. Truly, truly, you're plaguily out this Time. Come, come, Sir, let's do one thing after another; let us get off these Women's Whiskers, and then I'll feague it away for *Dulcinea*: I have no more to say on the Matter at present. Well, honest *Sancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote*, I'll take thy Word for once, and I hope thou'lt make it good; for I believe thou art more Fool than Knave. I am what I am, quoth *Sancho*; but whatever I be, I'll keep my Word ne'er fear it.

Upon this they return'd to the Company; and just as they were going to mount, Blind thy Eyes *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, and get up. Sure he that sends so far for us can have no Design to deceive us, since 'twould never be to his Credit to delude those that rely on his Word of Honour; and tho' the Success should not be answerable to our Desires, still the Glory of so brave an Attempt will be ours, and 'tis not in the Power of Malice to eclipse it. To Horse then, Sir, cry'd *Sancho*, to Horse: The Tears of those poor bearded Gentlewomen have melted my Heart, and methinks I feel their Bristles sticking in it. I shan't eat a Bit to do me Good, till I see them have as pretty dimpled smooth Chins and soft Lips as they had before. Mount then I say, and blindfold your self first; for if I must ride behind, 'tis a plain Case you must get up before me. That's right, said Don *Quixote*; and with that pulling a Handkerchief out of his Pocket, he gave it to the disconsolate Ma-

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tron to hoodwink him close. She did so; but presently after uncovering himself, If I remember right, said he, *Virgil* tells us of the *Trojan Palladium*, that wooden Horse which the *Greeks* offer'd *Pallas*, full of arm'd Knights, who afterwards prov'd the total Ruin of that famous City. 'Twere Prudence therefore, before we get up, to probe this Steed, and see what he has in his Guts. You need not, said the Countess *Trifaldi*, I dare engage there's no Ground for any such Surmise; for *Malambruno* is a Man of Honour, and would not so much as countenance any base or treacherous Practice, and whatever Accident befalls ye, I dare answer for. Upon this Don *Quixote* mounted without any Reply, imagining that what he might further urge concerning his Security, would be a Reflection on his Valour. He then began to try the Pin, which was easily turn'd; and as he sat with his long Legs stretch'd at Length for want of Stirrups, he look'd like one of those antique Figures in a *Roman* Triumph, woven in some old Piece of Arras.

*Sancho* very leisurely and unwillingly was made to climb up behind him; and fixing himself as well as he could on the Crupper, felt it somewhat hard and uneasy. With that, looking on the Duke, good my Lord, quoth he, will you lend me something to clap under me, some Pillow from the Page's Bed, or the Dutches's Cushion of State, or any thing; for this Horse's Crupper is so confounded hard, I fancy 'tis rather Marble than Wood. 'Tis needless, said the Countess for *Clavileno* will bear no kind of Furniture upon him; so that for your greater Ease you had best sit side-Ways like a Woman. *Sancho* took her Advice; and then after he had taken his Leave of the Company, they bound a Cloth over his Eyes. But presently after uncovering his Face, with a pitiful Look on all the Spectators, Good tender-hearted Christians, (cry'd he



he, with Tears in his Eyes) bestow a few *Pater Nosters* and *Ave-Marys* on a poor departing Brother, and pray for my Soul, as you expect the like Charity your selves in such a Condition. What! you Rascal, said Don *Quixote*, d'ye think your self at the Gallows, and at the Point of Death, that you hold forth in such a lamentable Strain? Dastardly Wretch without a Soul, dost thou not know that the fair *Magalona* once sat in thy Place, and alighted from thence, not into the Grave, thou Chicken-hearted Varlet, but into the Throne of *France*, if there's any Truth in History? And do not I sit by thee, that I may vie with the valorous *Peter* of *Provence*, and press the Seat that was once press'd by him? Come blindfold thy Eyes, poor spiritless Animal, and let me not know thee betray the least Symptom of Fear, at least not in my Presence. Well, quoth *Sancho*, hoodwink me then among ye. But 'tis no Mar'l one should be afraid, when you won't let one say his Prayers, nor be pray'd for, though for ought I know we may have a Legion of Imps about our Ears, to clap us up in the Devil's Pound presently.

Now both being hoodwink'd, and Don *Quixote* perceiving every thing ready for their setting out, began to turn the Pin; and no sooner had he set his Hand to it, but the Waiting Women and all the Company set up their Throats, crying out, Speed you, speed you well, valorous Knight, Heaven be your Guide, undaunted Squire! Now, now, you fly aloft. See how they cut the Air more swiftly than an Arrow! Now they mount, and tower, and soar, while the gazing World wonders at their Course. Sit fast, sit fast, courageous *Sancho*, you don't sit steady, have a Care of falling, for should you now drop from that amazing Height, your Fall would be greater than the aspiring Youth's that misguid'd the Chariot of the Sun his Father. All  
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*Don Quixot and Sancho Panza ride blindfold through the  
Air, upon a wooden Horse.*

*Vol. 4. Pag: 62.*



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this *Sancho* heard ; and girting his Arms fast about his Master's Waste, Sir, quoth he, why do they say we are so high, since we can hear their Voices? Troth I hear em' so plainly, that one would think they were close by us. Ne'er mind that, answer'd Don *Quixote* ; for in these extraordinary kind of Flights, we must suppose our Hearing and Seeing will be extraordinary also. But don't hold me so hard, for you'll make me tumble off. What makes thee tremble so? I'm sure I never rid easier in all my Life ; our Horse goes as if he did not move at all. Come then, take Courage ; we make swinging Way, and have a fair and merry Gale! I think so too, quoth *Sancho*, for I feel the Wind puff as briskly upon me here, as if I don't know how many Pair of Bellows were blowing Wind in my Tail. *Sancho* was not altogether in the Wrong ; for some strong Pairs of Bellows were indeed levell'd at him then, which gave Air very plentifully ; so well had the Plot of this Adventure been laid by the Duke, the Dutchess, and their Steward, that nothing was wanting to further the Diversion.

Don *Quixote* at last feeling the Wind, Sure, said he, we must be risen to the middle Region of the Air, where the Winds, Hail, Snow, Thunder, Light'ning, and other Meteors are produc'd ; so that if we mount at this Rate, we shall be in the Region of Fire presently, and what's worst, I don't know how to manage this Pin, so as to avoid being scorch'd and roasted alive. At the same Time some Flax, with other combustible Matter, which had been got ready, was clapp'd at the End of a long Stick, and set on Fire at a small Distance from their Noses ; and the Heat and Smoke affecting the Knight and the Squire, May I be hang'd, quoth *Sancho*, if we ben't come to this Fire-Place you talk of, or very near it ; for the Half of my Beard is findg'd already. I have a huge Mind to peep out,

our, and see whereabouts we are. By no Means, answer'd Don *Quixote*; I remember the strange but true Story of Doctor *Torralva*, whom the Devils carry'd to *Rome* hoodwink'd, and bestriding a Reed, in twelve Hours Time, setting him down on the Tower of *Nona*, in one of the Streets of that City. There he saw the dreadful Tumult, Assault, and Death of the Constable of *Bourbon*; and the next Morning he found himself at *Madrid*, where he related the whole Story. Among other things, he said, as he went through the Air, the Devil bid him open his Eyes; which he did, and then he found himself so near the Moon, that he could touch it with his Finger; but durst not look toward the Earth, lest the Distance should make his Brains turns round. So, *Sancho*, we must not unveil our Eyes, but rather wholly trust to the Care and Providence of him that has Charge of us; and fear nothing, for we only mount high to come souse down like a Hawk, upon the Kingdom of *Candaya*, which we shall reach presently: For tho' it appears not Half an Hour to us since we left the Garden, we have nevertheless travell'd over a vast Tract of Air. I know nothing of the Matter, reply'd *Sancho*, but this I am very certain, that if your Madam *Magullane* or *Magalona* (what d'ye call her) could sit this damn'd wooden Crupper without a good Cushion under her Tail, she must have had a harder Pair of Buttocks than mine.

This Dialogue was certainly very Pleasant all this while to the Duke, the Dutcheffs, and the rest of the Company; and now at last resolving to put an end to this extraordinary Adventure, which had so long entertain'd them successfully, they order'd one of their Servants to give fire to *Clavileno's* Tail; and the Horse being stuff full of Squibs, Crackers, and other Fire works, burst presently into Pieces, with a mighty Noise, throwing

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ing the Knight one way, and the Squire another, both sufficiently findg'd. By this time, the Disconsolate Matron, and bearded Regiment were vanish'd out of the Garden, and all the rest counter-acting a Trance, lay flat upon the Ground. Don Quixote and Sancho sorely bruis'd, made shift to get up, and looking about, were amaz'd to find themselves in the same Garden whence they took Horse, and see such a Number of People lie Dead, as they thought, on the Ground. But their Wonder was diverted by the Appearance of a large Lance stuck in the Ground, and a Scroll of white Parchment fasten'd to it by two green silken Strings, with the following Inscription upon it in Golden Characters.

*The Renowned Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, achiev'd the Adventure of the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise call'd the Disconsolate Matron, and her Companions in Distress, by barely attempting it. Malamburuno is fully satisfy'd. The Waiting-Gentlewomen have lost their Beards: King Clavijo, and Queen Antonomafia have resum'd their pristine Shapes; and when the Squire's Penance shall be finish'd, the White Dove shall scape the Pounces of the Pernicious Hawks that pursue her, and her Pining Lover shall lull her in his Arms. This is pre-ordain'd by the Sage Merlin, Proto-Inchanter of Inchanters.*

Don Quixote having read this Oracle, and construing it to refer to Dulcinea's Disinchantment, render'd Thanks to Heaven for so great a Deliverance; and approaching the Duke and Dutches, who seem'd as yet in a Swoon, he took the Duke by the Hand: Courage, Courage, Noble Sir, cry'd he, there's no Danger; the Adventure is finish'd without Blood-shed, as you may read it registr'd in that Record.

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The Duke, Yawning and Stretching, as if he had been wak'd out of a sound Sleep, recover'd himself by Degrees, as did the Dutchess and the rest of the Company; all of them acting the Surprise so naturally, that the Jest could not be discover'd. The Duke rubbing his Eyes, made a shift to read the Scroll, then Embracing Don *Quixote*, he extoll'd his Valour to the Skies, assuring him, he was the bravest Knight the Earth had ever possess'd. As for *Sancho* he was looking up and down the Garden for the Disconsolate Matron, to see what sort of a Face she had got, now her Firz-bush was off. But he was inform'd, that, as *Clavileno* came down Flaming in the Air, the Countess, with her Women, vanish'd immediately, but not one of 'em Chinbristl'd, nor so much as a Hair upon their Faces.

Then the Dutchess ask'd *Sancho*, how he had far'd in his long Voyage? Why truly, Madam, answer'd he, I have seen Wonders; for you must know, that though my Master would not suffer me to pull the Cloth from my Eyes, yet as I have a kind of Itch to know every thing, and a Spice of the Spirit of Contradiction, still hankering after what's forbidden me; so when, as my Master told me, we were flying through the Legion of Fire, I shov'd my Handkerchief a little above my Nose, and look'd down; and what d'you think I saw? I spy'd the Earth a hugeous way a far off below me (Heaven bless us!) no bigger than a Mustard-seed; and the Men walking to and fro upon't, not much larger than Hazle-Nuts. Judge now if we were not got up wounded high! Have a Care what you say, my Friend, said the Dutchess; for if the Men were bigger than Hazle-Nuts, and the Earth no bigger than a Mustard-seed, one Man must be bigger than the whole Earth, and cover it so that you could not see it. Like enough,

answer'd

answer'd *Sancho*; but for all that, d'you see, I  
 saw it with a kind of a side-Look upon one Part of  
 it, or so. Look you, *Sancho*, reply'd the Dutcheß,  
 that won't bear; for no thing can be wholly seen  
 by any Part of it. Well, well, Madam, quoth  
*Sancho*, I don't understand your Parts and Wholes!  
 I saw it, and there's an End of the Story. Only  
 you must think that as we flew by Inchantment,  
 so we saw by Inchantment, and thus I might see  
 the Earth, and all the Men, which way soever  
 I look'd. I'll warrant, you won't believe me  
 either when I tell you, that when I thrust up  
 the Kerchief above my Brows, I saw my self so  
 near Heaven, that between the Top of my Cap  
 and the main Sky, there was not a Span and a  
 half. And Heaven blefs us, forsooth, what a  
 hugeous great Place it is! And we happen'd to  
 travel that Road where the \* seven She-Goat-  
 stars were: And Faith and Troth, I had such a  
 Mind to play with 'em (having been once a Goat-  
 herd my self) that I fancy I'd have cry'd my self  
 to Death had I not done it. So soon as I spy'd  
 'em, what does me I, but sneaks down very so-  
 verly from behind my Master, without telling  
 any living Soul, and play'd, and leap'd about for  
 three quarters of an Hour by the Clock, with the  
 pretty Nanny-Goats, who are as sweet and fine as  
 so many Marigolds or Gilly-Flowers. And honest  
*Wooden Peg* stirr'd not one Step all the while.  
 And while *Sancho* employ'd himself with the Goats,  
 ask'd the Duke, how was Don *Quixote* employ'd?  
 Truly, answer'd the Knight, I am sensible all  
 things were alter'd from their Natural Course,  
 therefore what *Sancho* says seems the less strange to  
 me.

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\* The Pleiades, vulgarly call'd in Spanish the Se-  
 ven young She-Goats.

me. But for my own part, I neither saw Heaven nor Hell, Sea nor Shore. I perceiv'd indeed we pass'd through the middle Region of the Air, and were pretty near that of Fire, but that we came near Heaven, as *Sancho* says, is altogether incredible; because we then must have pass'd quite through the Fiery Region, which lies between the Sphere of the Moon and the upper Region of the Air. Now it was impossible for us to reach that Part, where are the *Pleiades*, or the *Seven Goats*, as *Sancho* calls 'em, without being consum'd in the Elemental Fire; and therefore since we escap'd those Flames, certainly we did not soar so high, and *Sancho* either lies or dreams. I neither Lie nor Dream, reply'd *Sancho*. Uds Precious! I can tell you the Marks and Colour of every Goat among 'em, if you don't believe me. Do but ask and try me: You'll easily see whether I speak Truth or no. Well, said the Dutchess, prithee tell us, good *Sancho*. Look you, answer'd *Sancho*, there were two of 'em Green, two Carnation, two Blue, and one party-colour'd. Truly, said the Duke, that's a new kind of Goats you have found out, *Sancho*, we have none of those Colours upon Earth. Sure, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, you'll make some short difference between Heavenly She-Goats, and the Goats of this World? But, *Sancho* said the Duke, among those She-Goats did you see never a He? Not one Horn'd Beast of the Masculine Gender? Not one, Sir, I saw no other horn'd thing but the Moon; and I have been told, that neither He-Goats, nor any other Cornuted Creatures are suffer'd to lift their Horns beyond those of the Moon.

They did not think fit to ask *Sancho* any more Questions about his Airy Voyage, for, in the Humour he was in, they judg'd he would not stop to ramble all over the Heavens, and tell 'em New

Whatever was doing there, though he had not stir'd out of the Garden all the while.

Thus ended, in short, the Adventure of the Disconsolate Matron, which afforded sufficient sport to the Duke and Dutchess, not only for the present, but for the rest of their Lives; and might have supply'd *Sancho* with matter of Talk from Generation to Generation, for many Ages, could he have liv'd so long. *Sancho* (said *Don Quixote*, whispering him in the Ear) since you'll have us believe what you have seen in Heaven, I desire you to believe me in what I said I saw in *Montesino's* cave. Not a Word more.

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## CHAP. XLII.

*The Instructions which Don Quixote gave Sancho Pança, before he went to the Government of his Island, with other Matters of Moment.*

THE Satisfaction which the Duke and Dutchess receiv'd by the happy Success of the Adventure of the Disconsolate Matron, encourag'd 'em to carry on some other pleasant Project, since they could with so much Ease impose on the credulity of *Don Quixote*, and his Squire. Having therefore given Instructions to their Servants and Vassals how to behave themselves towards *Sancho*, in his Government; the Day after the scene of the Wooden Horse, the Duke bid *Sancho* prepare, and be in a Readiness to take Possession of his Government; for now his Islanders wish'd as heartily for him, as they did for Rain in a dry Summer. *Sancho* made an humble Bow, and looking demurely on the Duke; Sir, quoth he, since



since I came down from Heaven, whence I saw the Earth so very small, I a'n't half so hot as I was for being a Governour. For what Greatness can there be in being at the Head of a puny Dominion that's but a little Nook of a tiny Mustard-seed? And what Dignity and Power can a Man reckon'd to have, in governing half a dozen Men no bigger than Hazle-Nuts? For I could not think there were any more in the whole World. No, if your Grace would throw away upon me never so little a Corner in Heaven, though it were but half a League, or so, I would take it with better Will than I would the largest Island on Earth. Friend *Sancho*, answer'd the Duke, I can't dispose of an Inch of Heaven; for that's the Province of God alone; but what I am able to bestow, I give you that is, an Island tight and clever, round and well proportion'd, fertile and plentiful to such a Degree, that if you have but the Art and Understanding to manage things right, you may make Hoard there both of the Treasure of this World and the next.

Well then, quoth *Sancho*, let me have this Island, and I'll do my best to be such a Governour, that in spite of Rogues I shan't want a small Nook in Heaven one Day or other. 'Tis not out of Covetousness neither that I'd leave my little Cott, and set up for some body, but meerly to know what kind of thing it is to be a Governour. Oh! *Sancho*, said the Duke, when once you've had a Taste of it, you'll never leave licking your Fingers, 'tis so sweet and bewitching a Thing to command and be obey'd. I am confident, when your Master comes to be an Emperor (as he cannot fail to be, according to the Course of his Affairs) he will never by any Considerations be persuaded to an Abdication; his only Grief will be that he was one no sooner.

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Troth Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, I am of your Mind ;  
 's a dainty thing to command, tho' 'twere but a  
 lock of Sheep. Oh ! *Sancho*, cry'd the Duke, let  
 e live and die with thee ; for thou hast an Insight  
 to every thing. I hope thou'lt prove as good a  
 yernor as thy Wisdom bespeaks thee. But no  
 ore at this time, — to Morrow without fur-  
 er Delay you set forward to your Island, and  
 all be furnish'd this Afternoon with Equipage  
 and Dress answerable to your Post, and all other  
 ecessaries for your Journey.

Let 'em Dress me as they will, quoth *Sancho*, I  
 all be the same *Sancho Pança* still. That's true,  
 id the Duke, yet every Man ought to wear  
 loaths suitable to his Place and Dignity ; for a  
 awyer should not go dress'd like a Soldier, nor  
 Soldier like a Priest. As for you, *Sancho*, you are  
 wear the Habit both of a Captain and a Civil  
 igitrate ; so your Dress shall be a Compound  
 of those two ; for in the Government, that I be-  
 ow on you, Arms are as necessary as Learning,  
 and a Man of Letters as requisite as a Swords-  
 an — Nay, as for Letters, quoth *Sancho*, I can't  
 y much for my self ; for as yet I scarce know my  
 A, B, C ; but yet if I can but remember my  
 rist's-Cross, 'tis enough to make me a good Go-  
 ernor : As for my Arms, I'll not quit my Wea-  
 on as long as I can stand, and so Heaven be our  
 uard. *Sancho* can't do amiss, said the Duke,  
 while he remembers these things.

By this Time Don *Quixote* arriv'd, and hearing  
 ow suddenly *Sancho* was to go to his Govern-  
 ent, with the Duke's Permission, he took him  
 ide to give him some good Instructions for his  
 onduct in the Discharge of his Office.  
 Being enter'd Don *Quixote*'s Chamber, and the  
 oor shut, he almost forcibly oblig'd *Sancho* to sit  
 y him, and then with a grave deliberate Voice he  
 us began.  
 I give

I give Heaven infinite Thanks, Friend *Sancho*, that before I have the Happiness of being put in Possession of my Hopes, I can see thine already crown'd: Fortune hastening to meet thee with thy Wishes. I, who had assign'd the Reward of thy Services upon my happy Success, am yet but on the way to Preferment; and thou, beyond all reasonable Expectation, art arriv'd at the Aim and End of thy Desires. Some are assiduous, solicitous, importunate, rise early, bribe, entreat, press, will take no Denial, obstinately persist in their Suit, and yet at last never obtain it. Another comes on, and by a lucky Hit or Chance, bears away the Prize, and jumps into the Preferment which so many had pursu'd in vain; which verifies the Saying, *The Happy have their Days, and those they chuse; The Unhappy have but Hours, and those they lose.* Thou, who seem'st to me a very Blockhead without sitting up late, or rising early, or any manner of Fatigue or Trouble, only the Air of Knight Errantry being breath'd on thee, art advanc'd to the Government of an Island in a Trice, as if it were a thing of no Moment, a very Trifle. I speak this, my dear *Sancho*, not to upbraid thee nor out of Envy, but only to let thee know, thou art not to attribute all this Success to thy own Merit, while 'tis entirely owing to the kind Heavenly Disposer of Humane Affairs, to whom thy Thanks ought to be return'd. But next to Heaven, thou art to ascribe thy Happiness to the Greatness of the Profession of Knight-Errantry which includes within it self such stores of Honour and Preferment.

Being convinc'd of what I have already said, be yet attentive, O my Son, to what I, thy *Cato*, have further to say: Listen, I say, to my Admonitions, and I will be thy North-Star, and Pilot to steer and bring thee safely into the Port of Honour, out

of the Tempestuous Ocean, into which thou art  
must going to Launch; for Offices and great Em-  
ployments are no better than profound Gulphs of  
Confusion.

N.B.

First of all, O my Son, fear God, for the Fear  
of God is the beginning of Wisdom, and Wisdom  
will never let thee go astray.

Secondly, Consider what thou wert, and make  
thy Business to know thy self, which is the most  
difficult Lesson in the World. Yet from this Les-  
son thou wilt learn to avoid the Frog's foolish Am-  
bition of Swelling, to rival the Bigness of the Ox;  
else thou wilt soon roll down the Wheel of thy  
mad Presumption, and be put in Mind that thou  
wert but a Hog-driver.

True, quoth *Sancho*, but I was then but a little  
boy; for when I grew up to be somewhat bigger,  
drove Geese, and not Hogs. But methinks that's  
nothing to the Purpose; for all Governors can't  
come from Kings and Princes.

Very true, pursu'd Don *Quixote*; therefore those  
who want a noble Descent, must allay the Severity  
of their Office with Mildness and Civility, which,  
directed by Wisdom, may secure 'em from the Mur-  
ders and Malice, from which no State nor Condi-  
tion is exempt.

Be well pleas'd with the Meanness of thy Family,  
*Sancho*; nor think it a Disgrace to own thy self  
deriv'd from Labouring Men; for, if thou art not  
ham'd of it thy self, no body else will strive to  
make thee so. Endeavour rather to be esteem'd  
humble and Virtuous, than Proud and Vicious.  
The Number is almost infinite, of those who from  
low and Vulgar Births, have been rais'd to the  
highest Dignities, to the Papal Chair, and the Im-  
perial Throne; and this I could prove by Ex-  
amples enough to tire thy Patience.

Make Virtue the Medium of all thy Actions and thou wilt have no Cause to envy those whose Birth gives 'em the Titles of Great Men, and Princes; for Nobility is inherited, but Virtue acquir'd. And Virtue is worth more in it self than Nobleness of Birth.

If any of thy poor Relations come to see thee never reject nor affront 'em; but on the contrary receive and entertain 'em with Marks of Favour in this thou wilt display a Generosity of Nature and please Heaven, that would have no body despise what it has made.

If thou send'st for thy Wife, as 'tis not for every Man in thy Station should be long without a Wife, and she ought to partake of her Husband's good Fortune, teach her, instruct her, polish her the best thou canst, till her Native Rusticity is fin'd to a handsomer Behaviour: For often an ill-bred Wife throws down all that a good and discreet Husband can build up.

Should'st thou come to be a Widower, (which is not impossible) and thy Post recommend thee to a Bride of a higher Degree, take not one that shall be like a Fishing-Rod, only serve to catch Brutes. For, take it from me, the Judge must at the general and last Court of Judicature, give a full account of the discharge of his Duty, and must be severely at his dying Day for what he has suffered his Wife to take.

Let never obstinate Self-conceit be thy Guide 'tis the Vice of the Ignorant, who vainly presumes on their Understanding.

Let the Tears of the Poor find more Compassion though not more Justice, than the Informations of the Rich.

Be equally solicitous to find out the Tricks where the Offers and Presents of the Rich, and the Sobs and Importunities of the Poor, are in the View.



Where-ever Equity should, or may take place, let not the Extent and Rigour of the Law bear too much on the Delinquent; for 'tis not a better Character in a Judge to be Rigorous, than to be indulgent.

When the Severiry of the Law is to be softned, let Pity, not Bribes, be the Motive.

If thy Enemy has a Cause before thee, turn away thy Eyes from thy Prejudice, and fix them on the matter of Fact.

In another Man's Cause, be not blinded by thy own Passions, for those Errors are almost without remedy, or their Cure will prove expensive to thy Health and Reputation.

When a Beautiful Woman comes before thee, turn away thy Eyes from her Tears, and thy Ears from her Lamentations; and take Time to consider calmly her Petition, if thou would'st not have thy Reason and Honesty lost in her Sighs and Tears.

Reville not with Words those whom their Crimes oblige thee to punish in Deed; for the Punishment is enough to the Wretches, without the Addition of ill Language.

In the Tryal of Criminals, consider as much as thou can'st without Prejudice to the Plaintiff, how senseless and open the Miserable are to the Temptations of our corrupt and deprav'd Nature; and shew thy self full of Pity and Clemency; tho' God's Attributes are equal, yet his Mercy more attractive and pleasing in our Eyes, than Justice.

If thou observ'st these Rules, *Sancho*, thy Days will be long, thy Fame eternal, thy Recompence great, and thy Felicity unspeakable. Thou shalt satisfy thy Children and Grand-Children to thy heart's Desire; they shall want no Titles: Belov'd of all Men, thy Life shall be peaceable, thy Death

in a good and venerable old Age, and the Offspring of thy Grand-Children, with their Youthful Hands shall close thy Eyes.

The Precepts I have hitherto given thee, regard the Good and Ornament of thy Mind. Now give Attention to those Directions that relate to the adorning of thy Body.

## C H A P. XLIII.

### *The second Part of Don Quixote's Advice to Sancho Pança.*

**W**H O would not have taken Don *Quixote* for a Man of extraordinary Wisdom and excellent Morals, having heard him documentize a Squire in this Manner; only as we have observed in this History, the least Talk of Knight Errantry spoil'd all, and made his Understanding muddy: But in every thing else, his Judgment was very clear, and his Apprehension very quick, so that every moment his Actions us'd to direct his Judgment, and his Judgment his Actions. In these Oeconomical Precepts which he gave *Sancho*, he shew'd himself Master of a pleasant Fancy, and mingl'd his Judgment and Extravagance in equal Proportions. *Sancho* lent him a great deal of Attention, in hopes to register those good Counsels in his Mind, and put them in practice; not doubting but by their Means should acquit himself of his Duty like a Man of Honour.

As to the Government of thy Person and Family (pursu'd Don *Quixote*) my first Injunction is Cleanliness. Pare thy Nails, nor let 'em grow as for a Fool, whose Folly persuades them that long Nails add to the Beauty of the Hand; till they

more like *Castil's* Claws than a Man's Nails. 'Tis *astutello's*  
 foul and unsightly.

Keep thy Cloaths tight about thee; for a slovenly  
 looseness is an Argument of a careless Mind; un-  
 less such a Negligence, like that of *Julius Caesar*, be  
 effected for some cunning Design.

Prudently examine what thy Income may amount  
 to in a Year. And if sufficient to afford thy Ser-  
 vants Liveries, let 'em be decent and lasting, ra-  
 ther than gaudy and for Show; and for the over-  
 plus of thy good Husbandry, bestow it on the  
 poor. That is, if thou canst keep six Footmen,  
 have but three; and let what would maintain  
 three more, be laid out in Charitable Uses. By  
 that Means thou wilt have Attendants in Heaven as  
 well as on Earth, which our vain-glorious great-  
 ones, who are Strangers to this Practice, are not  
 like to have.

Least thy Breath betray thy Peasantry, defile it  
 not with Onions and Garlick.

Walk with Gravity, and speak with Delibera-  
 tion, and yet not as if thou didst hearken to thy  
 own Words; for all Affectation is a Fault.

Eat little at Dinner, and less at Supper; for the  
 Stomach is the Store-house, whence Health is to  
 be imparted to the whole Body.

Drink moderately; for Drunkenness neither  
 keeps a Secret, nor observes a Promise.

Be careful not to chew on both sides, that is, fill  
 not thy Mouth too full, and take heed not to eruct  
 before Company.

Eruct, quoth *Sancho*, I don't understand that  
 ramp Word. To eruct, answer'd Don *Quixote*, is  
 as much as to say to Belch; but this being one of  
 the most disagreeable and beastly Words in our  
 language, though very expressive and significant,  
 the more Polite, instead of Belching, say Eructing,  
 which is borrow'd from the *Latin*. Now though

the Vulgar may not understand this, it matters not much; for Use and Custom will make it familiar and understood. By such Innovations are Languages enrich'd, when the Words are adopted by the Multitude, and naturaliz'd by Custom.

Faith and Troth, quoth *Sancho*, of all your Counsels, I'll be sure not to forget this, for I've been mightily given to *Belching*. Say *Eruſting* reply'd Don *Quixote*, and leave off *Belching*. Well quoth *Sancho*, be it as you say, *Eruſt*, I'll be sure to remember.

In the next place, *Sancho*, said the Knight, do not overlard your common Discourse with the glut of Proverbs, which you mix in it continually; for though Proverbs are properly concise and pithy Sentences, yet as thou bring'st 'em in, in such a huddle, by the Head and Shoulders, thou makest 'em look like so many Absurdities. Alas Sir, quoth *Sancho*, this is a Disease that Heaven alone can cure; for I've more Proverbs than will fill a Book; and when I talk, they crowd so thick and fast to my Mouth, that they quarrel which shall get out first; so that my Tongue is forc'd to let 'em out as fast, first come first serv'd, though nothing to my Purpose. But henceforwards I'll set a Watch on my Mouth, and let none fly out but such as shall besit the Gravity of my Place. For in a rich Man's House the Cloth is soon laid where there's Plenty the Guests can't be empty. A Blot's no Blot till 'tis hit. He's safe who stands under the Bells; you can't eat your Cake and have your Cake; and Store's no Sore.

Go on, go on, Friend, said Don *Quixote*, threaten, stack, stich on, heap Proverb on Proverb, on with 'em Man, spew 'em out! There's no Bottom coming. My Mother whips me, and I whip the T Gigg. I warn thee to forbear foisting in a Rope of Proverbs every where, and thou blunder'st on at a who

whole Litany of old Saws, as much to the Purpose as *the last Year's Snow*. Observe me, *Sancho*, I condemn not the Use of Proverbs: But 'tis most certain, that such a Confusion and Hodge-podge of 'em, as thou throw'st out and dragg'st in by the hair together, make Conversation fullsome and poor.

When thou do'st ride, cast not thy Body all on the Crupper, nor hold thy Legs stiff down, and craddling from the Horse's Belly; nor yet so loose, as if thou wert still on *Dapple*; for the Air and Gracefulness of sitting a Horse, distinguishes sometimes a Gentleman from a Groom. Sleep with Moderation; for he that rises not with the Sun, loses so much Day. And remember this, *Sancho*, that Diligence is the Mother of good Fortune. Sloth, on the contrary, never effected any thing that sprung from a good and reasonable Desire.

The Advice which I shall conclude with, I would have thee be sure to fix in thy Memory, though it relate not to the Adorning thy Person; for I am perswaded, it will redound as much to thy Advantage as any I have yet given thee: And this it is.

Never undertake to dispute, or decide any Controversies, concerning the Pre-eminence of Families; since in the Comparison, one must be better than the other; for he that is lessen'd by thee will hate thee, and the other whom thou preferrest will not think himself oblig'd to thee.

As for thy Dress, wear close Breeches and Hose, a long Waste-coat, and a Cloak a little longer. I don't advise thee to wear wide-knee'd Breeches or drunk-Hose, for they become neither Swords-men nor Men of Business.

This is all the Advice, Friend *Sancho*, I have to give thee at present. If thou takest Care to let me hear from thee hereafter, I shall give thee more.



according as the Occasions and Emergencies require.

Sir, said *Sancho*, I see very well that all you've told me is mighty good, wholsom, and to the Purpose: But what am I the better, if I cannot keep it in my Head? I grant you, I shan't easily forget that about paring my Nails, and marrying again, if I should have the luck to bury my Wife. But for all that other Gallimaufry, and Heap of Stuff, I can no more remember one Syllable of it, than the Shapes of last Year's Clouds. Therefore let me have it in Black and White, I beseech you. 'Tis true, I can neither write nor read, but I'll give it to my Father Confessor, that he may beat and hammer it into my Noddle, as occasion serves. O Heaven, cry'd Don *Quixote*, how infamously it looks in a Governor not to be able to write or read! I must needs tell thee *Sancho*, that for a Man to be so illiterate, or to be Left-handed, implies that either his Parents were very poor and mean, or that he was of so perverse a Nature, he could not receive the Impressions of Learning of any thing that is good. Poor Soul, I pity thee. That is indeed a very great Defect. I would have thee at least learn to write thy Name. Oh, as for that, quoth *Sancho*, I can do well enough. I can set my Name; for when I serv'd Offices in our Parish, I learnt to scrawl a sort of Letters, such as they mark Bundles of Stuff with, which they told me spelt my Name. Besides, I can pretend my right Hand is lame, and so another shall sign for me; for there's a Remedy for all things but Death. And since I've the Power, I'll do what I list; for as the Saying is, he whose Father is Judge, may do what he will. And as I am a Governor, I hope I am somewhat higher than a Judge. New Lords new Laws. Ay, ay; let them come if they will, and play at Bo-peep. Let 'em back-bite

me to my Face, I'll bite-back the Biters. Let 'em come for Wool, and I'll send 'em home shorn. Whom God loves, his House happy proves. The rich Man's Follies pass for wise Sayings in this World. So I being Rich, d'you see, and a Governor, and free-hearted too into the Bargain, as I intend to be, I shall have no Faults at all. 'Tis so, daub your self with Honey, and you'll never want Flies. What a Man has, so much he's sure of, said my old Grannam; and who shall hang the Bell about the Cat's Neck?

Confound thee, cry'd Don *Quixote*, for an eternal Proverb-voiding Swag-belly. Threescore thousand *Belzebubs* take thee, and thy damn'd nauseous Rubbish. Thou hast been this Hour hanging them together, like so many Ropes of Onions, and poisoning and racking me with 'em. I dare say these wicked Proverbs will one Day bring thee to the Gallows, they'll provoke thy Islanders to pull thee down, or at least make 'em shun thee like a common Nuisance. Tell me, thou Essence of Ignorance, where dost thou rake 'em up? And how does thy Cods-head apply 'em? For it makes me sweat, as if I were delving and threshing, to speak but one and apply it properly.

Udsprecious! My good Master, quoth *Sancho*, what a small Matter puts you in a pelting Chase! Why the Devil should you grudge me the Use of my own Goods and Chattels? I have no other Estate. Proverbs on Proverbs are all my Stock. And now I have four ready to pop out, as pat to the Purpose as Pears to a Pannier. But Mum for that. Now Silence is my Name. No, reply'd Don *Quixote*, rather Prate-roast and Sauce-Box should call thee; for thou art all Tittle-tattle and Obstinacy. Yet methinks I'd fain hear these four notable Proverbs that come so pat to the Purpose. I thank Heaven I have a pretty good

Memory, and yet I can't for my Soul call one to mind. Why, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, what Proverbs would you have better than these? Between two Cheek-Teeth never clap thy Thumbs. And when a Man, says get out of my House; what would you with my Wife? There's no answer to be made. And again, whether the Pitcher hit the Stone, or the Stone the Pitcher, it's bad for the Pitcher. All these fit to a Hair, Sir; That is, let nobody meddle with his Governor, or his Betters, or he'll rue for it, as sure as a Gun; as he must expect who runs his Finger between two Cheek-Teeth, (and tho they were not Cheek-Teeth, if they be but Teeth that's enough.) In the next place, let the Governor say what he will, there's no Gainsaying him; 'tis as much as when one says, get out of my House; what would you with my Wife? And as for the Stone and the Pitcher, a Blind Man may see through it. And so he that sees a Mote in another Man's Eye, should do well to take the Beam out of his own; that People mayn't say, the Pot calls the Kettle black-arse, and the dead Woman's afraid of her that's flea'd. Besides, your Worship knows, that a Fool knows more in his own House than a wise Body in another Man's. That's a Mistake, *Sancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote*; for the Fool knows nothing, neither in his own House, nor in another Man's; for no substantial Knowledge can be erected on so bad a Foundation as Folly. But let's break off this Discourse: If thou dost not discharge the part of a good Governor, thine will be the Fault, though the Shame and Discredit will be mine. However, this is my Comfort, I've done my Duty in giving thee the best and most wholsom Advice I could: And so Heaven prosper and direct thee in thy Government, and disappoint my Fears of thy turning all things upside down in that poor Island; which I might indeed prevent,

by giving the Duke a more perfect Insight into thee, and discovering to him, that all that gorbelly'd paunch-gutted little Corps of thine, is nothing but a Bundle of Proverbs, and Sack full of Knavery.

Look you, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, if you think me not fit for this Government, I'll think no more on't. Alas! the least Snip of my Soul's Nails (as a Body may say) is dearer to me than my whole Body: And I hope I can live plain *Sancho* still, upon a Luncheon of Bread and a Clove of Garlick, as contented as Governor *Sancho* upon Capons and Partridges. Death and Sleep make us all alike, Rich and Poor, High and Low. Do but call to Mind who first put this Whim of Government into my Noddle, you'll find 'twas your own self; for as for me, I know no more what belongs to Islands and Governors than a blind Buzzard.

So if you fancy the Devil will have me for being a Governor, let me be plain *Sancho* still, and go to Heaven, rather than my Lord Governor, and go to Hell.

These last Words of thine, *Sancho*, said Don Quixote, in my Opinion, prove thee worthy to govern a thousand Islands. Thou hast naturally a good Disposition, without which all Knowledge is insufficient. Recommend thy self to the Divine Providence, and be sure never to depart from Uprightness of Intention; I mean, have still a firm Purpose and Design to be thoroughly inform'd in all the Business that shall come before thee, and act upon sure Grounds, for Heaven always favours good Desires: And so let's go to Dinner, for I believe now the Duke and Dutchess expect us.

## C H A P. XLIV.

*How Sancho Pança was carried to his Government, and of the strange Adventure that befel Don Quixote in the Castle.*

WE have it from the traditional Account of this History, that there is a manifest Difference between the Translation and the *Arabick* in the Beginning of this Chapter; *Cid Hamet* having in the Original taken an Occasion of criticizing on himself, for undertaking so dry and limited a Subject, which must confine him to the bare History of Don *Quixote* and *Sancho*, and debar him the Liberty of launching into Episodes and Digressions that might be of more Weight and Entertainment. To have his Fancy, his Hand and Pen bound up to a single Design, and his Sentiments confin'd to the Mouths of so few Persons, he urg'd as an insupportable Toil, and of small Credit to the Undertaker; so that, to avoid this Inconveniency, he has introduc'd into the first Part, some Novels, as *The Curious Impertinent*, and that of the *Captive*, which were in a Manner distinct from the Design, tho' the rest of the Stories which he brought in there, fall naturally enough in with Don *Quixote's* Affairs, and seem of Necessity to claim a Place in the Work. It was his Opinion likewise, as he has told us, that the Adventures of Don *Quixote*, requiring so great a Share of the Reader's Attention, his Novels must expect but an indifferent Reception, or, at most, but a cursory View, not sufficient to discover their artificial Contexture, which must have been very obvious had they been publish'd by themselves, without the Interludes of Don *Quixote's* Madness or *Sancho's* Impertinence. He has there-

fore



ore in this second Part avoided all distinct and independent Stories, introducing only such as have the Appearance of Episodes, yet flow naturally from the Design of the Story; and these but seldom, and with as much Brevity as they can be express'd. Therefore since he has ty'd himself up to such narrow Bounds, and confin'd his Understanding and Parts, otherwise capable of the most copious Subjects, to the pure Matter of this present Undertaking, he begs it may add a Value to his Work; and that he may be commended, not so much for what he has writ, as for what he has born to write. And then he proceeds in his History as follows.

After Dinner Don *Quixote* gave *Sancho* in Writing the Copy of his verbal Instructions ordering him to get some Body to read 'em to him. But the squire had no sooner got 'em, but he dropt the paper, which fell into the Duke's Hands; who communicating the same to the Dutcheß, they found a fresh Occasion of admiring the Mixture of Don *Quixote's* good Sense and Extravagance: And carrying on the Humour, they sent *Sancho* that afternoon with a suitable Equipage to the Place he was to govern, which, where-ever it lay, was to be an Island to him.

It happen'd that the Management of this Affair was committed to a Steward of the Duke's, a Man of a facetious Humour, and who had not only Wit to start a pleasant Design, but Discretion to carry it on; two Qualifications which make an agreeable Consort when they meet, nothing being truly agreeable without good Sense. He had already personated the Countess *Trifaldi* very successfully, and, with his Master's Instructions, in relation to his Behaviour towards *Sancho*, could not but discharge his Trust to a Wonder. Now it fell out, that *Sancho* no sooner cast his Eyes on the Steward, but he fancy'd

fancy'd he saw the very Face of *Trifaldi*; and turning to his Master, The Devil fetch me, Sir, quoth he, if you don't own that this same Steward of the Duke's here has the very Phiz of my Lady *Trifaldi*. Don *Quixote* look'd very earnestly on the Steward; and having perus'd him from Top to Toe, *Sancho*, said he, thou need'st not give thyself to the Devil to confirm this Matter: I see their Faces are the very same; yet for all that the Steward and the disconsolate Lady cannot be the same Person, for that would imply a very great Contradiction, and might involve us into more absurd and difficult Doubts, than we have Convenience now to discuss or examine. Believe me, Friend, our Devotion cannot be too earnest, that we may be deliver'd from the Power of these cursed enchantments. Adad, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, you may think I'm in Jest; but I heard him open just now and I thought the very Voice of Madam *Trifaldi* sounded in my Ears: But Mum's the Word; I say nothing, tho' I shall watch his Waters to find out whether I am right or wrong in my Suspicion. Well do so, said Don *Quixote*; and fail not to acquaint me with all the Discoveries thou canst make in this Affair, and other Occurrences in the Government.

At last *Sancho* set out, with a numerous Train. He was dress'd like a Man of the long Robe, and wore over his other Cloaths a wide sad-colour'd Coat or Gown of water'd Camlet, and a Cap of the same Stuff. He was mounted on a He-Mule and rid short after the Gennet-Fashion. Behind him, by the Duke's Order, was led his Dapple bridl'd and saddl'd like a Horse of State, in gaudy Trappings of Silk; which so delighted *Sancho* that every now and then he turn'd his Head about to look upon him, and thought himself so happy that now he would not have chang'd Fortunes with

the Emperor of Germany. He kiss'd the Duke and the Dutchess's Hands at Parting, and receiv'd his Master's Benediction, while the Don wept and Sancho sobb'd abundantly.

Now, Reader, let the noble Governor depart in peace, and speed him well. His Administration in his Government may perhaps make you laugh to some Purpose, when it comes in Play. But in the mean Time let us observe the Fortune of his Master the same Night; for tho' it don't make you laugh outright, it may chance to make ye draw in your Lips, and shew your Teeth like a Monkey; for 'tis the Property of his Adventures, to create ways either Surprize or Merriment.

'Tis reported then, that immediately upon Sancho's Departure, Don Quixote found the want of his Presence, and had it been in his Power, he could have revok'd his Authority, and depriv'd him of his Commission. The Dutchess perceiving his Disquiet, and desiring to understand the Cause of his Melancholy, told him, that if it was Sancho's Absence made him uneasy, she had Squires enough and Damsels in her House, that should supply his place in any Service he wou'd be pleas'd to command 'em. 'Tis true, Madam, answer'd Don Quixote, I am somewhat concern'd for the Absence of Sancho; but there is a more material Cause of my present Uneasiness; and I must beg to be excus'd, if among the many Obligations your Grace is pleas'd to confer on me, I decline all but the good Intention that has offer'd 'em. All I have further to crave, is your Grace's Permission to be alone in my Apartment, and to be my own Servant. Your Pardon, Sir, reply'd the Dutchess; I can't consent you shou'd be alone: I have four Damsels, blooming as so many Roses, that shall attend you. They will be no Roses to me, return'd Don Quixote, but so many Prickles to my Conscience; and if they

they come into my Chamber, they must fly in the Window. If your Grace would crown the many Favours you have heap'd on this worthless Person, I beseech you to leave him to himself and the Service of his own Hands. No Desires, Madam, must enter my Doors; for the Walls of my Chamber have always been a Bulwark to my Chastity, and I shall not infringe my Rule for all the Bounty you can lavish on me. In fine, rather than think of being undress'd by any Mortal, I would lie rough the whole Night. Enough, enough, noble Sir, said the Dutches; I desist, and will give Order that not so much as the Buzzing of a Fly, much less the Impertinence of a Damsel, shall disturb your Privacy. I am far from imposing any thing on Sir, that should urge Don *Quixote* to a Transgression in Point of Decency; for if I conjecture right among the many Virtues that adorn him, his Modesty is the most distinguishable. Dress therefore and undress by your self, how you please, when you will, and no body shall molest you: Nay, that you may not be obliged to open your Door upon the Account of any natural Necessity, Care shall be taken that you may find in your Room whatever you may have Occasion for in the Night. And may the great *Dulcinea del Toboso* live a thousand Ages, and her Fame be diffus'd all over the habitable Globe, since she has merited the Love of so valorous, so chaste, and loyal a Knight; and may the indulgent Heavens incline the Heart of our Governor, *Sancho Panca*, to put a speedy End to his Discipline, that the Beauties of so great a Lady may be restor'd to the View of the admiring World. Madam, return'd Don *Quixote*, your Grace has spoken like your self; so excellent a Lady could utter nothing but what denotes the Goodness and Generosity of her Mind: And certainly 'twill be *Dulcinea's* peculiar Happiness to have been praised

rais'd by you ; for 'twill raise her Character more  
 have had your Grace for her Panegyrist, than  
 the best Orators in the World had labour'd to  
 it forth. Sir, said the Dutcheß, waving this  
 discourse, 'tis Supper-time, and my Lord expects  
 : Come then, let's to Supper, that you may go  
 Bed betimes ; for you must needs be weary still  
 with the long Journey you took to *Candaya* Yester-  
 day. Indeed, Madam, answer'd Don *Quixote*, I  
 feel no Manner of Weariness, for I can safely  
 swear to your Grace, that I never rid an easier  
 steed, nor a better Goer than *Clavileno*. For my Part,  
 I can't imagine what could induce *Malambruno* to  
 start with so swift and gentle a Horse, nay, and to  
 turn him too in such a Manner. 'Tis to be sup-  
 pos'd said the Dutcheß, that being sorry for the  
 harm he had done, not only to the Countess *Trisal-*  
*ma* and her Attendants, but to many others, and re-  
 penting of the bad Deeds which, as a Wizard and  
 Necromancer, he doubtless had committed, he  
 had a Mind to destroy all the Instruments of his  
 wicked Profession, and accordingly he burn'd *Clav-*  
*ileno* as the chief of 'em, that Engine having serv'd  
 him to rove all over the World : Or perhaps he did  
 not think any Man worthy of bestriding him af-  
 ter the great Don *Quixote*, and so with his Destru-  
 ction, and the Inscription which he has caus'd to  
 be set up, he has eterniz'd your Valour.

Don *Quixote* return'd his Thanks to the Dutcheß,  
 and after Supper retir'd to his Chamber, not suffer-  
 ing any Body to attend him ; so much he fear'd to  
 meet some Temptation that might endanger the  
 fidelity which he had consecrated to his *Dulcinea*,  
 keeping always the Eyes of his Mind fix'd on the  
 Constancy of *Amadis*, the Flower and Mirror of  
 Knight-Errantry. He therefore shut the Door of  
 his Chamber after him, and undress'd himself by  
 the Light of two Wax-Candles. But oh the Mis-  
 fortune



fortune that beset him, unworthy such a Person. As he was straining to pull off his Hose, there fell — not any thing that might disgrace his decent Cleanliness, but about four and twenty Stitches of one of his Stockings, which made it look like a Lattice-Window. The good Knight was extremely afflicted, and would have given then an Ounce of Silver for a Dram of green Silk: green Silk, I say, because his Stockings were green.

Here *Benengeli* could not forbear exclaiming: O Poverty! Poverty! What could induce that great *Cordova* Poet to call thee a holy thankless Gift? Even I that am a *Moor*, have learn'd by the converse I have had with Christians, that Holiness consists in Charity, in Humility, in Faith, in Obedience, and in Poverty: But sure he who can be contented when poor, had need to be strengthen'd by God's peculiar Grace; unless the Poverty which is included among these Virtues, be only that Poverty in Spirit, which teaches us to use the things of this World as if we had 'em not. But thou, second Poverty, fatal Indigence, of which I now am speaking, why dost thou intrude upon Gentlemen, and affect well born Souls more than other People? Why dost thou reduce them to cobble their Shoes, and wear some Silk, some Hair, and some Glass-Buttons on the same tatter'd Waste-coat, as it were only to betray Variety of Wretchedness? Why must their Ruffs be of such a dismal Hue, in Rags dirty, rump'd, and ill starch'd? (and by this you may see how ancient is the use of Starch and Ruffs.) How miserable is a poor Gentleman, who to keep up his Honour, starves his Person, fares forrily, or fasts unseen within his solitary narrow Apartment; then putting the best Face he can upon the Matter, comes out picking his Teeth, tho' 'tis but an honourable Hypocrisy

and tho' he has eaten nothing that requires that  
Exercise ! Unhappy he, whose Honour is in  
continual Alarms, who thinks that at a Mile's Di-  
stance every one discovers the Patch in his Shoe,  
the Sweat of his Forehead soak'd thro' his old ru-  
dy Hat, the Bareness of his Cloaths, and the very  
Hunger of his famish'd Stomach.

All these melancholy Reflections were renew'd  
in Don *Quixote's* Mind by the Rent in his Stocking.  
However, for his Consolation, he bethought him-  
self that *Sancho* had left him a Pair of light Boots,  
which he design'd to put on the next Day.

In short, to Bed he went, with a pensive heavy  
Mind, the Thoughts of *Sancho's* Absence, and the ir-  
reparable Damage that his Stocking had receiv'd,  
made him uneasy : He would have darn'd it, though  
it had been with Silk of another Colour, one of the  
greatest Tokens of what a poor Gentleman can  
live, during the course of his tedious Misery.

At last he put out the Lights ; but 'twas sultry  
hot, and he could not compose himself to Rest.  
Getting up therefore, he open'd a little Shutter of  
a barr'd Window that look'd into a fine Garden,  
and was presently sensible that some People were  
walking and talking there : He listen'd, and as they  
rais'd their Voices, he easily overheard their Dis-  
course.

No more, dear *Emerenia*, said one to the other :  
Do not press me to sing ; you know that from the  
first Moment this Stranger came to the Castle, and  
my unhappy Eyes gaz'd on him, I have been too  
conversant with Tears and Sorrow, to sing or re-  
lish Songs. Alas ! all Musick jars when the Soul's  
out of Tune. Besides, you know the least thing  
wakens my Lady, and I would not for the World  
she should find us here. But grant she might not  
wake, what will my Singing signify, if this new  
*Eneas*, who is come to our Habitation to make me  
wretchd,

wretched, should be asleep, and not hear the Sound of my Complaints? Pray, my dear *Altisidora*, since the other, do not make your self uneasy with those Thoughts; for without doubt the Dutchess is fast asleep; and every Body in the House but we, are the Lord of thy Desires; he is certainly awake, heard him open his Window just now; then sing my poor grieving Creature, sing and joyn the melting Musick of thy Lute to the soft Accents of thy Voice. If my Lady happens to hear us, we'll pretend we came out for a little Air. The Heat within Doors will be our excuse. Alas! my dear reply'd *Altisidora*, 'tis not that frights me most. I would not have my Song betray my Thoughts for those that do not know the mighty force of Love, will be apt to take me for a Light and insincere Creature— But yet since it must be so, I venture: Better Shame on the Face, than Sorrows in the Heart! This said, she began to touch her Lute so sweetly, that Don *Quixote* was ravish'd. At the same Time an infinite Number of Adventures of this Nature, such as he had read of in his idle Books of Knight-Errantry, Windows, Grates, Gardens, Serenades, amorous Meetings, Parleys and Fopperies, all crowded into his Imagination and he presently fancied, that one of the Dutchess's Damsels was fallen in Love with him, and struggling with her Modesty to conceal her Passion. He began to be apprehensive of the Danger to which his Fidelity was expos'd, but yet firmly determin'd to withstand the powerful Allurement, and so recommending himself with a great deal of Fervency to his Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, he resolv'd to hear the Musick and to let the Serenading Ladies know he was awake, he feign'd a kind of a Sneeze, which did not a little please 'em; for 'twas the only thing they wanted, to be assured their Jest was not lost. With that, *Altisidora* having tun'd her

ate afresh, after a Flourish, began the following  
ong.

The Mock Serenade.

**W**AKE, Sir Knight, now Love's invading,  
Sleep in Holland Sheets no more;  
When a Nymph is Serenading,  
Tis an errant Shame to snore.

Hear a Damsel, tall and tender,  
Honing in most rueful Guise,  
With Heart almost burn'd to Cinder,  
By the Sun-beams of thy Eyes,

To free Damsels from disaster,  
Is, they say, your daily Care:  
Can you then deny a Plaister,  
To a Wounded Virgin here?

Tell me, Doughty Youth, who curs'd thee,  
With such Humours and ill Luck?  
Was't some sullen Bear dry-nurs'd thee,  
Or She-Dragon gave thee suck?

Dulcinea, That Virago,  
Well may brag of such a Kid:  
How her Name is up, and may go  
From Toledo to Madrid.

You'd she but her Prize surrender,  
(Judge how on thy Face I doat!)  
In exchange I'd gladly send her  
My best Gown and Petticoat.

Happy I, would Fortune doom thee  
But to have me near thy Bed,  
To stroke thee, Pat thee, Curry-Comb thee,  
And hunt o'er thy solid Head.

But

But I ask too much sincerely,  
 And I doubt I ne'er must do't,  
 I'd but kiss your Toe and fairly  
 Get the Length thus of your Foot.

How I'd Rig thee, and what Riches  
 Should be heap'd upon thy Bones;  
 Caps and Socks, and Cloaks and Breeches,  
 Matchless Pearls, and Precious Stones.

Do not from above, like Nero,  
 See me burn, and slight my Woe!  
 But to quench my Fires, my Hero,  
 Cast a pitying Eye below.

I'm a Virgin-Pullet truly;  
 One more tender ne'er was seen,  
 A meer Chicken, fledg'd but newly;  
 Hang me if I'm yet fifteen.

Wind and Limb, all's tight about me,  
 My Hair dangles to my Feet.  
 I am straight too, if you doubt me,  
 Trust your Eyes come down and see't.

I've a Bob Nose has no Fellow,  
 And a Sparrow's Mouth as rare,  
 Teeth like Topazes Yellow;  
 Yet I'm deem'd a Beauty here.

You know what a rare Musician,  
 (If you hearken) courts your Choice:  
 I dare say my Disposition  
 Is as taking as my Voice.

These, and such like Charms I've Plenty:  
 I'm a Damsel of this Place:  
 Let Altisidora tempt ye;  
 Or she's in a Woful Case.

Here



Here the courting Damsel ended her Song, and the courted Knight began his Expostulation. Why (said he, with a Sigh heav'd from the Bottom of his Heart) Why must I be so unhappy a Knight, that no Damsel can gaze on me without falling in Love? Why must the Peerless *Dulcinea* of *Toboso* be so unfortunate, as not to be permitted the single Enjoyment of my transcendent Fidelity? Queens, why do you envy her? Empresses, why do you persecute her? Damsels of Fifteen, why do you attempt to deprive her of her Right? Leave! oh, leave the unfortunate Fair! Let her Triumph, Glory, and Rejoice in the quiet Possession of the Heart which Love has allotted her, and the absolute Sway which she bears over my yielding Soul. Away, unwelcome Crowd of Loving Impertinents; *Dulcinea* alone can soften my manly Temper, and mould me as she pleases. For her I am all Sweetness, for you I'm Bitterness it self. There is to me no Beauty, no Prudence, no Modesty, no Gayety, no Nobility among your Sex, but in *Dulcinea* alone. All other Women seem to me deform'd, silly, wanton, and base-born, when compar'd with her. Nature brought me forth only that I might be devoted to her Service. Let *Altidora* weep or sing: Let the Lady despair on whose Account I have receiv'd so many Blows in the disastrous Castle of the enchanted *Moor*; still I am *Dulcinea*'s, and hers alone, dead or alive, dutiful, unspotted, and unchang'd, in spite of all the Ne-romantick Powers in the World. This said, he hastily clapp'd to the Window, and flung himself into his Bed, with as high an Indignation, as if he had receiv'd some great Affront. There let us leave him a while, in regard the great *Sancho Panza* calls upon us to see him commence his famous Government.

## C H A P. XLV.

*How the Great Sancho Pança took Possession  
his Island, and in what Manner he began  
Govern.*

O Thou perpetual Surveyor of the *Antip*  
bright Luminary of the World, and Eye  
Heaven, sweet Fermentor of Liquors; here *T*  
*brius* call'd, there *Phæbus*, in one place an Arch  
in another a Physician! Parent of Poesy, and  
venture of Musick, perpetual Mover of the U  
verse, who, though thou seem'st sometimes to  
art always rising! O Sun, by whose Assist  
Man begets Man, on thee I call for help! Insp  
me, I beseech thee, warm and illumine my gloo  
Imagination, that my Narration may keep p  
with the great *Sancho Pança's* Actions through  
his Government; for, without thy powerful  
fluence, I feel my self benumm'd, dispirited  
confus'd—Now I proceed.

*Sancho*, with all his Attendants, came to a Tow  
that had about a Thousand Inhabitants, and  
one of the best where the Duke had any Pow  
They gave him to understand that the Name of  
Place was the Island of *Barataria*, either beca  
the Town was called *Baratario*, or because the G  
vernment cost him so \* cheap. As soon as  
came to the Gates, (for it was Wall'd) the ch  
Officers and Inhabitants in their Formalit  
came out to receive him, the Bells rung, and  
the People gave general Demonstrations of the  
Joy. The new Governor was then carry'd  
might

\* *Barato*, signifies cheap.

mighty Pomp to the Great Church, to give Heav'n Thanks; and after some ridiculous Ceremonies, they deliver'd him the Keys of the Gates, and receiv'd him as a perpetual Governor of the Island of *Barataria*. In the meantime, the Garb, the Port, the huge Beard, and the short and thick Shape of the new Governor, made every one who knew nothing of the Jest wonder, and even those who were privy to the Plot, who were many, were not a little surpriz'd.

In short, from the Church they carry'd him to the Court of Justice; where when they had plac'd him in his Seat; My Lord Governor, said the Duke's Steward to him, 'tis an ancient Custom here, that he who takes Possession of this famous Island, must answer to some difficult and intricate Question that is propounded to him; and by the Return he makes, the People feel the Pulse of his Understanding, and by an Estimate of his Abilities, judge whether they ought to rejoice or to be sorry at his Coming.

All the while the Steward was speaking, *Sancho* was staring on an Inscription in large Characters on the Wall over against his Seat; and as he could not read, he ask'd, what was the Meaning of that which he saw painted there upon the Wall? Sir, they, 'tis an account of the Day when your Lordship took Possession of this Island: And the Inscription runs thus: *This Day, being such a Day of such a Month, in such a Year, the Lord Don Sancho Panza took Possession of this Island, which may he long enjoy.* And who is he, ask'd *Sancho*, whom they call Don Sancho Panza? Your Lordship, answer'd the Steward; for we know of no other *Panza* in this Island but your self, who now sits in this Chair. Well, Friend, said *Sancho*, pray take notice, That does not belong to me, neither was it born to me, neither was it born by any of my Family.

before me. Plain *Sancho Pança* is my Name: My Father was call'd *Sancho*, my Grand-father *Sancho*, and all of us have been *Pança's*, without any Don or Donna before our Name. Now do I already guess your Dons are as thick as Stones in the Island. But 'tis enough that Heaven knows my Meaning; if my Government happens but to last four Days to an end, it shall go hard but I'll clear the Island of those swarms of Dons that must needs be as troublefom as so many Flesh-flies. Come now for your Question, good Mr. Steward, and I'll answer it as well as I can, whether the Town be sorry or pleas'd.

At the same instant two Men came into the Court, the one dress'd like a Country Fellow, the other look'd like a Taylor, with a pair of Sheers in his Hand. An't please you, my Lord, cry'd the Taylor, I and this Farmer here are come before your Worship. This honest Man came to my Shop yesterday; for, saving your Presence, I am a Taylor, and Heaven be prais'd free of my Company. So my Lord, he shew'd me a piece of Cloth: Sir, quoth he, is there enough of this to make me a Cap? Whereupon I measur'd the Stuff, and answer'd him, yes, an't like your Worship. Now as you imagine, d'ye see, he could not but imagine (perhaps he imagin'd right enough) that I had my mind to cabbage some of his Cloth; judge how hard of us honest Taylors. Prithee, quoth he, let me know whether there ben't enough for two Caps? No, I smelt him out, and told him there was. Whereupon the Old Knave (an't like your Worship going on to the same Tune, bid me look again and see whether it would not make three? And then last if it would not make five? I was resolv'd to humour my Customer, and said it might. So he struck a Bargain; just now the Man is come for his Caps, which I gave him, but when I ask him

Money, he'll have me give him his Cloth again, or pay him for't. Is this true, honest Man, said Sancho to the Farmer? Yes, an't please you, answered the Fellow; but pray let him shew the five Caps he has made me. With all my Heart, cry'd the Taylor; and with that, pulling his Hand from under his Cloak, he held up five little tiny Caps, resting upon his four Fingers and Thumb, as upon so many Pins. There, quoth he; you see the Caps this good Gaffer asks for; and may I need whip a stitch more, if I have wrong'd him of the least snip of his Cloth, and let any Work-man Judge. The sight of the Caps and the oddness of the Cause set the whole Court a laughing. Only Sancho sat gravely considering a while, and then, he thinks, said he, this Suit here need not be long pending, but may be decided without any more delay, with a great deal of Equity; and therefore the Judgment of the Court is, That the Taylor shall have his Making, and the Country-Man his Cloth, that the Caps be given to the poor Prisoners, so let there be an end of the Business.

This Sentence provok'd the Laughter of the whole Court, the next no less rais'd their Admiration. For after the Governor's Order was executed, two old Men appear'd before him, one of which with a large Cane in his Hand, which he us'd for a Staff. My Lord, said the other, who had been some time ago I lent this Man ten Golden Crowns to do him a kindness; which Money he refus'd to repay me on Demand: I did not ask him for it again in a good While, lest it should prove a great Inconveniency to him to repay me; than he dur'd under when he borrow'd it. However, perceiving that he took no care to pay me, I have demand'd him for my Due; nay, I have been forc'd to sue him hard for it. But still he did not only refuse to pay me again, but deny'd he ow'd me any thing.



Thing, and said, that if I lent him so much Money he certainly return'd it. Now, because I have no Witnesses of the Loan, nor he of the pretended Payment, I beseech your Lordship to put him on his Oath; and if he will swear he has paid me, I'll freely forgive him before God and the World. What say you to this, old Gentleman with the Staff, ask'd *Sancho*? Sir, answer'd the old Man, own he lent me the Gold; and since he requires my Oath; I beg you'll be pleas'd to hold down your Rod of Justice, that I may swear upon't, for I have honestly and truly return'd him his Money. Thereupon the Governor held down his Rod, and in the mean time the Defendant gave his Cane to the Plaintiff to hold, as if it hinder'd him, when he was to make a Cross, and swear over the Judge's Rod: This done, he declar'd, That 'twas true that the other had lent him the ten Crowns; but that he had really return'd him the same Sum into his own Hands; and that because he suppos'd the Plaintiff had forgot it, he was continually asking him for it. The great Governor hearing this, ask'd the Creditor what he had to reply? He made Answer, that since his Adversary had sworn it, he would satisfy'd; for he believ'd him to be a better Christian than to offer to forswear himself, and that perhaps he had forgot he had been repaid. Then the Defendant took his Cane again, and having made a low Obeisance to the Judge, immediately leaving the Court. Which when *Sancho* perceiv'd, reflecting on the Passage of the Cane, and admiring the Creditor's Patience, as he had study'd a while, with his Head leaning on his Stomach, and his Fore-finger on his Nose, of a sudden he order'd the old Man with the Staff to be call'd back. When he was return'd, *Sancho* the Man, said *Sancho*, let me see that Cane a little while have a Use for't. With all my Heart, answer'd the other; Sir, here it is; and with that he gave

im. *Sancho* took it; and giving it the other old Man, There, said he, go your ways, and Heaven be with you; for now you're paid. How so, my Lord, cry'd the old Man? Do you judge this Cane to be worth ten Gold-Crowns? Certainly, said the Governor, or else I am the greatest Duncie in the World. And now ye shall see whether I have not a Head-piece fit to govern a whole Kingdom upon a shift. This said, he order'd the Cane to be broken in open Court, which was no sooner done, but out dropp'd the ten Crowns. All the Spectators were amaz'd, and began to look on their Governor as a second *Solomon*. They ask'd him how he could conjecture that the ten Crowns were in the Cane? He told 'em, that having observ'd how the Defendant gave it to the Plaintiff to hold while he took his Oath, and then swore he had truly return'd him the Money in his own Hands, after which he took his Cane again from the Plaintiff; this consider'd, it came into his Head, that the Money was lodg'd within the Reed. From whence may be learn'd, that though sometimes those that govern are destitute of Sense, yet it often pleases God to direct 'em in their judgments. Besides, he had heard the Curate of his Parish tell of such another Business; and he had so special a Memory, that were it not that he was so unlucky as to forget all he had a mind to remember, there could not have been a better in the whole Island. At last the two old Men went away, the one to his Satisfaction, the other with eternal Shame and Disgrace, and the Beholders were astonish'd: Insomuch that the Person, who was commission'd to Register *Sancho's* Words and Actions, and observe his Behaviour, was not able to determine whether he should not give him the Character of a wise Man, instead of that of a Fool, which he had been thought to deserve.

No sooner was this Tryal over, but in came a Woman, haling along a Man that look'd like a good substantial Grazer. Justice, my Lord Governor, Justice! cry'd she aloud; and if I cannot have it on Earth, I'll have it from Heaven! Swear'd my Lord Governor, this wicked Fellow met me in the Middle of a Field, and has had the full Use of my Body; he has handl'd me like a Dishcloth. Woe's me, he has robb'd me of that which I have kept these three and twenty Years. Wretch that I am, I had guarded it safe from Natives and Foreigners, Christians and Infidels! I have been always as tough as Cork; no Salamander ever kept it self more entire in Fire, nor no Wool among the Briers, than did poor I, till this lewd Man with nasty Fists handl'd me at this rate. Woman, Woman, quoth *Sancho*, no Reflections yet; whether your Gallant's Hands were nasty or clean, that's not to the Purpose. Then turning to the Grazer, Well, Friend, said he, what have you to say to this Woman's Complaint? My Lord, (answer'd the Man, looking as if he had been frighted out of his Wits) I am a poor Drover, a Hog-man, and this Morning I was going home from this Market where I had sold (under correction be it spoke) four Hogs, and what with the Duties and the sharpening Tricks of the Officers, I hardly clear'd any Thing by the Beasts. Now as I was trudging home, whom should I pick up by the Way but this Hedge-Madam here; and the Devil, who has a Finger in every Pye, being powerful, forc'd me to yoke together. I gave her that which women have contented any reasonable Woman; but she was not satisfied, and wanted more Money; and she would never leave me, till she had dragg'd me hither. She'll tell ye I ravish'd her; but, by the Oath I have taken, or mean to take, she lies like a Drab as she is, and this is every Tittle true. Fellow

qua

quoth *Sancho*, hast thou any Silver about thee? Yes, an't like your Worship, answer'd the Drover, have some twenty Ducats in Silver in a leathern Purse here in my Bosom. Give it the Plaintiff, Money and all, quoth *Sancho*. The Man with a trembling Hand did as he was commanded: The Woman took it, and drop'd a thousand Curtseys to the Company, wishing on her Knees as many Blessings to the good Governor, who took such special Care of poor Fatherless and Motherless Children, and abus'd Virgins; and then she nimbly ripp'd out of Court, holding the Purse fast in both her Hands; though first she took care to peep into it, to see whether the Silver were there. Scarce was she gone, when *Sancho* turning to the Fellow, who stood with the Tears in his Eyes, and look'd as if he had parted with his Blood as well as his Money; Friend, said he, run and overtake the Woman, and take the Purse from her, whether she will or no, and bring it hither. The Drover was neither so deaf nor so mad as to be twice bid; away he flew like Lightning after his Money. The whole Court was in mighty Expectation, and could not tell what could be the End of the Matter. But while after the Man and the Woman came back, he pulling, and she tugging; she with her Petticoat tuck'd up, and the Purse in her Bosom. And he using all the Strength he had to get it from her. But it was to no purpose; for the Woman defended her Prize so well, that all his Manhood little avail'd. Justice, cry'd she, for Heaven's sake, Justice, Gentlemen! Look you, my Lord, see this impudent Ruffian, that on the King's Highway, nay, in the Face of the Court, would rob me of my Purse, the very Purse you condemn'd him to give me. And has he got it from you, ask'd the Governor? Got it! quoth the Woman, I'll lose my Life before I'll lose my Purse.



Purse. I were a pretty Baby then, to let him wipe my Nose thus ! No, you must set other Dogs upon me than this sorry sneaking mangy Whelp : Pincers, Hammers, Mallets, and Chizzels shan't wrench it out of my Clutches ; no, not the Claws of a Lion ; they shall sooner have my Soul than my Money. She says the Truth, my Lord, said the Fellow, for I am quite spent : The Jade is too strong for me ; I cannot grapple with her. Sanchez then call'd to the Female. Here, quoth he, Honesty ! You She-Dragon, let me see the Purse. The Woman deliver'd it to him ; and then he return'd it to the Man ; Hark you Mistress, said he to her, had you shew'd your self as stout and valiant to defend your Body, (nay, but half so much) as you've done to defend your Purse, the Strength of Hercules could not have forc'd you. Hence, Impudence, get out of my Sight. Away, with a Po to you ; and do not offer to stay in this Island, nor within six Leagues of it, on pain of two hundred Lashes. Out, as fast as you can, you tricking brazen-fac'd, Brimstone, Hedge-Drab, away. The Wench was in a terrible fright, and sneak'd away hanging down her Head as shamefully as if she had been catch'd in the Deed of Darkness. Now Friend said the Governor to the Man, get you home with your Money, and Heaven be with you : But another Time, if you han't a mind to come off worse, be sure you don't yoke with such Cattle. The Duke ever thank'd him as indifferently as he could, and away he went ; and all the People admir'd afresh their new Governor's Judgment and Sentence. An Account of which was taken by him that was appointed to be his Historiographer, and forthwith transmitted to the Duke, who expected it with Impatience. Now let us leave honest Sanchez here ; for his Master with great Earnestness requires



*of the Renowned Don QUIXOTE.* 305  
quires our Attendance, *Altifidora's* Serenade having  
strangely discompos'd his Mind.

## CH A P. XLVI.

*Of the dreadful Alarms given to Don Quixote  
by the Bells and Cats, during the Course of  
Altifidora's Amours.*

WE left the great Don *Quixote* profoundly bu-  
ried in the Thoughts into which the ena-  
mour'd *Altifidora's* Serenade had plung'd him. He  
threw himself into his Bed; but the Cares and  
Anxieties which he brought thither with him, like  
so many Fleas, allow'd him no Repose, and the Mis-  
fortune of his torn Stocking added to his Affliction.  
But as Time is swift, and no Bolts nor Chains can  
bear his rapid Progress, posting away on the Wings  
of the Hours, the Morning soon revolv'd. At the  
Return of Light, Don *Quixote*, more early than the  
Sun, forsook his downy Bed, put on his Shamoy-  
Apparel, and drawing on his walking Boots, con-  
ceal'd in one of 'em the Disaster of his Hose: He  
threw his Scarlet Cloak over his Shoulder, and  
clapp'd on his Valiant Head his Cap of Green  
Velvet edg'd with Silver Lace. Over his right  
shoulder he hung his Belt, the Sustainer of his  
rusty executing Sword. About his Wrist he wore  
the Rosary, which he always carry'd about him;  
and thus accoutred, with a great deal of State and  
Majesty, he moved towards the Anti-Chamber,  
where the Duke and Dutchess were ready dress'd,  
and in a manner expecting his Coming. As he  
went through a Gallery he met *Altifidora* and her  
companion, who waited for him in the Passage;  
and no sooner did *Altifidora* espy him, but she dis-  
tomb'd a swooning Fit, and immediately dropp'd  
E 5 into

into the Arms of her Friend, who presently began to unlace her Strays. Which Don *Quixote* perceiving, he approach'd, and turning to the Damſel, I know the Meaning of all this, ſaid he, and whence theſe Accidents proceed. You know more than I do, answer'd the aſſiſting Damſel: But this I am ſure of, that hitherto there's not a Damſel in this Houſe, that has enjoy'd her Health better than *Altiſidora*; I never knew her make the leaſt Complaint before. A Vengeance ſeize all the Knights-Errant in the World, if they are all ſo ungrateful. Pray my Lord Don *Quixote* retire, for this poor young Creature will not come to herſelf as long as you are by. Madam, answer'd the Knight, I beg that a Lute may be left in my Chamber this Evening, that I may aſſuage this Lady's Grief as well as I can; for in the Beginning of a Amour, a ſpeedy and free Diſcovery of our Aversion or Pre-engagement is the moſt effectual Cure. This ſaid, he left 'em, that he might not be found alone with them by thoſe that might happen to be by. He was ſcarce gone, but *Altiſidora's* counterfeited Fit was over, and turning to her Companion By all means, ſaid ſhe, let him have a Lute; for without doubt the Knight has a Mind to give ſome Muſick, and we ſhall have Sport enough. Then they went and acquainted the Dutcheſs with their Proceedings, and Don *Quixote's* deſiring a Lute: Whereupon, being over-joy'd at the Occaſion, ſhe plotted with the Duke and her Women a new Contrivance to have a little harmleſs Sport with the Don. After this, they expected with pleaſing Impatience the Return of Night, which ſtole upon them as faſt as had done the Day, when the Duke and Dutcheſs paſſ'd in agreeable Converſe with Don *Quixote*. The ſame Day ſhe reſent away a Page of hers, who had perſonated *Cinea* in the Wood, to *Tereſa Pança*, with her

band's Letter, and the Bundle of Cloaths which he had left behind, charging him to bring her back a faithful Account of every Particular between 'em.

At last, it being eleven a Clock at Night, Don Quixote retir'd to his Apartment, and finding a Lute there, he tun'd it, open'd the Window, and perceiving there was somebody walking in the Garden, he ran over the Strings of the Instrument, and having turn'd it again as nicely as he could, he cough'd and clear'd his Throat, and then with a Voice somewhat hoarse, yet not unmusical, he sung the following Song, which he had compos'd himself that very Day.

THE A D V I C E.

**L**ove, a strong designing Foe,  
Careless Hearts with Ease deceives;  
Can that Breast resist his Blow,  
Which your Sloth unguarded leaves?

If you're idle, you're destroy'd,  
All his Art on you he tries;  
But be watchful and employ'd,  
Strait the baffled Tempter flies.

Maids, for modest Grace admir'd,  
If they wou'd their Fortunes raise,  
Must in Silence live retir'd,  
'Tis their Virtue speaks their Praise.

Prudent Men in this agree,  
Whether Arms or Courts they use;  
They may trifle with the Free,  
But for Wives the Virtuous chuse.

*Wanton*

*Wanton Loves, which in their Way  
 Roving Travellers put on ;  
 In the Morn are fresh and gay,  
 In the Evening cold and gone.*

*Loves that come with eager Haste,  
 Still with equal Haste depart ;  
 For an Image ill imprest,  
 Soon is vanish'd from the Heart.*

*On a Picture fair and true  
 Who wou'd paint another Face ?  
 Sure no Beauty can subdue,  
 While a greater holds the Place !*

*The Divine Tobosan, Fair  
 Dulcinea, claims me whole ;  
 Nothing can her Image tear,  
 'Tis one Substance with my Soul.*

*Then let Fortune smile or frown,  
 Nothing shall my Faith remove ;  
 Constant Truth, the Lover's Crown,  
 Can work Miracles in Love.*

No sooner had Don Quixote made an End of his Song, to which the Duke, Dutcheffs, *Altisidora*, and almost all the People in the Castle listen'd all the while ; but on a sudden from an open Gallery, that was directly over the Knight's Window, they let down a Rope, with at least a hundred little tinkling Bells hanging about it. After that came down a great Number of Cats, pour'd out of a huge Sack, all of 'em with smaller Bells ty'd to their Tails. The Jangling of the Bells, and the Meawing of the Cats made such a dismal Noise, that the very Contrivers of the Jest themselves were scar'd for the present, and Don Quixote was strangely amaz'd and all

l dismay'd. At the same time, as ill Luck would  
ave it, two or three frighted Cats leap'd in through  
he Bars of his Chamber-Window, and running up  
nd down the Room like so many evil Spirits, one  
ould have thought a whole Legion of Devils had  
een flying about the Chamber. They put out the  
andles that stood lighted there, and endeavoured  
o get out. Mean while the Rope with the bigger  
ells about it was pull'd up and down, and those  
ho knew nothing of the Contrivance were great-  
surpriz'd. At last, Don *Quixote*, recovering from  
s Astonishment, drew his Sword, and fenc'd and  
id about him at the Window, crying aloud, A-  
ant ye wicked Inchanters, hence Infernal Scoun-  
rels! for I am Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, and all  
our damn'd Devices cannot work their Ends a-  
ainst me. And then running after the Cats that  
isk'd about the Room, he began to thrust and  
at at them furiously, while they strove to get out.  
t last they made their Escape at the Window, all  
t one of 'em, who finding himself hard put to it,  
ew in his Face, and laying hold on his Nose with  
s Claws and Teeth, put him to such Pain, that  
e Don began to roar out as loud as he could.  
hereupon the Duke and the Dutcheß, imagining  
e Cause of his Out-cry, ran to his Assistance im-  
mediately; and having opened the Door of his  
chamber with a Master-Key, found the poor  
night struggling hard with the Cat, that would  
ot quit its Hold. By the Light of the Candles  
hich they had with them they saw the unequal  
ombat: The Duke offer'd to interpose, and take  
f the Animal; but Don *Quixote* would not per-  
it him. Let no body take him off, cry'd he;  
t me alone hand to hand with this Devil, this  
orcerer, this Necromancer! I'll make him know  
hat it is to deal with Don *Quixote de la Mancha*.  
ut the Cat, not minding his Threats, growl'd on,  
and



and still held fast; till at length the Duke got his Claws unhook'd from the Knight's Flesh, and flung the Beast out at the Window. Don Quixote's Face was hideously scratch'd, and his Nose in no very good Condition: Yet nothing vex'd him so much as that they had rescu'd out of his Hands the villainous Necromancer. Immediately some Ointment was sent for, and *Altisidora* her self, with her own Lilly-white Hands, apply'd some Plaisters to his Sores, and whispering him in the Ear, as she was dressing him, Cruel hard-hearted Knight, for thee, all these Disasters are befallen thee, as a just Punishment for thy obdurate Stubbornness and Disdain. May thy Squire *Sancho* forget to warn himself, that thy Darling *Dulcinea* may never be deliver'd from her Enchantment, nor thou ever be bless'd with her Embraces, at least so long as thy neglected Adorer live. Don Quixote made no Answer at all to this, only he heav'd up a profound Sigh, and then went to take his Repose, after he had return'd the Duke and Dutchess's Thanks, and so much for their Assistance against that rascally Crew of catterwauling and jangling Inchanters, whom he defy'd them all, but for their Kindness and good Intent. Then the Duke and the Dutchess left him not a little troubl'd at the Miscarriage of the Jest, which they did not think would have proved so fatal to the Knight, as to oblige him, as it did, to keep his Chamber five Days. During which Time there happen'd to him another Adventure more pleasant than the last; which however cannot be now related; for the Historian must return to *Sancho Pança*, who was very busie, and not less pleasant in his Government.

C H A P. XLVII.

*Further Account of Sancho Pança's Behaviour  
in his Government.*

THE History informs us, that *Sancho* was conducted from the Court of Justice to a sumptuous Palace; where, in a spacious Room he found the Cloth laid, and a most neat and magnificent entertainment prepared. As soon as he enter'd, the Wind-Musick play'd, and four Pages waited on him, in order to the washing his Hands; which he did with a great deal of Gravity. And now the Instruments ceasing, *Sancho* sat down at the upper end of the Table; for there was no Seat but there, and the Cloth was only laid for one. A certain Personage, who afterwards appear'd to be a Physician, came and stood at his Elbow, with a Whale-bone Wand in his Hand. Then they took off a curious white Cloth that lay over the Dishes on the Table, and discover'd great Variety of Fruit, and other Viaticables. One that look'd like a Student, said in Place; a Page put a lac'd Bib under *Sancho's* Chin; and another, who did the Office of Steward, set a Dish of Fruit before him. But he had hardly put the Bit into his Mouth, before the Physician touch'd the Dish with his Wand, and then it was taken away by a Page in an Instant. Immediately another with Meat was clapp'd in the Place; but *Sancho* no sooner offer'd to taste of it, but the Doctor with the Wand conjur'd it away as fast as the Fruit. *Sancho* was amaz'd at this sudden Removal, and looking about him on the Company, ask'd them whether they us'd to tantalize People at that rate, feeding their Eyes, and starving their Bellies? My Lord Governor, answer'd the Physician,

sician, you are to eat here no otherwise than according to the Use and Custom of other Islands where there are Governors. I am a Doctor of Physick, my Lord, and have a Salary allow'd me in this Island, for taking Charge of the Governor's Health, and I am more Careful of it than of my own; studying Night and Day his Constitution, that I may the better know what to prescribe when he falls sick. Now the chief Thing I do, is to attend him always at his Meals, to let him eat what I think convenient for him, and to prevent his eating what I imagine to be prejudicial to his Health, and offensive to his Stomach. Therefore I now order'd the Fruit to be taken away, because 'tis exceeding moist, and the other Dish, because 'tis as much too hot, and over-season'd with Spices which are apt to encrease Thirst, and he that drinks much, destroys and consumes the radical Moisture, which is the Fuel of Life. So that I thought *Sancho*, this Dish of roasted Partridges being can do me no manner of Harm. Hold, said the Physician, the Lord Governor shall not eat of 'em, while I live to prevent it. Why so? cry'd *Sancho*: Because, answer'd the Doctor, our great Master *Hippocrates*, the North-Star, and Lumina of Physick, says in one of his Aphorisms, *Omnis Satisfactio mala, perditio autem pessima*: That is, Repletion is bad, but that of Partridges is worst of all. If it be so, said *Sancho*, let Mr. Doctor say which of all these Dishes on the Table will do me most Good and least Harm, and let me eat my Belly full of that, without having it whisk'd away with his Wand. For, by my Hopes, and the Pleasures of Government, as I live, I am ready to die with Hunger; and not to allow me to eat any Victuals (let Mr. Doctor say what he will) is the way to shorten my Life, and not to lengthen it. Very true, my Lord, reply'd the Physician, however, I am of Opinion, you ought not to eat of these

ese Rabbets, as being a tough and acute Kind of  
 food; nor would I have you taste of that Veal:  
 indeed if it were neither roasted nor stew'd, some-  
 thing might be said; but as it is, it must not be.  
 Tell then, said *Sancho*, what think you of that  
 huge Dish yonder that smoaks so? I take it to be  
 \* *Olla Podrida*; and that being a Hodge-podge  
 of so many Sorts of Victuals, sure I can't but light  
 upon something there that will nick me, and be  
 both wholesome and toothsome. *Abfit*, cry'd the  
 Doctor, far be such an ill Thought from us; no  
 Diet in the World yields a worse Nutriment than  
 these Mishmashes do. No, leave that luxurious  
 Compound to your rich Monks and Prebendaries,  
 your Masters of Colleges, and lusty Feeders at  
 Country-Weddings: But let 'em not incumber  
 the Tables of Governors, where nothing but deli-  
 cate unmix'd Viands in their Prime ought to make  
 Figure. The Reason is, that simple Medicines  
 are generally allow'd to be better than Compounds;  
 for in a Composition there may happen a Mistake  
 in the unequal Proportion of the Ingredients;  
 but Simples are not subject to that Accident.  
 Therefore what I would advise at present, as a fit  
 Diet for the Governor, for the Preservation and  
 Support of his Health, is a Hundred of small Wa-  
 ters, and a few thin Slices of Marmalade, to  
 strengthen his Stomach and help Digestion. *San-*  
*cho* hearing this, lean'd back upon his Chair, and  
 looking earnestly in the Doctor's Face, very seri-  
 ously ask'd him what his Name was, and where he  
 had studied? My Lord, answer'd he, I am call'd  
 Doctor *Pedro Rezio de Agüero*. The Name of the  
 Place where I was born, is *Tirteafuera*, and lies be-  
 tween *Caraquel* and *Almodabar del Campo*, on the  
 right Hand; and I took my Degree of Doctor in  
 the University of *Osuna*. Hark you, said *Sancho*,  
 in

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\* *Tis what we corruptly call an Olio, all Sorts of Meat stew'd together.*



in a mighty Chafe, Mr. Dr. *Pedro Rezio de Aguero*, born at *Tirteafuera*, that lies between *Caragucl* and *Almobar del Campo*, on the Right hand, and who took your Degree of Doctor at the University of *Osma* and so forth, Be gone! avoid the Room this Moment, or by the Sun's Light, I'll get me a good Cudgel, and beginning with your Carcass, will be-labour and rib-roast all the Physick-mongers in the Island, that I'll not leave there one of the Tribe of those, I mean, that are ignorant Quacks; for for Learned and Wise Physicians, I'll make much of 'em, and honour 'em like so many Angels. One more *Pedro Rezio*, I say, get out of my Presence Avaunt! Or I'll take the Chair I sit upon, and I'll comb your Head with it to some Purpose; and let me be call'd to an Account about it when I get up my Office, I don't care, I'll clear my self saying, I did the World good Service, in ridding it of a bad Physician, the Plague of a Commonwealth. Body of me! let me eat, or let 'em rule their Government again; for an Office that would afford a Man his Victuals is not worth two Horn Beans. The Physician was terrify'd, seeing the Governor in such a Heat, and wou'd that Moment have slunk out of the Room, had not the Sound of a Post-Horn in the Street been heard that Moment; whereupon the Steward immediately looking out at the Window, turn'd back, and found there was an Express come from the Duke, doubtless with some Dispatch of Importance.

Presently the Messenger enter'd sweating, with Haste and Concern in his Looks, and pulling a Packet out of his Bosom, deliver'd it to the Governor. *Sancho* gave it to the Steward, and order'd him to read the Direction, which was thus: *To Don Sancho Pança, Governor of the Island of Barataria, to be deliver'd into his own Hands, or those of his Secretary.* Who is my Secretary, cry'd *Sancho*.



'Tis I, my Lord, (answer'd one that was by) for I can write and read, and am a *Biscayner*. That last Qualification is enough to make thee set up for Secretary to the Emperor himself, said *Sancho*. Open the Letter then, and see what it says. The new Secretary did so, and having perus'd the Dispatch by himself, told the Governor, that 'twas a business that was to be told only in Private: *Sancho* order'd every one to leave the Room, except the Steward and the Carver, and then the Secretary read what follows.

*I have receiv'd Information, My Lord Don Sancho, that some of our Enemies intend to attack your Land with great Fury, one of these Nights: You ought therefore to be watchful, and stand upon your Guard, that you may not be found unprovided. I have also had Intelligence from faithful Spies, that there are four Men set into the Town in Disguise, to murder you; your Abilities being regarded as a great Obstacle to the Enemy's Designs. Look about you, take heed how you admit Strangers to speak with you, and eat nothing that is laid before you. I will take care to send you Assistance, if you are in need of it: And in every thing I rely on your Prudence. From our Castle, the 16th of August, at 4 in the Morning.*

Your Friend,

The Duke.

*Sancho* was astonish'd at the News, and those that were with him seem'd no less concern'd. But at last turning to the Steward, I'll tell you, said he, what is first to be done in this Case, and that with all Speed; Clap me that same Doctor *Rexio* in a Dungeon; for if any Body has a Mind to kill me, it must be he, and that with a lingering Death, the worst of Deaths, Hunger-starving. However, said

said the Carver, I am of Opinion, your Honour ought not to eat any of the Things that stand here before ye; for they were sent in by some of the Convents, and 'tis a common Saying, *The Devil lurks behind the Cross*: Which no body can deny, quoth *Sancho*; and therefore let me have for the present but a Luncheon of Bread, and some four Pound of Raisins; there can be no Poison in that. For, in short, I cannot live without eating; and if we must be in a Readiness against these Battles we had need be well victuall'd; for 'tis the Belly keeps up the Heart, and not the Heart the Belly. Mean while, Secretary, do you send my Lord Duke an Answer, and tell him his Order shall be fulfilled in every Part without fail. Remember me kindly to my Lady Dutcheß, and beg of her not to forget to send one on purpose with my Letter and Bundle to *Teresa Pança* my Wife; which I shall take as a special Favour, and I will be mindful to serve her to the best of my Power: And when your Honour is in, you may croud in my Service to my Master *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, that he may see I am neither forgetful nor ungrateful; the rest I leave to you; put in what you will, and do your Part like a good Secretary and a stanch *Biscayner*. Now take away here, and bring me something to eat, and then you shall see I am able to deal with all Spies, Wizzards, and cut-throat Dogs that dare to meddle with me and my Island.

At that Time a Page entering the Room; the Lord, said he, there's a Country-man without fires to speak with your Lordship about Business of great Consequence. 'Tis a strange Thing, quoth *Sancho*, that one must still be plagu'd with the Men of Business! Is it possible they should be such Sots, as not to understand this is not a Time for Business? Do they fancy, that we Governors and Distributors of Justice are made of Iron?

Mar

Marble, and have no need of Rest and Refreshment like other Creatures of Flesh and Blood. Well, before Heaven, and o'my Conscience, if my Government does but last, as I shrewdly guess it will not, I'll get one of these Men of Business laid by the Heels. Well, for once let the Fellow come on—But first take Heed he ben't one of the Spies or Russian-Rogues that would murder me. As for that, said the Page, I dare say he had no Hand in the Plot; poor Soul, he looks as if he could not help it; there's no more Harm in him to see, than in a Piece of good Bread. There's no need to fear, said the Steward, since we are all here by you. But hark you, quoth *Sancho*, now *Dr. Rexio's* one, might not I eat something that has some substance in it, though it were but a Crust and an Onion? At Night, answer'd the Carver, your Honour shall have no Cause to complain: Supper shall make amends for the Want of your Dinner; Heaven grant it may, said *Sancho*.

Now the Country-man came in, and by his Looks seem'd to be a good harmless silly Soul. As soon as he enter'd the Room, Which is my Lord Governor, quoth he? Who but he that sits in the Chair, answer'd the Secretary! I humble my self to his Worship's Presence, quoth the Fellow; and with that, falling on his Knees, begg'd to kiss his Hand; which *Sancho* refus'd, but bid him rise and tell him what he had to say. The Country-man then got up, my Lord, quoth he, I am a Husband-man of *Miguel-Turra*, a Town some two Leagues from *Madrid*. Here's another *Tirte a fuera*, quoth *Sancho*; Well, go on Friend; I know the Place all well; 'tis not far from our Town. An't please you, said the Country-man, my Business is this. I was marry'd by Heaven's Mercy, in the face of our Holy Mother the *Roman Catholick* Church; and I have two Boys that take their Learning

Learning at the College; the youngest studies to become a Batchelor, and the eldest to be a Master of Arts. I am a Widower, because my Wife is dead; she dy'd, an't please you, or to speak more truly, she was kill'd, as a Body may say, by a damn'd Doctor, that gave her a Purge when she was with Child. Had it been Heaven's blessed Will that she had been brought to Bed of a Boy, I would have sent him to study to have been a Doctor, that he might have had no Cause to envy his Brothers. So then, quoth *Sancho*, had not your Wife died, or had they not made her die, you had not been a Widower. Very true, answer'd the Man. We are much the nearer, cry'd *Sancho*, go on, honest Friend, and prithee dispatch; for 'tis rather Time to take an Afternoons-Nap than to talk of Business. Now, Sir, I must tell you, continu'd the Farmer, that that Son of mine the Batchelor of Art that is to be, fell in Love with a Maiden of our Town, *Clara Perlerina* by Name, the Daughter of *Andrew Perlerino*, a mighty rich Farmer; and *Perlerino* is not their right Name neither; but because the whole Generation of 'em is troubl'd with the Palsie, they us'd to be call'd from the Name of that Ailing, *Perlaticos*, but now they go by that *Perlerino*; and truly it fits the young Woman rarely, for she is a precious Pearl for Beauty, especially if you stand on her right Side and view her, she looks like a Flower in the Fields. On the left indeed she does not look altogether so well; for then she wants an Eye, which she lost by the Small-Pox that has digg'd a many Pits somewhat deep all over her Face; but those that wish her well, say, that nothing, and that those Pits are but so many Graves to bury Lovers Hearts in. She is so cleanly, that because she will not have her Nose droop upon her Lips, she carries it cock'd up, and the Nostrils are turn'd up on each Side, as if the

shunn



unn'd her Mouth, that is somewhat of the wi-  
est, and for all that she looks exceeding well; and  
ere it not for some ten or dozen of her Butter-  
teeth and Grinders, which she wants, she might set  
for one of the clearest Lasses in the Country,  
for her Lips, I don't know what to say of 'em,  
they are so thin and so slender, that were it the  
fashion to wind Lips as they do Silk, one might  
make a Skain of hers. Besides, they are not of the  
ordinary Hue of common Lips: No, they are of  
the most wonderful Colour that ever was seen, as  
being speckled with Blue, Green, and Orange-  
awny. I hope my Lord Governor will pardon  
me, for dwelling thus on the Picture and several  
Features of her that is one Day to be my  
daughter, seeing 'tis meerly out of my hearty  
love and Affection for the Girl. Prithee paint on  
as long as thou wilt, said *Sancho*, I am mightily  
taken with this kind of Painting, and if I had but  
an Original. Both my self and that are at your  
service, quoth the Fellow, or at least we may be  
some time, if we are not now. But alas! Sir, that  
is nothing; could I set before your Eyes her pret-  
ty Carriage, and her Shape, you would admire.  
But that's not to be done; for she is so crooked  
and crumpl'd up together, that her Knees and her  
feet meet, and yet any one may perceive that if  
she could but stand upright, her Head would touch  
the very Cieling; and she would have given her  
hand to my Son, the Batchelor, in the Way of Ma-  
trimony before now, but that she's not able to  
stretch it forth, the Sinews being quite shrunk up:  
However, the broad long-gutter'd Nails add no  
small Grace to it, and may let you know what a  
well-made Hand she has.

So far so good, said *Sancho*, but let us suppose  
I have drawn her from Head to Foot: What is  
it



it you'd be at now? Come to the Point, Friend, without so many Windings and Turnings, and going round about the Bush. Sir, said the Farmer, would desire your Honour to do me the Kindness give me a Letter of Accommodation to the Father of my Daughter-in-Law, beseeching him to be pleas'd to let the Marriage be fulfill'd; seeing we are not unlike, neither in Estate nor in bodily Concerns. For to tell you the Truth, my Lord Governor, my Son is bewitch'd, and there is not a Day passes over his Head but the foul Fiends torment him three or four Times; and having once had the ill Luck to fall into the Fire, the Skin of his Face is shrivell'd up like a Piece of Parchment, and his Eyes are somewhat sore and full of Rheum. But when all is said, he has the Temper of an Angel; and were he not apt to thump and belabour himself now and then in his Fits, you would take him to be a Saint.

Have you any Thing else to ask, honest Man, said *Sancho*? Only one Thing more, quoth the Farmer; but I am somewhat afraid to speak it. Yet I cannot find in my Heart to let it rot within me, and therefore, fall Back fall Edge, I must speak with it. I would desire your Worship to bestow on me some three hundred or six hundred Ducats towards my Batchelor's Portion, I mean to bestow him to begin the World, and furnish him a House for, in short, they will live by themselves, without being subject to the Impertinencies of a Father-in-Law. Well, said *Sancho*, see if you would have any Thing else; if you would, don't let Fear or Bashfulness be your Hindrance! Out with it Man. Truly, quoth the Farmer; and he had hardly spoken the Words, when the Governor starting up, and laying hold of his Chair: You brazen-fac'd impudent Country-Booby, cry'd he, get out of my Presence this Moment, or, by the Blood of

*Sancho's*, I'll crack your Jolter-head with this Chair, you whoreson Raggamuffin, Painter for the Devil. Dost thou come at this Time of Day to ask me for six hundred Ducats? Where should I have 'em, hangy Clod-pate? And if I had em, why should I give 'em thee, thou old doating Scoundrel? What box care I for *Miguel Turra*, or all the Generation of the *Perlerinos*. Avoid the Room, I say, or by the life of the Duke, I'll be as good as my Word, and hang out thy Cookoo-Brains. Thou art no Native of *Miguel Turra*, but some Imp of the Devil, sent on his Master's Errand to tempt my Patience. 'Tis not a Day and a Half that I have been Governor, and thou would'st have me have six hundred Ducats ready, Dunderhead-Sor.

The Steward made Signs to the Farmer to withdraw, and he went out accordingly, hanging down his Head, and to all Appearance very much afraid that the Governor should make good his angry threats; for the cunning Knave knew very well how to act his Part. But let us leave *Sancho* in his angry Mood, and let there be Peace and Quietness, while we return to Don *Quixote*, whom we left with his Face cover'd over with Plaisters, the Scratches which he had got when the Cat so clapperclaw'd him, having oblig'd him to no less than eight Days retirement; during which Time there happen'd nothing to him, which *Cid Hamet* promises to relate with the same Punctuality and Veracity with which he delivers the Particulars of this History, how trivial soever they may be.

## C H A P. XLVIII.

*What happen'd to Don Quixote with Don Rodriguez the Dutcheſs's Woman ; as alſo other Paſſages worthy to be recorded, and haſt in eternal Remembrance.*

**D**ON *Quixote* thus unhappily hurt, was extremely ſullen and melancholy, his Face wrapp'd up and mark'd, not by the Hand of a ſuperiour Being, but the Paws of a Cat, a Miſfortune incident to Knight-Errantry. He was ſome Days without appearing in Publick; and one Night when he was thus confin'd to his Apartment, lay awake, reflecting on his Miſfortunes, and *Altifidora's* Importunities, he perceiv'd ſome Body was opening his Chamber-Door with a Key, and preſently imagin'd that the amorous Damsel was coming to make an Attempt on his Chaſtity, and expoſe him to the Danger of forfeiting that Loyalty which he had vow'd to his Lady *Dulcinea del Tobo*. Prepoſſeſs'd with that Conceit: No, (ſaid he, loud enough to be heard) the greateſt Beauty in the Universe ſhall never remove the dear Idea of this charming Fair, that is engrav'd and ſtamp'd in the very Center of my Heart, and the moſt ſecret Reſſes of my Breſt. No, thou only Miſtreſs of my Soul, whether transform'd into a rank Country Wench, or into one of the Nymphs of the golden *Tagus*, that weave Silk and Gold in the Loſs. Whether *Merlin* or *Monteſinos* detain thee where thou pleaſe, be where thou wilt, thou ſtill art mine, and wherever I ſhall be, I muſt and will be there. Juſt as he ended his Speech, the Door open'd. He got in the Bed, wrapp'd from Head to Foot in a Yellow Sattin Quilt. with a Woollen Cap on his Head, his Face and his Muſtachio's bound up;

ce to heal its Scratches, and his Mustachio's, to  
 ep them from hanging down: In which Posture,  
 e look'd like the strangest Apparition that can be  
 agin'd. He fix'd his Eyes towards the Door,  
 d when he expected to have seen the yielding  
 d doleful *Altisidora*, he beheld a most Reve-  
 nd Matron approaching in a white Vail, so long  
 at it cover'd her from Head to Foot. Be-  
 xit her Left-hand Fingers she carried half a  
 ndlelighted, and held her Right-hand before her  
 ce to keep the Blaze of the Taper from her Eyes,  
 ich were hidden by a huge Pair of Spectacles.  
 l the way she trod very softly, and mov'd a very  
 w Pace. Don *Quixote* watch'd her Motions, and  
 erving her Garb and her Silence, took her for  
 he Witch or Inchantress, that came in that Dress  
 practise her wicked Sorceries upon him; and  
 an to make the Sign of the Cross as fast as he  
 d. The Vision advanc'd all the while, and be-  
 got to the Middle of the Chamber, lifted up its  
 s, and saw Don *Quixote* thus making a thousand  
 sses on his Breast. But if he was astonish'd at  
 t of such a Figure, she was no less afrighted at  
 so that as soon as she spy'd him thus wrapp'd  
 n yellow, so lank, be-patch'd and muff'd up;  
 s me, cry'd she, what's this! with the sudden  
 ht, she dropp'd the Candle, and now being in  
 Dark, as she was running out, the Length of her  
 ts made her stumble, and down she fell in the  
 dle of the Chamber, Don *Quixote* at the same  
 e was in great Anxiety. Phantome, cry'd he,  
 hatever thou art, I conjure thee to tell me  
 thou art, and what thou requir'st of me? If  
 art a Soul in Torment, tell me, and I will  
 avour thy Ease to the utmost of my Power;  
 am a Catholick Christian, and love to do good  
 Mankind; for which Reason I took upon me  
 Order of Knight-Errantry, whose extensive

Duties engage me to relieve the Souls in Purgatory. The poor old Woman hearing her self thus conjur'd, judg'd Don Quixote's Fears by her own, and therefore with a low and doleful Voice, My Lord Don Quixote, said she, (if you are he) I am neither a Phantome nor a Ghost, nor a Soul in Purgatory, as I suppose you fancy; but Donna Rodriguez, my Lady Dutchess's Matron of Honour, who come to you about a certain Grievance, of the Nature of those which you use to redress. Tell me, Donna Rodriguez, said Don Quixote, are not you come to manage some Love-Intrigue? If you are, take it from me, you'll lose your Labour: 'Tis all in vain, Thanks to the peerless Beauty of my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso. In a Word, Madam, provided you come not on some such Embassy, you may light your Candle, and return, and we will talk of any Thing you please; but remember I bar dangerous Insinuations, all amorous Inticements. What! I procure for others, cry'd the Matron, find you don't know me, Sir. I am not so young yet, to be reduc'd to such poor Employments. I have good Flesh still about me, Heaven be praised, and all my Teeth in my Head, except some which the Rheums, so rife in this Country of Castile, have robb'd me of. But stay a little, I'll light my Candle, and then I'll tell you my fortunes, for 'tis you that set to rights every Thing in the World. This said, away she went, without staying for an Answer.

Don Quixote expected her a while quietly, but his working Brain soon started a thousand Chimeras concerning this new Adventure; and he fancied he did ill in giving Way, tho' but to a Thought of endangering his Faith to his Mistress. Who knew he said he to himself, but that the Devil is now endeavouring to circumvent me with an old Gentlewoman, tho' it has not been in his Power to



with Countesses, Marchionesses, Dutcheses, Queens, or Empreſſes. I have often heard ſay, and that by perſons of great Judgment, that, if he can, he will rather delude a Man with an ugly Object, than with one that's Beautiful. Who knows but this Solitude, this Occaſion, the Stillneſs of the Night, may rouse my ſleeping Deſires, and cauſe me in my latter Age to fall, where I never ſtumbl'd before? In ſuch Caſes 'tis better to fly than to ſtay to face the Danger. But why do I argue ſo fooliſhly? Sure 'tis impoſſible that an antiquated Waiting-Matron, in a long White Vail, like a Winding ſheet, with a Pair of Spectacles over her Noſe, ſhould create, or waken, an unchaſte Thought in the moſt abandon'd Libertine in the World. Is there any of theſe *Duena's* or Governante's that has good Fleſh? Is there one of thoſe Implements of Antichambers that is not impertinent, affected, and intolerable? Avaunt then, ye idle Croud of wrinkl'd Female Waiters, unfit for any humane Recreation! How is that Lady to be commended, who, they tell us, ſet up on y couple of Mawkins in her Chamber, exactly representing two Waiting-Matrons, with their Work before 'em! The State and Decorum of her Room as well kept with thoſe Statues, as it would have been with real *Duena's*. So ſaying, he ſtarted from the Bed, to lock the Door and ſhut out *Donna Rodriguez*; but in that very Moment ſhe happen'd to come in with a Wax-Candle lighted; at what Time ſeeing the Knight near her, wrapp'd in his Quilt, his Face bound up, and a woollen Cap on his Head, he was frighted again, and ſtarted two or three ſteps back. Sir Knight, ſaid ſhe, is my Honour ſafe; or I don't think it looks handſomely in you to come out of your Bed? I ought to aſk you the ſame Queſtion, Madam, ſaid Don *Quixote*; and therefore tell me whether I ſhall be ſafe from being aſſaulted and raviſh'd? Whom are you afraid of, Sir Knight,

cry'd she? Of you, reply'd Don *Quixote*: for, short, I am not made of Marble, nor you of Brass; neither is it now the Noon of Day, but that of Night and a little later too, if I am not mistaken; believe we are in a Place, more close and private than the Cave must have been, where the false and presumptuous *Aeneas* enjoy'd the beautiful and tender-hearted *Dido*. However, give me your Hand, Madam, for I desire no greater Security than that of my own Contenance and Circumspection. This said, he kiss'd his own Right-hand, and with it took hold of hers, which she gave him with the same Ceremony.

Here *Cid Hamet* (making a Parenthesis) swears that *Mahomet*, he would have given the best Coat of mail that he had, only to have seen the Knight and the Matron walk thus Hand in Hand from the Chamber-door to the Bed-side. To make short, Don *Quixote* went to Bed again, and *Donna Rodriguez* sat down in a Chair at some Distance, without taking off her Spectacles, or setting down the Candle. Don *Quixote* crouded up together, and cover'd himself close, all but the Face, and after they had been remain'd a while in Silence, the first that broke was the Knight. Now, Madam, said he, you may freely unburden your Heart, sure of Attention to your Complaints, from chaste Ears, and Assistance in your Distress from a compassionate Heart. I believe no less, said the Matron, and promis'd herself no less charitable an Answer from a Person of so graceful and pleasing a Presence. The Case then Noble Sir, that tho' you see me sitting in this Chamber in the middle of *Arragon*, in the Habit of an insignificant unhappy *Duena*, I am of *Austurias de Osuna* and of one of the best Families in that Province. But my hard Fortune, and the Neglect of my Parents, who fell to Decay, too soon, I can't tell how brought me to *Madrid*; where, because they could

no better, for fear of the worst, they plac'd me  
with a Court-Lady, to be her Chamber-Maid. And  
no' I say it, for all manner of Plain-Work, I never  
was outdone by any one in all my Life. My Fa-  
ther and Mother left me at Service, and return'd  
home; and some few Years after, they both dy'd,  
and went to Heaven, I hope; for they were very  
good and religious Catholicks. Then was I left an  
Orphan, and wholly reduc'd to the sorrowful Con-  
dition of such Court-Servants, wretched Wages,  
and a slender Allowance. About the same time the  
Gentleman-Usher fell in Love with me, before I  
dreamt of any such Thing, Heaven knows. He was  
somewhat stricken in Years, had a fine Beard, was a  
personable Man, and what's more, as good a Gen-  
tleman as the King; for he was of the Mountains.  
We did not carry Matters so close in our Love,  
but it came to my Lady's Ears; and so to hinder  
peoples Tongues, without any more ado, she caus'd  
me to be marry'd in the Face of our Holy Mother  
the Catholick Church; which Matrimony produc'd  
a Daughter, that made an End of my good Fortune,  
I had any. Not that I dy'd in Childbed; for I  
went my full Time, and was safely deliver'd; but  
because my Husband (rest his Soul) dy'd a while  
after of a Fright; and had I but Time to tell you  
how it happen'd, I dare say you wou'd wonder.  
Where she began to weep piteously Good Sir, cry'd  
I, I must beg your Pardon; for I can't contain  
myself. As often as I think of my poor Husband,  
I can't forbear shedding of Tears. Bless me, how  
I look'd, and with what Stateliness he would ride,  
with my Lady behind him, on a stout Mule as black  
as Jet, (for Coaches and Chairs were not us'd then  
as they are now a-days; but the Ladies rode be-  
hind their Gentlemen-Ushers.) And now my  
tongue's in, I can't help telling you the whole  
Story, that you may see what a fine well-bred Man

my dear Husband was, and how nice in every Punctilio.

One Day, at *Madrid*, as he came into *St. James's Street*, which is somewhat narrow, with my Lady behind him, he met a Judge of the Court, with two Officers before him: Whereupon, as soon as he saw him, to shew his Respect, my Husband turned about his Mule, as if he design'd to have waited on him. But my Lady whispering him in the Ear what d'you mean, said she, Blockhead? Don't you know I am here? The Judge on his side was no less civil, and stopping his Horse, Sir, said he, pray keep your Way; you must not go with me, it becomes me rather to wait on my Lady *Casilda*, (for that was the Lady's Name.) However my Husband with his Hat in his Hand, persisted in his civil Intentions. But at last, my Lady being very angry with him for it, took a great Pin, or rather, as I am apt to believe, a Bodkin out of her Case, and run it into his Back; upon which my Husband suddenly starting, and crying out, fell out of the Saddle and pull'd down my Lady after him. Immediately two of her Footmen ran to help her, and the Judge and his Officers did the like. The Gate of *Guadalajara* was presently in a Hubbub (the idle People about the Gate I mean.) In short, my Lady return'd home a foot, and my Husband went to a Surgeon, complaining that he was prick'd through the Bowels. And now this Civility of his was talk'd of every where, insomuch that the very Boys in the Streets flock'd about him; for which Reason and because he was somewhat short-sighted, my Lady dismiss'd him her Service; which he took to Heart, poor Man, that I dare say it cost him his Life soon after. Now was I left a poor helpless Widow, and with a Daughter to keep, who still increas'd in Beauty as she grew up, like the Foam of the Sea. At length, having the Name of an excellent

cellent Work-woman at my Needle, my Lady Dutcheſs, who was newly marry'd to his Grace, took me to live with her here in Arragon, and my Daughter, as well as my ſelf. In time the Girl grew up, and became the moſt accompliſh'd Creature in the World. She Sings like a Lark, Dances like a Fairy, Trips like a wild Buck, Writes and Reads like a School-maſter, and caſts Accompts like an Uſurer. I ſay nothing of her Neatneſs; but certainly the pureſt Spring-water that runs is not more cleanly; and then for her Age, ſhe is now, if I miſtake not, juſt Sixteen Years, Five Months, and Three Days old. Now who ſhould happen to fall in Love with this Daughter of mine, but a mighty rich Farmer's Son, that lives in one of my Lord Duke's Villages not far off; and indeed, I can't tell how he manag'd Matters, but he ply'd her ſo cloſe, that upon a Promise of Marriage he wheedled her into a Conſent, and in ſhort, got his Will of her, and now reſuſes to make his Word good. The Duke is no ſtranger to the Buſineſs; for I have made my Complaint to him about it many and many times, and begg'd of him to enjoin the young Man to Wed my Daughter; but he turns his deaf Ear to me, and can't endure I ſhould ſpeak to him of it, becauſe the young Knave's Father is rich, and lends the Duke Money, and is bound for him upon all Occaſions, ſo that he would by no means diſoblige him.

Therefore, Sir, I apply my ſelf to your Worſhip, and beſeech you to ſee my Daughter righted, either by Entreaties, or by Force; ſeeing every Body ſays, you were ſent into this World to redreſs Grievances, and aſſiſt thoſe in Adverſity. Be pleas'd to caſt an Eye of Pity on my Daughter's Orphan-ſtate, her Beauty, her Youth, and all her other good Parts; for, o'my Conſcience, of all the Damſels my Lady has, there is not one can come up to her.



by a Mile; no, not she that's cry'd up as the airiest and finest of 'em all, whom they call *Altisidora*: I am sure she is not to be nam'd the same Day. For, let me tell you, Sir, all is not Gold that glisters. This same *Altisidora* after all, is a hoity toity, that has more Vanity than Beauty, and less Modesty than Confidence. Besides, she is none of the soundest neither, for her Breath is so strong that no Body can endure to stand near her for a Moment. Nay, my Lady Dutchess too——but I must say no more, for as they say, Walls have Ears. What of my Lady Dutchess, said Don *Quixote*? By all that's dear to you, *Donna Rodríguez*, tell me, I conjure you. Your Entreaties, said the Matron, are too strong a Charm to be resisted, dear Sir, and I must tell you the Truth. Do you observe, Sir, that Beauty of my Lady's, that Softness, that Clearness of Complexion, smooth and shining like a polish'd Sword. Those Cheeks, all Milk and Vermillion, fair like the Moon, and glorious like the Sun; that Air when she treads as if she disdain'd to touch the Ground, and in short, that Look of Health that enlivens all her Charms? Let me tell you, Sir, she may thank Heaven for't in the first Place, and next to that two Issues in both her Legs, which she keeps open to carry off the ill Humours, of which the Physicians say her Body abounds. Bless'd Virgin cry'd Don *Quixote*! Is it possible the Dutchess shou'd have such Drains! I shou'd not have believ'd it from any Body but you, though Barefoot Friars had sworn it. But yet certainly from so much Perfection, no ill Humours can flow but rather Liquid Amber. Well, I am now perswaded such Sluces may be of Importance to Health.

Scarce had Don *Quixote* said those Words, when at one Bounce the Chamber-door flew open, where

whereupon *Donna Rodriguez* was seiz'd with such a terrible Fright, that she let fall her Candle, and while they were thus in the Dark the poor Matron felt some Body hold her by the Throat, and squeeze her Weasand so hard, that it was not in her Power to cry out. And another having pull'd up her Coats, laid her on so unmercifully upon her bare Buttocks with a Slipper, or some such Thing, that it would have mov'd any one but those that did it, to Pity. Don *Quixote* was not without Compassion, yet he did not think fit to stir from the Bed, but lay snug and silent all the While, not knowing what the Meaning of this Bustle might be, fearing lest the Tempest that pour'd on the Matron's Posteriors, might also light upon his own; and not without Reason; for indeed, after the mute Executioners had well curried the Old Gentlewoman (who durst not cry out) they came to Don *Quixote* and turning up the Bed-Cloaths, pinch'd him so hard, and so long, that in his own Defence, he cou'd not forbear laying about him with his Fists as well as he cou'd, till at last, after the Scuffle had lasted about half an Hour, the Invisible Phantomes vanish'd. *Donna Rodriguez* set her Coats to rights, and lamenting her hard Fortune, left the Room, without speaking a Word to the Knight. As for him, he remain'd where he was, sadly pinch'd and tir'd, and very moody and thoughtful, not knowing who this wicked Inchanter shou'd be, that had us'd him in that manner. But we shall know that in its proper Time. Now let us leave him, and return to *Sancho Panza*, who calls upon us, as the Order of our History requires.

C H A P.

## C H A P. XLIX.

*What happen'd to Sancho Pança, as he went  
the Rounds in his Island.*

**W**E left our mighty Governor much out of Humour, and in a pelting Chafe, with the faucy Knave of a Country-man, who, according to the Instructions he had receiv'd from the Steward, and the Steward from the Duke, had banter'd his Worship with his impertinent Description. Yet as much a Dunce and a Fool as he was, he made his Party good against them all. At last, addressing himself to those about him, among whom was Doctor *Pedro Rezio*, who had ventur'd into the Room again, after the Consult about the Duke's Letter was over; Now, said he, do I find in good earnest that Judges and Governors must be made of Brass, or ought to be made of Brass, that they may be Proof against the Importunities of those that pretend Business, who at all Hours, and at all Seasons would be heard and dispatch'd, without any Regard to any Body but themselves, let what will come of the rest, so their Turn is serv'd. Now if a poor Judge does not hear and dispatch them presently, either because he is other ways busie and cannot, or because they don't come at a proper Season, then do they grumble, and give him their Blessing backwards, rake up the Ashes of his Forefathers, and would gnaw his very Bones. But with your Leave, good, Mr. *Busie Body*, with all your Business you are too hasty, pray have a little Patience, and wait a fit Time to make your Application. Don't come at Dinner-time, or when a Man is going to Sleep, for we Judges are Flesh and Blood, and must allow Nature what she naturally require; unless it be poor I, who am not

to allow mine any Food, thanks to my Friend, Master Doctor *Pedro Rexio Tirteafuera* here present, who is for starving me to Death, and then swears his for the Preservation of my Life. Heaven grant him such a Life, I pray, and all the Gang of such Physick-mongers as he is; for the good Physicians deserve Palms and Laurels.

All that knew *Sancho* wonder'd to hear him talk so sensibly, and began to think that Offices and places of Trust inspir'd some Men with Understanding, as they stupify'd and confounded others. However, Doctor *Pedro Rexio aguero de Tirteafuera* promis'd him he should sup that Night, though he trespass'd against all the Aphorisms of *Hippocrates*. This pacify'd the Governor for the present, and made him wait with a mighty Impatience for the evening, and Supper. To his thinking the Hour was so long a coming, that he fancy'd Time stood still, but yet at last the wish'd for Moment came, and they serv'd him up some minc'd Beef with Onions, and some Calves-feet somewhat stale. The hungry Governor presently fell to with more largeness and Appetite than if they had given him Milan Godwits, Roman Pheasants, *Sorrentum* Veal, *Coron* Partridges, or *Lavanjos* Green Geese. And after he had pretty well taken off the sharp Edge of his Stomach, turning to the Physician, Look you, saith he, Mr. Doctor, hereafter never trouble your self to get me Dainties or Tit-bits to humour my Stomach; that would but take it quite off the hinges; by Reason it has been us'd to nothing but good Beef, Bacon, Pork, Goats-flesh, Turnips and Onions; and if you ply me with your Kick-shaws, your nice Courtiers Fare, 'twill but make my Stomach squeamish and untoward, and I should perfectly loath them one time or other. However, I shall not take it amiss, if the Steward will now and then set before me one of those *Ollas*

*Podridas*'s

*Podridas's*, where all Sorts of good Things are rotten-stew'd, and as it were lost in one another; and the more they are thus rotten, and like their Name the better the Smack; and there you may make a Jumble of what you will, so it be eatable, and shall remember him, and make him amends one of these Days. But let no Body put Tricks upon Travellers, and make a Fool of me; for either we are, or we are not. Let's be Merry and Wise, when God sends his Light he sends it to all, I'll govern this Island fair and square, without Underhand dealings or taking of Bribes; but take notice, I won't bate an Inch of my Right; and therefore let every one carry an even Hand, and mind their Hits, or else I'd have them to know there's Rot in Piss for 'em. They that urge me too far shall rue for it; make your self Honey and the Flie will eat you. Indeed, my Lord Governor, said the Steward, your Lordship is much in the right in all you have said; and I dare engage for the Inhabitants of this Island, that they will obey and observe your Commands with Diligence, Love, and Punctuality; for your gentle Way of governing in the Beginning of your Administration, does not give them the least Opportunity to act, or but to design any Thing to your Lordship's Disadvantage. I believe as much, answer'd *Sancho*, and they would be silly Wretches, should they offer to do or think otherwise. Let me tell you too, 'tis my Pleasure you take care of me and my *Dapple*, that we may both have our Food as we ought, which is the most material Business. Next, let us think of going the Rounds, when 'tis time for me to do it; for I intend to clear this Island of all Filth and Rubbish, of all Rogues and Vagrants, idle Lusks and sturdy Beggars. For I would have you to know, my good Friends, that your slothful, lazy, lewd People in a Commonwealth are like Drones in a Bee-hive,



at waste and devour the Honey which the labour-  
ing Bees gather. I design to encourage Husband-  
men, preserve the Privileges of the Gentry, re-  
gard vertuous Persons, and above all Things re-  
ference Religion, and have regard to the Honour  
of Religious Men. What think you of this my  
good Friends? do I talk to the Purpose, or do I  
talk idly? You speak so well, my Lord Governor,  
answer'd the Steward, that I stand in Admiration  
to hear a Man so unletter'd as you are (for I be-  
lieve your Lordship can't read at all) utter so many  
notable Things, and in every Word a Sentence;  
far from what they who sent you hither, and they  
who are here present, ever expected from your Un-  
derstanding. But every Day produces some new  
Wonder, Jest is turn'd into Earnest, and those  
who design'd to laugh at others, happen to be  
laugh'd at themselves.

It being now Night, and the Governor having  
app'd, with Doctor *Rexio's* Leave, he prepar'd to  
walk the Rounds, and set forward, attended by the  
Steward, the Secretary, the Gentleman-Waiter,  
the Historiographer who was to register his Acts,  
several Sergeants and other Limbs of the Law, so  
many in Number that they made a little Battalion,  
in the Middle of which the great *Sancho* march'd  
with his Rod of Justice in his Hand, in a no-  
ble manner. They had not walk'd far in the  
Town, before they heard the clashing of Swords,  
which made 'em hasten to the Place whence the  
noise came. Being come thither they found only  
two Men a fighting, who gave over, perceiving  
the Officers. What, (cry'd one of them at the same  
Time) Do they suffer Folks to be robb'd in this  
Town in Defiance to Heaven and the King? Do  
they let Men be stripp'd in the Middle of the Street?  
Bold, honest Man, said *Sancho*, have a little Patience,  
and let me know the Occasion of this Fray, for I

am the Governor. My Lord, said the other Part  
 I'll tell you in few Words. Your Lordship  
 know that this Gentleman, just now, at a Game  
 Ordinary over the Way, won above a thousand  
 Reals, Heaven knows how: I stood by all the while  
 and gave Judgment for him in more than one doubtful  
 Cast, tho' I could not well tell how to do it  
 Conscience. He carried off his Winnings, and what  
 I expected he would have given me a Piece or Two  
 as it is a Claim among Gentlemen of my Fashion  
 who frequent Ordinaries, from those that play high  
 and win, for preventing Quarrels being at the  
 Backs, and giving Judgment right or wrong, nevertheless  
 he went away without giving me any Thing.  
 I ran after him, not very well pleased with the  
 Proceeding, yet very civilly desired him to consider  
 I was his Friend, that he knew me to be a Gentleman,  
 though fallen to Decay; that had nothing to  
 live upon, my Friends having brought me up to no  
 Employment; and therefore I entreated him to be  
 so kind as to give me eight Reals; but the fellow  
 Soul, a greater Thief than *Cacus*, and a worse Sharper  
 than *Andradilla*, would give me but sneaking  
 four Reals. And now, my Lord, you may see his  
 little Shame and Conscience there's in him. By  
 Faith, had not your Lordship come just in the Nick  
 I would have made him bring up his Winnings  
 and taught him the Difference between a Rook and  
 a Jack-daw. What say you to this, cry'd Swallow  
 to the other? The other made Answer, that he could  
 not deny what his Antagonist had said, that he  
 would give him but four Reals, because he had given  
 him Money several Times before; and Beggers  
 should not be Chusers, but be thankful for what  
 given them without haggling with those that have  
 won, unless they know 'em to be common Cheats  
 and the Money not won fairly; and that to shew  
 was a fair Gamester, and no Sharper, as the other

But, there needed no better Proof than his Refusal to give him any thing, since the Sharpers are always in Fee with these Bully-Rooks who know 'em, and wink at their Cheats. That's true, said the Governor: Now what would your Lordship have us do with these Men? I'll tell you, said *Sancho*, first, you that are the Winner, whether by fair Play or by foul, give your Bully-back here a hundred Reals, immediately, and thirty more for the other Prisoners: And you that have nothing to live on, and were brought up to no Employment, and are sharpening up and down from Place to Place, pray take your hundred Reals, and be sure by to Morrow to go out of this Island, and not to set Foot on it again these Ten Years and a Day, unless you have a Mind to make an End of your Banishment in another World; for if I find you here I will make you swing on a Gibbet, with the Help of the Executioner; away, and let no Body offer to reply, or I'll lay him by the Heels. Thereupon the one was disburs'd, and the other receiv'd, the first went home, and the last went out of the Island; and when the Governor going on, either I shall want of your Will, said he, or I'll put down these disorderly Gaming-Houses; for I have a Fancy they are highly prejudicial. As for this House in Question, said he of the Officers, I suppose it will be a hard Matter to put it down, for it belongs to a Person of Quality, who loses a great deal more by Play at the Card-table's End than he gets by his Cards. You may oppose your Authority against other Gaming-Houses, I'll give you my Note, that do more Mischief, and harbour more dangerous People than the Houses of Gentlemen and Persons of Quality, where your notorious Sharpers dare not use their Slights of Hand. And since Gaming is a Vice that is become a common Practice, 'tis better to play in good Gentlemen's houses, than in those of Under Officers, where they shall

shall draw you in a poor Bubble, and after they have kept him playing all the Night long, send him away stripp'd naked to the Skin. Well, all in good Time, said *Sancho*: I know there's a great deal to be said in this Matter. At the same Time one of the Officers came holding a Youth, and having brought him before the Governor, an't please your Worship, said he, this young Man was coming towards us, but as soon as he perceiv'd it was the Rounds he sheer'd off, and set a running as fast as his Legs would carry him, a Sign he's no better than he should be. I ran after him, but had not time to happen'd to fall, I had never come up with him. What made you run away, Friend, said *Sancho*? Sir answer'd the young Man, twas only to avoid all the Questions one is commonly teiz'd with by the Watch. What Business d'you follow, ask'd *Sancho*? I am a Weaver by Trade answer'd the other. A Weaver of what, ask'd the Governor? of Steel Heads for Lances, with your Worship's good Leave, said the other. Oh hoh, cry'd *Sancho*, you are an arch Wag I find, and pretend to pass your Jest upon us. Very well. And pray whither are you going at this Time of Night? To take the Air, an't like your Worship, answer'd the other. Good, said *Sancho*, and where do they take the Air in this Island? Where it blows, said the Youth. A very proper Answer, cry'd *Sancho*. You are a very pretty impudent Fellow, that's the Truth on't. But pray make Account that I am the Air, or the Wind, which you please, and that I blow in your Poesy, and drive you to the Round-house.—Here—take him and carry him away thither to rights: I'll take Care the youngster shall sleep out of the Air to Night; he might catch Cold else by lying abroad. Before *George*, said the Young-man, you shall as soon make me a King as make me sleep out of the Air to Night. Why, you young Slip-string,

said

said *Sancho*, is it not in my Power to commit thee  
 to Prison, and fetch thee out again as often as 'tis  
 my Will and Pleasure? For all your Power, an-  
 swer'd the Fellow, you shan't make me sleep in  
 Prison. Say you so, cry'd *Sancho*, Here, away with  
 him to Prison, and let him see to his Cost who is  
 mistaken, he or I; and lest the Jaylor should be  
 pleas'd in the Fift to let him out, I'll fine him two  
 Thousand Ducats if he let thee stir a Foot out of  
 Prison. All that's a Jest said the other; for I defy  
 all Mankind to make me sleep this Night in a Pri-  
 son. Tell me, Devil incarnate, said *Sancho*, hast  
 thou some Angel to take off the Irons, I'll have thee  
 clapp'd in, and get thee out? Well, now, my good  
 Lord Governor (said the young Man very prettily)  
 let us talk Reason and come to the Point. Suppose  
 your Lordship should send me to Jail, and get me  
 laid by the Heels in the Dungeon, shackl'd and  
 manacl'd, and lay a heavy Penalty on the Jaylor in  
 Case he let me out; and suppose your Orders be  
 strictly obey'd; yet for all that, if I have no Mind  
 to sleep, but will keep awake all Night, without so  
 much as shutting my Eyes, pray can you, with all  
 the Power you have, make me sleep whether I will  
 or no? No certainly, said the Secretary, and the  
 young Man has made out his Meaning. Well said  
*Sancho*, but I hope you mean to keep your self a-  
 wake, only as one would chuse to sleep if he lists  
 himself, and not to thwart my Will. I mean no-  
 thing else indeed, my Lord, said the Lad. Why  
 then go Home and sleep, quoth *Sancho*, and Heaven  
 send thee good Rest. I'll not be thy Hind'rance,  
 But have a Care another Time of sporting with Ju-  
 stice; for you may meet with some Man in an Of-  
 fice that may chance to break your Head while you  
 are breaking your Jest. The Youth went his Way,  
 and the Governor continu'd his Rounds.

A while



A while after came two of the Officers, bringing a Person along with them. My Lord Governor, said one of 'em, we have brought here one that's dress'd like a Man, yet is no Man, but a Female, and no ugly one neither. Thereupon they lifted up to her Eyes two or three Lanthorns, and by their Light discovered the Face of a Woman about Sixteen Years of Age, beautiful to Admiration, with her Hair put up in a Network Cawle of Gold and green Silk. They examin'd her Dress from Head to Foot, and found that her Stockings were of Carnation-Silk, and her Garters of white Taffeta, fring'd with Gold and Pearls. Her Breeches were of Gold Tissue, upon a green Ground, and her Coat of the same Stuff; under which she wore a Doublet of very fine Stuff gold and white. Her Shoes were white, and made like Mens. She had no Sword, but only a very rich Dagger, and several costly Rings on her Fingers. In a Word the young Creature seem'd very lovely to 'em all, but not one of 'em knew her. Those of the Company who liv'd in the Town could not imagine who she was; and those who were privy to all the Tricks that were to be put upon *Sancho*, were more at a loss than the rest, well knowing that this Adventure was not of their own contriving; which made 'em be in great Expectation of the Event. *Sancho* was surpriz'd at her Beauty, and ask'd her who she was, whither she was going, and upon what Account she had put on such a Dress? She said she, (fixing her Eyes on the Ground with a decent Bashfulness) I can't tell you before so many People what I have so much Reason to wish may be kept secret. Only this one Thing I do assure you I am no Thief, nor evil-minded Person; but an unhappy Maid, whom the Force of Jealousie has constrain'd to transgress the Laws of Maiden Decency. The Steward hearing this, My Lord Go-

verno

Governor, said he, be pleas'd to order your Attendants to retire, that the Gentlewoman may more freely tell her Mind. The Governor did accordingly, and all the Company remov'd at a Distance, except the Steward, the Gentleman-waiter, and the Secretary; and then the young Lady thus proceeded.

I am the Daughter of *Pedro Perez Mazorca*, Farmer of the Wool in this Town, who comes very often to my Father's House. This will hardly pass, Madam, said the Steward; for I know *Pedro Perez* very well, and I am sure he has neither Sons nor Daughters: Besides, you tell us he's your Father, and at the same Time that he comes very often to your Father's House. I observ'd as much, said *Sancho*. Indeed, Gentlemen, said she, I am now so troubl'd in Mind, that I know not what I say. But the Truth is, I am the Daughter of *Diego de la Llana*, whom I suppose you all know. Now this may pass, said the Steward, for I know *Diego de la Llana*, who is a very considerable Gentleman, has a good Estate, and a Son and a Daughter. But since his Wife dy'd, no Body in this Town can say he ever saw that Daughter, for he keeps her so close that he hardly suffers the Sun to look on her; though indeed the common Report is, that she is an extraordinary Beauty. You say very true, Sir, reply'd the young Lady; and I am that very Daughter; as for my Beauty, if Fame has given a wrong Character of it, you will now be undeceiv'd, since you have seen my Face; and with this she burst out into Tears. The Secretary perceiving this, whisper'd the Gentleman-Waiter in the Ear: Sure, said he, some extraordinary Matter must have happen'd to this poor young Lady, since it could oblige one of her Quality to come out of Doors in this Disguise, and at this unseasonable Hour. That's without Question, answer'd the other; for her  
Tears

Tears too confirm the Suspicion. *Sancho* comforted her with the best Reasons he could think on; and bid her not be afraid, but tell 'em what had befall'n her, for they would all really do whatever lay in their Powers to make her easie.

You must know, Gentlemen, said she, that 'tis now Ten Years that my Father has kept me close ever since my Mother dy'd. We have a small Chapel richly adorn'd, in the House, where we hear Mass; and in all that Time I have seen nothing but the Sun by Day, and the Moon and Stars by Night; neither do I know what Streets, Squares, Market-places and Churches are; no nor Men, except my Father, my Brother, and that *Pedro Perez* the Wool-Farmer, whom I at first would have pass'd upon you for my Father, that I might conceal the right. This Confinement (not being allow'd to stir abroad, though but to go to Church) has made me uneasie this great While, and made me long to see the World, or at least the Town where I was born, which I thought was no unlawful or unseemly Desire. When I heard 'em talk of Bull-Feasts, Prizes, acting of Plays, and other publick Sports, I ask'd my Brother, who is a Year younger than I, what they meant by those Things, and a World of others, which I have not seen; and he inform'd me as well as he could: But that made me but the more eager to be satisfy'd by my own Eyes. In short, I begg'd of my Brother—I wish I never had done it—and here she relaps'd into Tears. The Steward perceiving it, come, Madam, said he, pray proceed, and make an End of telling us what has happen'd to you; for your Words and your Tears keep us all in Suspence. I have but few Words more to add, answer'd she, but many more Tears to shed; for they are commonly the Fruit of such imprudent Desires.

That

That Gentleman of the Duke's, who acted the part of *Sancho's* Sewer, or Gentleman-Waiter, and was smitten with the young Lady's Charms, could not forbear lifting up his Lanthorn to get another look; and as he view'd her with a Lover's Eyes, the Tears that trickl'd down her Cheeks seem'd to him so many Pearls, or some of the heavenly Dew on a fair drooping Flower, precious as oriental Gems. This made him wish that the Misfortune might not be so great as her Sighs and Tears bespoke it. As for the Governor, he stood fretting to hear her hang so long upon her Story; and therefore bid her make an End, and keep 'em no longer thus, for it was late, and they had a great deal of Ground to walk over yet. Thereupon with broken words and half-fetch'd Sighs, Sir, said she, all my Misfortune is, that I desir'd my Brother to lend me some of his Cloaths, and that he would take me out some Night or other to see all the Town, while our Father was asleep. Importun'd by my Intreaties, he consented, and having lent me his Cloaths, he put on mine, which fit him as if they had been made for him; for he has no Beard at all, and makes a mighty handsome Woman. So this very Night, about an Hour ago, we got out, and being guided by my Father's Foot-boy and our own unchastely Desires, we took a Ramble over the whole Town; and as we were going Home, we perceiv'd a great Number of People coming our Way; whereupon, said my Brother, Sister, this is certainly the Watch; follow me, and let us not only run, but fly as fast as we can, for if we should be known, it would be the worse for us. With that he fell a running as fast as if he had Wings to his Feet. I fell a running too, but was so frightened that I fell down before I had gone half a Dozen Steps; and then a Man overtook me, and brought me before you, and this Croud of People, by whom, to my Shame,

Shame, I am taken for an ill Creature; a bold inscreeet Night-walker. And has nothing befall'n you by this, cry'd *Sancho*? You talk'd at first of some Jealousie that had set you a gadding. Nothing else, indeed, answer'd the Damsel; though I pretend Jealousie; I ventur'd out on no other Account but a little to see the World, and that too no further than the Streets of this Town. All this was afterwards confirm'd by her Brother, who now was brought by some of the Watch, one of whom had at last overtaken him, after he had left his Sister. He had nothing on but a very rich Petticoat, and a blue Damask Manteau, with a gold Galloon; his Head without any Ornament but his own Hair that hung down in natural Curls like so many Rings of Gold. The Governor, the Steward, and a Gentleman-waiter took him aside, and after they had examined him a-part, why he had put on that Dress, he gave the same Answer his Sister had done, and with no less Bashfulness and Concern, much to the Satisfaction of the Gentleman-waiter, who was much smitten with the young Lad's Charms.

As for the Governor, after he had heard the whole Matter, Truly, Gentlefolks, said he, here's a little Piece of childish Folly. And to give an Account of this wild Frolick, and slip of Youth, they needed not all these Sighs and Tears, nor the Hems and Haugh's, and long Excuses. Could you without any more ado, as well have said, our Names are so and so, and we stole out of our Father's House for an Hour or two, only to ramble about the Town, and satisfy a little Curiosity, and there had been an End of the Story, without all this Weeping and Wailing? You say very well, said the young Damsel, but you may imagine that in this Trouble and Fright I was in, I could not behave my self as I should have done. Well, said *Sancho*, there's no harm done; go along with us, and we'll



See you home to your Father's, perhaps you mayn't yet be miss'd. But have a Care how you gad Abroad to see Fashions another Time. Don't be too venturesome. An honest Maid should be still at Home, as if she had one Leg broken. A Hen and a Woman are lost by Rambling; and she that longs to see, longs also to be seen. I need say no more.

The young Gentleman thank'd the Governor for his Civility, and then went Home under his Conduct. Being come to the House, the young Spark threw a little Stone against one of the Iron-barr'd Windows; and presently a Maid-Servant who sat up for 'em came down, open'd the Door, and let him and his Sister in.

The Governor with his Company then, continu'd his Rounds, talking all the Way they went of the genteel Carriage and Beauty of the Brother and Sister, and the great Desire these poor Children had to see the World by Night.

As for the Gentleman-waiter, he was so passionately in Love, that he resolv'd to go the next Day, and demand her of her Father in Marriage, not doubting but the old Gentleman would comply with him, as he was one of the Duke's principal servants. On the other Side, *Sancho* had a great mind to strike a Match between the young Man and his Daughter *Santhica*; and he resolv'd to bring it about as soon as possible; believing no Man's Son could think himself too good for a Governor's Daughter. At last his Round ended for that Night, and his Government two or three days after, which also put an End to all his great designs and Expectations, as shall be seen hereafter.

## C H A P. I.

*Who the Enchanters and Executioners were that whipp'd the Duena, and pinch'd and scratch'd Don Quixote; with the Success of the Page that carried Sancho's Letter to his Wife Teresa Pança.*

**C**ID Hamet, the most punctual Enquirer into the minutest Particles of this Authentic History, relates, that when *Donna Rodriguez* was going out of her Chamber to *Don Quixote's* Apartment, another old Waiting-woman that lay with her perceiv'd it: And as one of the chief Pleasures of all those female Implements consists in enquiring, prying, and running their Noses into every Thing, she presently watch'd her Fellow-Servant's Motions, and follow'd her so cautiously, that the good Woman did not discover it. Now *Donna Rodriguez* was no sooner got into the Knight's Chamber, but the other, lest she shou'd forfeit her Character of a true tattling Waiting-woman, flew to tell the Dutchesse in her Ear, that *Donna Rodriguez* was in *Don Quixote's* Chamber. The Dutchesse told the Duke, and having got his Leave to take *Altisidora* with her, and go to satisfy her Curiosity about this Night-Visit, they very silently crept along in the Dark, till they came to *Don Quixote's* Door, and as they stood listening there, over-heard very easily every Word they said within. So that when the Dutchesse heard her leaky Woman set the Secret of her Imperfection adrift, she was not able to contain, nor was *Altisidora* less provok'd. Full of Rage, and greedy of Revenge, they rush'd into the Chamber, and beat the *Duena*, and claw'd the Knight, as has been related. For those affronts

Express

expressions that are levell'd against the Beauty of Women, or the good Opinion of themselves, raise their Anger and Indignation to the highest Degree, and incense them to a Desire of Revenge.

The Dutchess diverted the Duke with an Account of what had pass'd, and having a mighty Mind to continue the Merriment which Don Quixote's extravagancies afforded 'em, the Page that acted the Part of *Dulcinea* when 'twas propos'd to end her enchantment, was dispatch'd away to *Teresa Pança*, with a Letter from her Husband, (for *Sancho*, having his Head full of his Government, had quite forgot to do it) and at the same time the Dutchess sent another from herself, with a large costly String of Coral, as a Present.

Now the Story tells us, that the Page was a sharp and ingenious Lad, and being very desirous to please his Lord and Lady, made the best of his way to *Sancho's* Village. When he came near the Place, he saw a Company of Females washing at a Brook, and ask'd 'em, whether they could inform him, where lived not in that Town a Woman whose name was *Teresa Pança*, Wife to one *Sancho Pança*, who enquire to a Knight call'd Don Quixote de la Mancha? He had no sooner ask'd the Question, but a young Maidsen, that was washing among the rest, stood up: and said, That *Teresa Pança* is my Mother, quoth she; That *Sancho* is my nown Father, and that same Knight our Master. Well then, Damsel, said the Page, pray go along with me, and bring me to your Mother; for I have a Letter and a Token here from your Father. That I will with all my heart, Sir, said the Girl, who seem'd to be about thirteen Years of Age, little more or less; and with that leaving the Cloaths she was Washing to her Companions, without staying to dress her Head or put on her Shoes, away she sprung before the Page's Horse, bare-legg'd, and with her

Hair about her Ears. Come along an't please you quoth she, our House is hard by; 'tis but just as you come into the Town, and my Mother's at Home, but brim full of Sorrow, poor Soul, for she has not heard from my Father I don't know how long. Well, said the Page, I bring those Tidings that will chear her Heart, I warrant her. At last, what with Leaping, Running, and Jumping, the Girl being come to the House, Mother Mother, (cry'd she as loud as she could, before she went in) come out, Mother, come out; here's a Gentleman has brought Letters and Tokens from my Father. At that Summons, out came the Mother, spinning a Lock of coarse Flax, with a Ruff set Petticoat about her, so short that it look'd as if it had been cut off at the Placket; a Wastecoat of the same, and her Smock hanging loose about her. Take her otherwise, she was none of the oldest but look'd somewhat turn'd of Forty, strong built, sinewy, hale, vigorous, and in good Case. When the Matter, Girl (quoth she, seeing her Daughter with the Page) What Gentleman is that? A Servant of your Ladyship's, my Lady *Teresa* answered the Page; and at the same Time alighting, and throwing himself at her Feet with the most humble Submission; My noble Lady *Don Teresa*, said he, permit me the Honour to kiss your Ladyship's Hand, as you are the only legitimate Wife of my Lord *Don Sancho Panza*, proper Governor of the Island of *Barataria*. Alack a day, good Sir, quoth *Teresa*, what d'you do? By no Means I am none of your Court-Dames, but a poor simple Country Body, a Plough-man's Daughter, the Wife indeed of a Squire-Errant, but no Governor. Your Ladyship, reply'd the Page, is the most worthy Wife of a thrice-worthy Governor; for Proof of what I say, be pleas'd to receive this Letter, and this present, with that he took out

is Pocket a String of Coral Beads set in Gold, and putting it about her Neck, This Letter, said he, is from his Honour the Governor, and another that I have for you, together with these Beads, from my Grace the Lady Dutchess, that sent me to your Ladyship.

*Teresa* stood amaz'd, and her Daughter was transported. Now I'll be hang'd, quoth the young Page. If our Master, Don *Quixote*, be not at the bottom of this. Ay, this is his doing. He has given my Father that same Government or Earldom he has promis'd him so many Times. You say right, answer'd the Page: 'Tis for the Lord Don *Quixote*'s sake that the Lord *Sancho* is now Governor of the Island of *Barataria*, as the Letter will inform you. Good Sir, quoth *Teresa*, read it me, I don't like your Worship; for tho' I can spin, I can't read a Jot: Nor I neither e'fackins, cry'd *Saenchica*, but do but stay a little, and I'll go fetch one that shall; either the Batchelour *Samson Carrasco*, or our Parson himself, who'll come with all their Hearts, to hear News of my Father. You may spare yourself the Trouble, said the Page; for though I cannot spin, yet I can read; and I'll read it to ye: With that he read the Letter, which is now omitted, because it has been inserted before. That done, he pull'd out another from the Dutchess, which runs as follows.

Friend *Teresa*,

YOur Husband *Sancho*'s good Parts, his Wit and Honesty, oblig'd me to desire the Duke my Husband to bestow on him the Government of one of his Islands. I am inform'd he is as sharp as a Hawk in his Office; for which I am very glad, as well as my Lord Duke, and return Heaven many Thanks, that I have not been deceiv'd in making Choice of him for that Preferment



For you must know, Signiora Teresa, 'tis a difficult Thing to meet with a good Governor in this World; and may Heaven make me as good as Sancho proves in his Government.

I have sent you, my Dear Friend, a String of Coral Beads, set in Gold; I could wish they were Oriental Pearls for your Sake; but a small Token may not hinder a great one. The Time will come when we shall be better acquainted, and when we have convers'd together, you will know what may come to pass? Commend me to your Daughter Sanchica, and bid her from me to be in Readiness; for I design to marry her greatly when she least thinks of it.

I understand you have fine large Acorns in your Town; pray send me a Dozen or two of 'em, I shall set a great Value upon 'em, as coming from your Hands. And pray let me have a good long Letter, to let me know how you do; and if you have Occasion for any Thing, 'tis but ask and have; I shall even know your Meaning by your Calling. So Heaven preserve you.

From this  
Castle.

Your Loving Friend,

The Dutchess

Bless me, quoth Teresa, when she had heard the Letter, what a good Lady's this! Not a Bit of Pride in her! Heaven grant me to be buried with such Ladies, and not with such proud Madams as we have in our Town, who because they are Gentle folks forsooth, think the Wind must not blow upon 'em, but come flaunting to Church, as stately as they were Queens. It seems they think it Scandalous to look on a poor Country Woman: But look you here's a good Lady, who, tho' she be a Dutchess, calls me her Friend, and uses me as if I were as high as her self. Well, may I see her as high as the highest Steeple in the whole Country! As for the

he Acorns she writes for, Master o' mine, I'll send her good Ladyship a whole Peck, and such swining Acorns, that every Body shall come to admire 'em far and near. And now, *Sancho*, see that the Gentleman be made welcome, and want for nothing. Take Care of his Horse. Run to the Stable, get some Eggs, cut some Bacon; he shall fare like a Prince: The rare News he has brought us, and his good Looks deserve no less. Mean while I'll among my Neighbours; I can't hold. I must run and tell 'em the News; our good Curate too shall know it, and Master *Nicholas* the Barber; for they have all along been thy Father's Friends. Ay, so, Mother, said the Daughter; but hark you, you must give me half the Beads; for I dare say the great Lady knows better Things than to give 'em all to you. 'Tis all thy own, Child, cry'd the Mother; but let me wear it a few Days about my Neck; for thou can'st not think how it rejoices the very Heart of me. You will rejoice more presently, said the Page, when you see what I have got in my Portmantle; a fine Suit of Green Cloth, which the Governor wore but one Day a Hunting, and has here sent to my Lady *Sancho*. Oh the Lord love him, cry'd *Sancho*, and the fine Gentleman that brings it me.

Presently, away ran *Teresa* with the Beads about her Neck, and the Letters in her Hand, all the while playing with her Fingers on the Papers, (as if they had been a Timbrel) and meeting by chance the Curate and the Batchelor *Carraasco*, she fell a dancing and frisking about; Faith and Troth, cry'd she, we are all made now. Not one small Body in all our Kindred. We have got a poor Thing call'd a Government. And now let the proudest of 'em all toss up her Nose at me, and I'll give her as good as she brings, I'll make her know her Distance. How now, *Teresa*, said the Curate?

What

What mad Fit is this? What Papers are those in your Hand? No mad Fit at all, answer'd *Teresa*; but these are Letters from Dutchessees and Governors, and these Beads about my Neck are right Coral, the *Ave-Mary's* I mean, and the *Pater-Nosters* are of beaten Gold, and here's Madam Governesse herself. Verily, said the Curate, there's no understanding you, *Teresa*; we don't know what you mean. There's that will clear the Riddle, quoth *Teresa*, and with that she gave 'em the Letters. Thereupon the Curate having read 'em aloud, that *Sampson Carrasco* might also be inform'd, they both stood and look'd on one another, and were more at a Loss than before. The Batchelor ask'd her who brought the Letter? *Teresa* told them they might go home with her and see; 'twas a sweet handsome young Man, as fine as any Thing; and that he had brought her another Present worth twice as much. The Curate took the String of Beads from her Neck, and view'd it several times over, and finding that it was a Thing of Value, he could not conceive the Meaning of all this. By the Habit that I wear, cry'd he, I cannot tell what to think of this Business. In the first Place, I am convinc'd these Beads are right Coral and Gold; and in the next, here's a Dutchesse sends to beg a dozen or two of Acorns. Crack that Nut if you can, said *Sampson Carrasco*. But come, let's go see the Messenger, and probably he'll clear our Doubts.

Thereupon going with *Teresa*, they found the Page sitting a little Corn for his Horse, and *Sancho* cutting a Rasher of Bacon to be fry'd with Eggs for his Dinner. They both lik'd the Page's Meen and his Garb, and after the usual Compliments, *Sampson* desir'd him to tell 'em some News of Don *Quixote*, and *Sancho Pansa*; for tho' they had read a Letter from the latter to his Wife, and another from the Dutchesse, they were no better than

Riddle

Riddles to 'em, nor could they imagine how *Sancho* should come by a Government, especially of an Island, well knowing that all the Islands in the *Mediterranean*, or the greatest Part of 'em, were the King's.

Gentlemen, answer'd the Page, 'tis a certain Truth, that Signior *Sancho Pança* is a Governor, but whether it be of an Island or not, I do not pretend to determine: But this I can assure you, that he commands in a Town that has above a Thousand Inhabitants. And as for my Lady Dutchess's sending to a Country-woman for a few Acorns, that's no such Wonder; for she is so free from Pride, that I have known her send to borrow a Comb of one of her Neighbours. You must know, our Ladies of *Arragon*, tho' they are as noble as those of *Castile*, do not stand so much upon Formalities and Punctilio's; neither do they take so much State upon 'em; but treat People with more Familiarity.

While they were thus discoursing, in came *Sancho* skipping, with her Lap full of Eggs; and turning to the Page, pray Sir, quoth she, by chance, does my Father wear Trunk-Breeches now he's a Governor? Truly, said the Page, I never minded it, but without doubt he does. Oh Gemini, cry'd the young Wench, what would not I give to see my Father in his Trunk-Hose? Is it not a strange Thing, that ever since I can remember my self, I have wish'd to see my Father in Trunk-Breeches. You'll see him as you'd have him, said the Page, if your Ladyship does but live. Odsfish, if his Government holds but two Months, you'll see him go with an Umbrella over his Head.

The Curate and the Batchelor plainly perceiv'd that the Page did but laugh at the Mother and the Daughter; but yet the costly String of Beads, and the Hunting Suit, which by this Time *Teresa* had

let 'em see, confounded 'em again. In the mean while they could not forbear smiling at *Sancho's* odd Fancy, and much less at what her Mother said. Good Master Curate, quoth she, do so much as enquire whether any of our Neighbours are going to *Madrid* or *Toledo*. I'd have 'em buy me a hugeous Farthingale, of the best cut courtly Fashion, and the very finest that can be got for Money; for by my Holy Dame, I mean to credit my Husband's Government the best I can; and if they vex me I'll hie me to that same Court, and ride in my Coach too as well as the best of 'em; for she that is a Governor's Lady may very well afford to have one. O rare Mother, cry'd *Sancho*, would 'twere to Night before to Morrow. May hap, when they saw me sitting in our Coach by my Lady Mother, they would jeer and flout; Look, look, would they say, yonder's Goody Trollop, the Plough-jobber's Bearn! How she flaunts it, and goes ye lolling in her Coach like a little Pope *Jean*. But what would I care? Let 'em trudge on in the Dirt, while I ride by in my Coach. Shame and ill-Luck go along with all your little back-biting Scrubs. Let 'em laugh that win; the curs'd Fox thrives the better. Am I not in the Right, Mother? Ay, marry art thou, Child, quoth *Teresa*; and indeed my good Honey *Sancho* has often told me, all these good Things and many more would come to pass; and thou shalt see, Daughter, I'll never rest till I get to be a Countess. There must be a Beginning in all Things, and as I have heard it said by thy Father, who's also the Father of Proverbs, when a Cow's given thee, run and take her with a Halter. When they give thee a Government, take it, when an Earldom, catch it; and when they whistle to thee with a good Gift, snap at it. That which is good to give is good to take, Girl. 'Twere a pretty Fancy, trow, to lie snoring a Bed, and when Good-Luck

knocks,



knocks, not to rise and open the Door. Ay, quoth *Sancho*, what is't to me, tho' they should say all they've a Mind to say. When they see me so tearing fine, and so woundy great, let 'em spit their Venom, and say, set a Beggar a Horse-back, and so forth. Who would not think, said the Curate, hearing this, but that the whole Race of the *Panças* came into the World with their Paunches stuff'd with Proverbs. I never knew one of the Name but threw 'em out at all Times, let the Discourse be what it would. I think so too, said the Page; for his Honour the Governor blunders 'em out at every Turn, many Times indeed wide from the Purpose; however, always to the Satisfaction of the Company, and with high Applause from my Lord and my Lady. Then Sir, you assure us still, said *Carraſco*, that *Sancho* is really a Governor; and that a Dutcheſs ſends theſe Preſents and Letters upon his Account; for tho' we ſee the Things, and read the Letters, we can ſcarce prevail with our ſelves to believe; but are apt to run into our Friend Don *Quixote's* Opinion, and look on all this as the Effect of ſome Inchantment: So that I could find in my Heart to feel and try whether you are a viſionary Meſſenger, or a Creature of Fleſh and Blood. For my Part, Gentlemen, answer'd the Page, all I can tell ye, is, that I am really the Meſſenger I appear to be, that the Lord *Sancho Pança* is actually a Governor, and that the Duke and the Dutcheſs to whom I belong, are able to give, and have given him that Government, where I am credibly inform'd. he behaves himſelf moſt worthily. Now if there be any Inchantment in the Matter, I leave you to examine that; for by the Life of my Parents, one of the greateſt Oaths I can utter, for they are both alive, and I love 'em dearly, I know no more of the Buſineſs. That may be ſaid the Batchelor, but yet *dubitat Auguſtinus*.

*Gustinus*. You may doubt if you please, reply'd the Page; but I have told you the Truth; which will always prevail over Falshood. and rise uppermost, as Oil does above Water. But if you will *operibus credere, & non verbis*; let one of ye go along with me, and you shall see with your Eyes what you will not believe by the Help of your Ears. I'll go with all my Heart, quoth *Sanchica*; take me up behind ye, Sir; I've a huge Mind to see my Father. The Daughters of Governors, said the Page, must not travel thus unattended, but in Coaches or Litters, and with a handsome Train of Servants. Cud's my Life, quoth *Sanchica*, I can go a Journey as well on an Ass as in one of your Coaches. I am none of your tender squeamish Things, not I. Peace, Chicken, quoth the Mother, thou dost not know what thou say'st, the Gentleman is in the right: Times are alter'd. When 'twas plain *Sancho*, 'twas plain *Sanchica*; but now he's a Governor, thou'rt a Lady. I can't well tell whether I am right or no. My Lady *Teresa* says more than she is aware of, said the Page. But now, continu'd he, give me a Mouthful to eat as soon as you will, for I must go back this Afternoon. Be pleas'd then, Sir said the Curate, to go with me, and partake of a slender Meal at my House; for my Neighbour *Teresa* is more willing than able to entertain so good a Guest. The Page excus'd himself a While, but at last comply'd, being perswaded 'twould be much for the better; and the Curate on his Side was glad of his Company, to have an Opportunity to inform himself at large about Don *Quixote* and his Proceedings. The Batchelor proffer'd *Teresa* to write her Answers to her Letters; but as she look'd upon him to be somewhat waggish, she would not permit him to be of her Counsel; so she gave a Rowl, and a couple of Eggs, to a Young Acolite of the Church, who

could

ould write, and he wrote two Letters for her ;  
ne to her Husband and the other to the Dutcheſs,  
l of her own Indicting, and perhaps not the worſt  
n this famous Hiſtory, as hereafter may be ſeen.

## CHAP. LI.

*A Continuation of Sancho Pança's Govern-  
ment, with other Paſſages, ſuch as they  
are.*

THE Morning of that Day aroſe, which ſuc-  
ceeded the Governor's rounding Night, the  
remainder of which the Gentleman-Waiter ſpent,  
not in Sleep, but in the pleaſing Thoughts of  
the lovely Face, and charming Grace of the diſ-  
cuis'd Virgin ; on the other Side, the Steward  
beſtow'd that Time in Writing to his Lord and  
Lady what *Sancho* did and ſaid ; wondering no leſs  
at his Actions than at his Expreſſions, both which  
diſplay'd a ſtrange Intermixture of Diſcretion and  
ſimplicity.

At laſt the Lord Governor was pleas'd to riſe ;  
and, by Dr. *Pedro Rexio's* Order, they brought him  
for his Breakfaſt a little Conſerve, and a Draught  
of Fair Water, which he would have exchang'd  
with all his Heart for a good Luncheon of Bread,  
and a Bunch of Grapes ; but ſeeing he could not  
help himſelf, he was forc'd to make the beſt of a  
bad Market, and ſeem to be content, tho' full ſore  
againſt his Will and Appetite ; for the Doctör  
made him believe, that to eat but little, and that  
which was dainty, enliven'd the Spirits, and ſharp-  
en'd the Wit, and conſequently ſuch a Sort of Diet  
was moſt proper for Perſons in Authority and  
weighty Employments, wherein there is leſs need  
of the Strength of the Body than of that of the  
Mind,

Mind. This Sophistry serv'd to furnish *Sancho*, who half dead with Hunger, curs'd in his Heart both the Government and him that had given it him. However, hungry as he was, by the Strength of his slender Breakfast, he fail'd not to give Audience that Day; and the first that came before him was a Stranger, who put the following Case to him; the Steward and the rest of the Attendants being present.

My Lord, said he, a large River divides in two Parts one and the same Lordship. I beg your Honour to lend me your Attention, for 'tis a Case of great Importance, and some Difficulty,—Upon this River there is a Bridge; at one End of which there stands a Gallows, and a kind of a Court of Justice where four Judges use to sit, for the Execution of certain Law made by the Lord of the Land and River, which runs thus,

‘Whoever intends to pass from one End of this Bridge to the other, must first upon his Oath declare whither he goes, and what his Business is. If he swear Truth, he may go on; but if he swear false, he shall be hang'd, and dye without Remission upon the Gibbet at the End of the Bridge.

After due Promulgation of this Law, many People, notwithstanding its Severity, adventur'd to go over this Bridge, and as it appear'd they sworn Truth, the Judges permitted 'em to pass unmolested. It happen'd one Day that a certain Passenger being sworn, declar'd, that by the Oath he had taken, he was come to dye upon that Gallows, and that was all his Business.

This put the Judges to a Nonplus; for, said they, If we let this Man pass freely, he is forsworn, and according to the Letter of the Law he ought to dye. If we hang him, he has sworn Truth, seeing he swore he was to dye on that Gibbet; and then by the same Law we should let him pass.



Now your Lordship's Judgment is desir'd, what the Judges ought to do with this Man? For they are still at a stand, not knowing what to determine in this Case; and having been inform'd of your sharp Wit, and great Capacity in resolving difficult Questions, they sent me to beseech your Lordship in their Names, to give your Opinion in so intricate and knotty a Case.

To deal plainly with you, answer'd *Sancho*, Those worshipful Judges that sent you hither, might as well have spar'd themselves the Labour; for I am more inclin'd to Dullness I assure you than Sharpness: However, let me hear your Question once more, that I may thoroughly understand it, and perhaps I may at last hit the Nail o'the Head. The Man repeated the Question again and again; and when he had done, To my thinking, said *Sancho*, this Question may be presently answer'd; as thus, the Man swore he came to dye on the Gibbet, and if he dies there, he swore Truth, and according to the Law he ought to be free, and go over the Bridge. On the other Side, if you don't hang him, he swore false, and by the same Law he ought to be hang'd. 'Tis as your Lordship says, reply'd the Stranger, you have stated the Case right. Why then, said *Sancho*, ev'n let that Part of the Man that swore true, freely pass; and hang the other Part of the Man that swore false, and so the Law will be fulfill'd. But then my Lord, reply'd the Stranger, the Man must be divided into two Parts, which if we do, he certainly dies, and the Intent of the Law, which must be observ'd, is not put in Execution.

Well, hark you me, honest Man, said *Sancho*, either I am a Codshead, or there is as much Reason to put this same Person you talk of to Death as to let him live and pass the Bridge; for if the Truth saves him, the Lye casts him as well. Now the Case stands thus, I would have you tell those Gentle-  
men



men that sent you to me, since there's as much Reason to bring him off, as to condemn him, that they e'en let him go free; for 'tis always more commendable to do Good than Hurt. And this I would give you under my own Hand, if I could write. Nor do I speak this of my own Head; but I remember one Precept, among many others, that my Master Don *Quixote* gave me the Night before I went to govern this Island, which was, that when the Scale of Justice is even, or a Case is doubtful we should prefer Mercy before Rigour; and it has pleas'd God I should call it to Mind so luckily in this Instance. For my Part, said the Steward, this Judgment seems to me so equitable, that I do not believe *Lycurgus* himself, who gave Laws to the *Lacedaemonians*, could ever have decided the Matter better than the great *Sancho* has so done.

And now, Sir, sure there's enough done for this Morning; be pleas'd to adjourn the Court, and I'll give Order that the Governor may dine to his Heart's Content. Well said, cry'd *Sancho*, that's all I want, and then a clear Stage, and no Favour. Feed me well, and then ply me with Cases and Questions thick and threefold; you shall see me untwist 'em, and lay 'em open as clear as the Sun.

The Steward was as good as his Word, believing it would be a Burthen to his Conscience to famish so wise a Governor; besides, he intended the next Night to put into Practice the last Trick, which he had Commission to pass upon him.

Now *Sancho* having plentifully din'd that Day in spite of all the Aphorisms of Doctor *Tirteafuera*, when the Cloath was remov'd, in came an Express with a Letter from Don *Quixote* to the Governor. *Sancho* order'd the Secretary to read it to himself, and if there were nothing in it for secret Perusal, then to read it aloud. The Secretary having first run it over accordingly, my Lord, said he

the Letter may not only be publickly read but deserves to be engrav'd in Characters of Gold; and thus it is.

Don Quixote de la Mancha to Sancho Pança,  
Governor of the Island of Barataria.

WHEN I expected to have had an Account of thy Carelesness and Impertinences, Friend *Sancho*, I was agreeably disappointed with News of thy wise Behaviour; for which I return particular Thanks to Heaven, that can raise the lowest from their Poverty, and turn the Fool into a Man of Sense. I hear thou governest with all the Discretion of a Man; and that, while thou approv'st thy self one, thou retainest the Humility of the meanest Creatures. But I desire thee to observe, *Sancho*, that 'tis many Times very necessary and convenient to thwart the Humility of the Heart, for the better Support of the Authority of a Place. For the Ornament of a Person that is advanc'd to an eminent Post, must be answerable to its Greatness, and not debas'd to the Inclination of his former Meanness. Let thy Apparel be neat and handsome; even a Stake well dress'd does not look like a Stake. I would not have thee wear foppish, gaudy Things; nor affect the Garb of a Soldier, in the Circumstances of a Magistrate; but let thy Dress be suitable to thy Degree, and always clean and decent.

To gain the Hearts of thy People, among other Things, I have two chiefly to recommend. One is, to be affable, courteous, and fair to all the World; I have already told thee of that: And the other, to take Care that Plenty of Provisions be never wanting, for nothing afflicts or urges more the Spirits of the Poor, than Scarcity and Hunger.

' Do

' Do not put out many new Orders, and if thou  
 ' dost put out any, see that they be wholesome and  
 ' good, and especially that they be strictly observ'd  
 ' for, Laws not well obey'd, are no better than  
 ' they were not made, and only shew that the  
 ' Prince who had the Wisdom and Authority to  
 ' make 'em, had not Resolution to see 'em execu-  
 ' ted; and Laws that only threaten, and are not  
 ' kept, become like the Log that was given to the  
 ' Frogs to be their King, which they fear'd at first  
 ' but soon scorn'd and traml'd down.

' Be a Father to Virtue, but a Father-in-law to  
 ' Vice. Be not always severe, nor always merciful;  
 ' chuse a Mean between these two Extreame; for  
 ' in that middle Point is the Center of Discretion.

' Visit the Prisons, the Shambles, and the pub-  
 ' lick Markets, for the Governor's Presence is high-  
 ' ly necessary in such Places.

' Comfort the Prisoners that expect to be  
 ' quickly dispatch'd.

' Be a Terror to the Butchers, that they may be  
 ' fair in their Weights, and keep Hucksters and  
 ' fraudulent Dealers in Awe, for the same Reason.

' Should'st thou unhappily be inclin'd to be co-  
 ' vetous, given to Women, or a Glutton, as I hope  
 ' thou art not, avoid shewing thy self guilty of  
 ' those Vices; for when the Town, and those that  
 ' come near thee have discover'd thy Weakness  
 ' they'll be sure to try thee on that Side, and  
 ' tempt thee to thy everlasting Ruin.

' Read over and over, and seriously consider the  
 ' Admonitions and Documents I gave thee in Writ-  
 ' ting before thou went'st to thy Government, and  
 ' thou wilt find the Benefit of it, in all those Diffi-  
 ' culties and Emergencies that so frequently attend  
 ' the Function of a Governor.

' Write to thy Lord and Lady, and shew thy self  
 ' grateful; for Ingratitude is the Off-spring of Pride

and one of the worst Corruptions of the Mind ; whereas he that is thankful to his Benefactors, gives a Testimony that he will be so to God, who has done, and continually does him so much good.

My Lady Dutchess's dispatch'd a Messenger on purpose to thy Wife *Teresa*, with thy Hunting Suit, and another Present. We expect his Return every Moment.

I have been somewhat out of Order, by a certain Cat-Encounter I had lately, not much to the Advantage of my Nose ; but all that's nothing, for if there are Negromancers that misuse me, there are others ready to defend me.

Send me Word whether the Steward that is with thee had any hand in the Business of the Countess of *Trifaldi*, as thou wert once of Opinion ; and let me also have an Account of whatever befalls thee, since the Distance between us is so small. I have Thoughts of leaving this idle Life e'er long ; for I was not born for Luxury and Ease.

A Business has offer'd, that I believe will make me lose the Duke and Dutchess's Favour ; but though I am heartily sorry for't, that does not alter my Resolution ; for, after all, I owe more to my Profession than to Complaisance, and as the Saying is, *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas*. I send thee this Scrap of *Latin*, flattering my self that since thou cam'st to be a Governor thou may'st have learn'd that Language. Farewel, and Heaven keep thee above the Pity of the World.

Thy Friend,

*Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

*Sancho*

*Sancho* gave great Attention to the Letter, and it was highly applauded both for Sense and Integrity, by every Body that heard it. After that he rose from Table, and calling the Secretary, went without any further Delay, and lock'd himself up with him in his Chamber, to write an Answer to his Master *Don Quixote*. He order'd the Scribe to set down Word for Word what he dictated, without adding or diminishing the least Thing. Which being strictly observ'd, this was the Tenor of the Letter.

*Sancho Pança* to *Don Quixote de la Mancha*

I Am so taken up with Business, that I han't Time to scratch my Head, or pare my Nails, which is the Reason they are so long. God help me! I tell you this, dear Master of mine, that you may not marvel, why I han't yet let you know whether it goes well or ill with me in this same Government, where I am more hunger-starv'd than when you and I wander'd through Woods and Wilderesses.

My Lord Duke wrote to me t'other Day, to inform me of some Spies that were got into this Island to kill me. But as yet I have discover'd none but a certain Doctor, hir'd by the Islanders to kill all the Governors that come near it. They call him *Dr. Pedro Rezio de Agüero*, and he was born at *Tirte a feura*, his Name is enough to make me fear he'll be the Death of me. This same Doctor says of himself, that he does not cure Diseases when you have 'em; but when you have 'em not; he only pretends to keep 'em from coming. The Physick he uses, is Fasting upon Fasting, till he turns a Body to a meer Skeleton, as if to be wasted to Skin and Bones were not as bad as a Fever. In short, he starves me to Death; so that when I thought, as being a Governor, to have



have my Belly full of good hot Viſuals, and cool Liquor, and to refresh my Body in Holland Sheets, and on a ſoft Feather-Bed, I am come to do Pennance like a Hermit; and as I do it unwillingly, I am afraid the Devil will have me at laſt.

' All this While I have not yet ſo much as ſinger'd the leaſt Penny of Money, either for Fees, Bribes, or any Thing; and how it comes to be no better with me, I can't for my Soul imagine; for I have heard by the bye, that the Governors who come to this Iſland are wont to have a very good Gift, or at leaſt a very round Sum lent 'em by the Town before they enter: And they ſay too, that this is the uſual Cuſtom, not only here, but in other Places.

' Laſt Night going my Rounds, I met with a mighty handſome Damiel in Boy's Cloaths, and a Brother of hers in Woman's Apparel. My Gentleman-Waiter fell in Love with the Girl, and intends to make her his Wife, as he ſays. As for the Youth I have pitch'd upon him to be my Son-in-Law. To Day we both deſign to diſcourſe the Father, one *Diego de la Lliana*, who's a Gentleman, and an old Chriſtian every Inch of him.

' I Viſit the Markets, as you advis'd me, and Yeſterday found one of the Huckſters ſelling Hazle-Nuts; ſhe pretended they were all New, but I found ſhe had mix'd a whole Buſhel of old, empty, rotten Nuts among the ſame Quantity of new. With that I judg'd them to be given to the Hoſpital-Boys, who knew how to pick the good from the bad, and gave Sentence againſt her that ſhe ſhould not come into the Market in fifteen Days; and People ſaid, I did well. What I can tell you, is, that if you'll believe the Folks of this Town, there's not a more rascally Sort of  
People

‘ People in the World than these Market-Women,  
 ‘ for they are all a saucy, foul-mouth’d, impudent  
 ‘ hellish Rabble, and I judge ’em to be so, by those  
 ‘ I have seen in other Places.

‘ I am mighty well pleas’d that my Lady Dutch-  
 ‘ ess has writ to my Wife *Teresa Pança*, and sent her  
 ‘ the Token you mention. It shall go hard but I  
 ‘ will requite her Kindness one Time or other.  
 ‘ Pray give my Service to her, and tell her from me,  
 ‘ she has not cast her Gift in a broken Sack, as  
 ‘ something more than Words shall shew.

‘ If I might advise you, and had my Wish, there  
 ‘ shou’d be no falling out between your Worship  
 ‘ and my Lord and Lady; for, if you quarrel with  
 ‘ ’em, ’tis I must come to the worst on’t: And  
 ‘ since you mind me of being grateful, it won’t  
 ‘ look well in you not to be so to those who have  
 ‘ made so much of you at their Castle.

‘ As for your Cat-Affair I can make nothing of  
 ‘ it, only I fancy you are still haunted after the  
 ‘ old Rate. You’ll tell me more when we meet.

‘ I would fain have sent you a Token, but I do  
 ‘ not know what to send, unless it were some little  
 ‘ Glisten-Pipes, which they make here very curi-  
 ‘ ously, and fix most cleverly to the Bladders. But  
 ‘ if I stay in my Place, it shall go hard but I’ll get  
 ‘ something worth the sending, be it what it will.

‘ If my Wife *Teresa Pança* writes to me, pray pay  
 ‘ the Postage, and send me the Letter; for I might  
 ‘ tily long to hear how it is with her, and my  
 ‘ House and Children.

‘ So Heaven preserve you from ill-minded In-  
 ‘ chanters, and send me safe and sound out of this  
 ‘ Government, which I am much afraid of, as  
 ‘ Doctor *Pedro Rezio* diets me.

*Your Worship’s Servant,*

*Sancho Pança, the Governor*

The

The Secretary made up the Letter, and immediately dispatch'd the Express. Then those who carry'd on the Plot against *Sancho*, combin'd together, and consulted how to remove him from the Government: And *Sancho* pass'd that Afternoon in making several Regulations, for the better Establishment of that which he imagin'd to be an Island. He publish'd an Order against the Higglers and Fore-stallers of the Markets; and another to encourage the bringing in of Wines from any Part whatever, provided the Owners declar'd of what Growth they were, that they might be rated according to their Value and Esteem; and that they who should adulterate Wine with Water, or give it a wrong Name, should be punish'd with Death. He order'd the Price of all Kind of Apparel, and particularly that of Shoes, as thinking it exorbitant. He regulated Servants Wages, that were unlimited before, and proportion'd 'em to the Merit of their service. He laid severe Penalties upon all those that should sing or vend lewd and immoral Songs and Ballads, either in the open Day, or in the Dusk of the Evening, and also forbid all blind People the singing about Miracles in Rhimes, unless they produc'd authentick Testimonies of their Truth; for it appear'd to him, that most of those that were singing in such Manner were feign'd, and a Disparagement to the true.

He appointed a particular Officer to inspect the poor, nor to persecute, but to examine 'em, and know whether they were truly such; for under Presence of Counterfeit Lameness, and artificial Sores, many canting Vagabonds impudently rob the true poor of Charity, to spend it in Riot and Drunkenness.

In short, he made so many wholesome Ordinances, that to this Day they are observ'd in that Place, and call'd, *The Constitutions of the Grand Governor Sancho Pança.*

C H A P.

## C H A P. LII.

*A Relation of the Adventures of the second  
sconsolate or distrest Matron, otherwise call'd  
Donna Rodriguez.*

**C** I D Hamet relates, that Don Quixote's Scratch being heal'd, he began to think the Life led in the Castle not suitable to the Order of Knight-Errantry which he profess'd; he resolv'd therefore to take Leave of the Duke and Dutchesse and set forwards for *Saragosa*; where, at the approaching Tournament, he hop'd to win the Armour, the usual Prize at the Festivals of that Kingdom. Accordingly as he sat at Table with the Lord and Lady of the Castle, he began to acquaint 'em with his Design, when behold two Women entred the great Hall, clad in deep Mourning from Head to Foot. One of 'em approaching Don Quixote, threw herself at his Feet, where lying prostrate, and in a manner kissing 'em, she fetch'd such deep and doleful Sighs, and made such sorrowful Lamentations, that all those who were by, were not a little surpriz'd. And tho' the Duke and the Dutchesse imagin'd it to be some new Device of their Servants against Don Quixote, yet perceiving what Earnestness the Woman sigh'd and lamented they were in doubt, and knew not what to think till the compassionate Champion, raising her from the Ground, engag'd her to lift up her Veil, and discover, what they least expected, the Face of Donna Rodriguez, the Duena of the Family: and the other Mourner prov'd to be her Daughter, who the rich Farmer's Son had deluded. All those that knew 'em were in great Admiration, especially the Duke and the Dutchesse; for though they knew

her Simplicity and Indiscretion, they did not believe her to be so far gone in Madness. At last the sorrowful Matron addressing her self to the Duke and Dutchess; May it please your Graces, said she, to permit me to direct my Discourse to this Knight, for it concerns me to get out of an unlucky Business, into which the Impudence of a treacherous Villain has brought us. With that the Duke gave her Leave to say what she would; Then applying herself to Don *Quixote*; 'Tis not long, said she, valorous Knight, since I gave your Worship an Account how basely and treacherously a graceless young Farmer had us'd my dear Child, the poor undone creature here present; and you then promis'd me to stand up for her, and see her righted; and now understand you are about to leave this Castle, in quest of the good Adventures Heaven shall send you. And therefore before you are gone no body knows whither, I have this Boon to beg of your Worship, that you would do so much as challenge this sturdy fellow, and make him marry my Daughter, according to his Promise before he was concern'd with her. For, as for my Lord Duke, 'tis a Folly to think he'll ever see me righted, for the Reason I told you in private. And so Heaven preserve your Worship, and still be our Defence. Worthy Matron (answer'd Don *Quixote*, with a great deal of gravity and solemn Form) temperate your Tears, to speak more properly, dry 'em up, and spare your Sighs; for I take upon me to see your Daughter's Wrongs redress'd; though she had done much better, had not her too great Credulity made her trust the Protestations of Lovers, which generally are readily made, but most uneasily perform'd. Therefore, with my Lord Duke's Permission, I will instantly depart, to find out this ungracious wretch, and as soon as he is found, I will challenge him, and kill him if he persists in his Ob-

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stinacy;



stinacy; for the chief End of my Profession is to pardon the Submissive, and to chastise the Stubborn; to relieve the Miserable, and destroy the Cruel. Sir Knight, said the Duke, you need not give your self the Trouble of seeking the Fellow of whom that good Matron complains; nor need you ask me Leave to challenge him; for I already engage, that he shall meet you in Person to answer it here in this Castle, where safe Lists shall be set up for you both, observing all the Laws of Arms that ought to be kept in Affairs of this Kind, and doing each Party Justice, as all Princes ought to do, that admit of single Combats within their Territories. Upon that Assurance, said Don Quixote, with your Grace's Leave, I for this time waive my Punctilio's of Gentility, and debasing my self to the Meanness of the Offender, qualify him to measure Launces with me; and so let him be absent or present, I challenge and defy him, as a Villain, that has deluded this poor Creature, that was a Maid, and now through his Baseness, is none, and he shall either perform his Promise of making her his lawful Wife, or die in the Contest. With that, pulling off his Glove, he flung it down into the Middle of the Hall, and the Duke took it up, declaring, as he had already done, that he accepted the Challenge in the Name of his Vassal; fixing the Time for Combat to be six Days after, and the Place to be the Castle Court. The Arms to be such as are usual among Knights, as Lance, Shield, Armour of Proof, and all other Pieces, without Fraud, Advantage or Inchantment, after Search made by the Judges of the Field.

But in the first Place, added the Duke, 'tis requisite, that this true Matron, and this false Virgin, commit the Justice of their Cause into the Hands of their Champion, for otherwise there will be nothing done, and the Challenge is void in course. I

answer

answer'd the Matron; and so do I, added the Daughter, all aſham'd, blubbering, and in a crying Tone. The Preliminaries being adjusted, and the Duke having reſolv'd with himſelf what to do in the Matter, the mourning Petitioners went away, and the Dutcheſs order'd they ſhould no longer be look'd upon as her Domeſticks, but as Ladies-Er-rant, that came to demand Juſtice in her Caſtle; and accordingly there was a peculiar Apartment appointed for 'em, where they were ſerv'd as Strangers, to the Amazement of the other Servants, who could not imagine what would be the End of *Donna Rodriguez* and her forſaken Daughter's ridiculous and confident Undertaking.

Preſently after this, to compleat their Mirth, and as it were for the laſt Courſe, in came the Page that had carry'd the Letters and the Preſents to *Tereſa Panſa*. The Duke and Dutcheſs were overjoy'd to ſee him return'd, having a great Deſire to know the Succeſs of his Journey. They enquir'd of him accordingly, but he told 'em, that the Account he had to give 'em could not well be deliver'd in Publick, nor in few Words; and therefore begg'd their Graces would be pleas'd to take it in private, and in the mean time entertain themſelves with thoſe Letters. With that, taking out two, he deliver'd 'em to her Grace. The Superſcription of the one was, *Theſe for my Lady Dutcheſs of I don't know what Place*: And the Direction on the other, thus, *To my Husband Sancho Panſa, Governour of the Iſland of Barataria, whom Heaven proſper as many or more Years than me*.

The Dutcheſs ſat upon Thorns till ſhe had read her Letter; ſo having open'd it and run it over to her ſelf, finding there was nothing of Secrecy in it, ſhe read it out aloud, that the whole Company might hear what follows.

## Teresa Pança's Letter to the Dutcheſs.

My Lady,

**T**HE Letter your Honour ſent me pleas'd me hugely; for Troth 'tis what I heartily long'd for. The String of Coral is a good Thing, and my Husband's Hunting Suit may come up to it. All our Town takes it mighty kindly, and is very glad that your Honour has made my Spouſe a Governor, though no Body will believe it, eſpecially our Curate, Maſter Nicholas the Barber and Sampſon Carrasco the Batchelor. But what care, whether they do or no? So it be true, as it is, let every one have their Saying. Though 'tis a Folly to lye, I had not believ'd it neither, but for the Coral and the Suit; for every Body here takes my Husband to be a Dolt, and can't for the Blood of 'em imagine what he can be fit to govern, unleſs it be a Herd of Goats. Well! Heaven be his Guide, and ſpeed him as he ſees beſt for his Children. As for me, my dear Lady, I am reſolv'd, with your good liking, to make Hay while the Sun ſhines, and go to Court to loſe it along in a Coach, and make a world of my Back-Friends, that envy me already, ſtare their Eyes out. And therefore, good your Honour, pray bid my Husband ſend me ſome Stock of Money; for 'tis dear living at Court; one can have but little Bread there for Six-pence, and a Pound of Fleſh is worth thirty Maravedies, which would make one ſtand amaz'd. And if he is not for my going, let him ſend me Word in time, for my Feet itch to be jogging; for my Goſſips and Neighbours tell me, that if I and my Daughter go about the Court as we ſhould ſpruce and fine, and at a taring Rate, my Husband will be better known by me, than I by him; for many can chuſe but ask what Ladies are thoſe in the Coach? With that, one of my Servants answers, The Wife and Daughter of Sancho Panſa, Governor of the Iſland of Barataria, and thus ſhall my Husband be known, and I honour'd ſo near; and ſo have at all, Rome has Pardons.

of the Renowned Don QUIXOTE. 173

You can't think how I am troubl'd that we have gather'd no Acorns here-away this Year ; however, I send your Highness about half a Peck, which I have cull'd one by one : I went to the Mountains on purpose, and got the biggest I could find ; I wish they had been as big as Ostrich Eggs.

Pray let not your Pomposity forget to write to me, and I'll be sure to send you an Answer, and let you know how I do, and send you all the News in our Village, where I am waiting and praying the Lord to preserve your Highness, and not to forget me. My Daughter Sanchica, and my Son kiss your Worship's Hands.

She that wishes rather to see you than write to you,

Your Servant Teresa Pança.

This Letter was very entertaining to all the Company, especially to the Duke and Dutchess ; insomuch that her Grace ask'd Don Quixote, whether it would be amiss to open the Governor's Letter, which she imagin'd was a very good one ? The Knight told her, that, to satisfy her Curiosity, he would open it ; which being done, he found what follows.

Teresa Pança's Letter to her Husband Sancho Pança.

I Receiv'd thy Letter, dear Honey Sancho, and I vow and swear to thee, as I am a Catholic Christian, I was within two Fingers breadth of running Mad for Joy. Look you, my Chuck, when I heard thou wert made a Governor, I was so transported, I had like to have fallen down dead with meer Gladness ; for thou knowest sudden Joy is said to kill as soon as great Sorrow.

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' As for thy Daughter *Sanchica*, she scatter'd her  
 ' Water about, before she was aware, for very Plea-  
 ' sure. I had the Suit thou sent'st me before my  
 ' Eyes, and the Lady Dutchess's Corals about my  
 ' Neck, held the Letter in my Hands, and had him  
 ' that brought 'em standing by me; and for all that,  
 ' I thought what I saw and felt was but a Dream.  
 ' For who could have thought a Goat-herd should  
 ' ever come to be a Governor of Islands? But  
 ' what said my Mother, *Who a great deal would see,*  
 ' *a great while must live.* I speak this, because if I  
 ' live longer, I mean to see more; for I shall ne'er  
 ' be at Rest till I see thee a Farmer or Receiver of  
 ' the Customs: For though they be Offices that  
 ' send many to the Devil, for all that they bring  
 ' Grift to the Mill. My Lady Dutchess will tell  
 ' thee, how I long to go to Court. Pray think  
 ' on't, and let me know thy Mind; for I mean to  
 ' credit thee there, by going in a Coach.

' Neither the Curate, the Barber, the Batchelor,  
 ' nor the Sexton will believe thou art a Governor,  
 ' but say, 'tis all Juggling or Inchantment, as all  
 ' thy Master Don *Quixote*'s Concerns use to be,  
 ' and *Sampson* threatens to find thee out, and put  
 ' this Maggot of a Government out of thy Pate,  
 ' and Don *Quixote*'s Madness out of his Coxcomb.  
 ' For my part, I do but laugh at 'em, and look  
 ' upon my String of Coral, and contrive how to fit  
 ' up the Suit thou sent'st me into a Gown for thy  
 ' Daughter.

' I sent my Lady the Dutchess some Acorns; I  
 ' would they were beaten Gold. I prithee send me  
 ' some Strings of Pearl, if they be in Fashion in thy  
 ' Island.

' The News here is, that *Berrueca* has marry'd  
 ' her Daughter to a sorry Painter that came hither,  
 ' pretending to paint any Thing. The Township  
 ' set him to paint the King's Arms over the Town-  
 ' Hall.



Hall: He ask'd 'em two Ducats for the Job, which they paid him; so he fell to Work; and was eight Days a daubing, but could make nothing on't at last; and said he could not hit upon such piddling kind of Work, and so gave 'em their Money again. Yet for all this he marry'd with the Name of a good Work-man. The Truth is, he has left his Pencil upon't, and taken the Spade, and goes to the Field like a Gentleman. *Pedro de Lobo's* Son has taken Orders, and shav'd his Crown, meaning to be a Priest. *Minguilla, Mingo Silvato's* Grand-Daughter, heard of it, and sues him upon a Promise of Marriage: Ill Tongues do not stick to say she has been with Child by him, but he stily denies it. We have no Olives this Year, nor is there a Drop of Vinegar to be got for Love or Money. A Company of Soldiers went through this Place, and carry'd along with them three Wenches out of the Town, I don't tell thee their Names, for mayhaps they will come back, and there will not want some that will marry 'em, for better for worse. *Sanchita* makes Bone-lace, and gets her three Half-pence a day clear, which she saves in a Box with a Slit, to go towards buying Household-stuff. But now she's a Governor's Daughter, she has no need to work, for thou wilt give her a Portion. The Fountain in the Market is dry'd up. A Thunderbolt fell upon the Pillory: These may they all light. I expect thy Answer to this, and thy Resolution concerning my going to Court: So Heaven send thee long to live, and longer than my self, or rather, neither more nor less, for I would not willingly leave thee behind me in this World.

*Thy Wife, Teresa Panza.*

These Letters were admir'd, and caus'd a great deal of Laughter and Diversion; and to complete the Mirth, at the same Time the Express return'd that brought *Sancho's* Answer to Don *Quixote*, which was likewise publickly read, and start'd all the Hearers, who took the Governor for a Fool. Afterwards the Dutchess withdrew, to know of the Page what he had to relate of his Journey to *Sancho's* Village; of which he gave her a full Account, without omitting the least Particular. He also brought her the Acorns, and a Cheese, which *Teresa* had given him for a very good one, and better than those of *Tronchon*, and which the Dutchess gratefully accepted. Now let us leave her, to tell the End of the Government of Great *Sancho Pança*, the Flower and Mirror of all Island-Governors.

### CH A P. LIII.

#### *The Toilsome End and Conclusion of Sancho Pança's Government.*

TO think the Affairs of this Life are always to remain in the same State, is an erroneous Fancy. The Face of Things rather seems continually to change and roll with a circular Motion: Summer succeeds the Spring; Autumn the Summer; Winter the Autumn; and then Spring again: So Time proceeds in this perpetual Round; only the Life of Man is ever hastning to its End, swifter than Time it self, without Hopes to be renew'd, unless in the next, that is unlimited and infinite. This says *Cid Hamet*, the *Mahometan* Philosopher. For even by the Light of Nature, and without that of Faith, many have discover'd the Swiftnes and Instability of this present Being, and the Duration of the Eternal Life which is expected. But this

moral

moral Reflection of our Author is not here to be suppos'd as meant by him in its full Extent; for he intended it only to shew the Uncertainty of *Sancho's* Fortune, how soon it vanish'd like a Dream, and how from his high Preferment he return'd to his former low Station.

It was now but the seventh Night, after so many Days of his Government, when the careful Governor had betaken himself to his Repose, sated not with Bread and Wine, but cloy'd with hearing Causes, pronouncing Sentences, making Statutes, and putting out Orders and Proclamations: Scarce was Sleep, in spite of wakeful Hunger, beginning to close his Eyes, when of a sudden he heard a great Noise of Bells, and most dreadful Out-cries, as if the whole Island had been sinking: Presently he started, and sat up in his Bed, and listen'd with great Attention, to try if he could learn how far this Uproar might concern him. But while he was thus hearkening in the Dark, a great Number of Drums and Trumpets were heard, and that Sound being added to the Noise of the Bells and the Cries, gave so dreadful an Alarm, that his Fear and Terror increas'd, and he was in a sad Consternation. Up he leap'd out of his Bed, and put on his Slippers, the Ground being damp, and without any Thing else in the World on but his Shirt, ran and open'd his Chamber-door, and saw above twenty Men come running along the Galleries with lighted Links in one Hand, and drawn Swords in the other, all crying out, Arm my Lord Governor, Arm! a World of Enemies are got into the Island, and we are undone, unless your Valour and Conduct relieve us. Thus bawling, and running with great Fury and Disorder, they got to the Door where *Sancho* stood quite scar'd out of his Senses. Arm, Arm, this Moment, my Lord! cry'd one of 'em, if you have not a mind to

be lost with the whole Island. What would ye have me Arm for, quoth *Sancho*? Do I know any thing of Arms or Fighting, think ye? Why don't ye rather send for Don *Quixote*, my Master, he'll dispatch your Enemies in a trice. Alas! as I am a Sinner to Heaven, I understand nothing of this hasty Service. For Shame, my Lord Governor, said another, what a Faint-heartedness is this? See! we bring you here Arms offensive and defensive; arm your self, and march to the Market-place. Be our Leader and Captain as you ought, and shew your self a Governor. Why then arm me, and good Luck attend me, quoth *Sancho*; with that they brought him two large Shields, which they had provided, and without letting him put on his other Cloaths, clapp'd 'em over his Shirt, and ty'd the one behind upon his Back, and the other before upon his Breast, having got his Arms through some Holes made on Purpose. Now the Shields being fasten'd to his Body, as hard as Cords could bind 'em, the poor Governor was cas'd up and immur'd as straight as an Arrow, without being able so much as to bend his Knees, or stir a Step. Then having put a Launce into his Hand for him to lean upon, and keep himself up, they desir'd him to march, and lead 'em on, and put Life into 'em all, telling him, that they did not doubt of Victory, since they had him for their Commander. March! quoth *Sancho*, how do ye think I am able to do it, squeez'd as I am? These Boards stick so plaguy close to me, I can't so much as bend the Joynts of my Knees; You must e'en carry me in your Arms, and lay me a-cross, or set me upright before some Passage, and I'll make good that Spot of Ground, either with this Launce or my Body. Go to, my Lord Governor, said another, 'tis more your Fear than your Armour that stiffens your Legs, and hinders you from moving. Move, move, March on, 'tis high Time,

Time, the Enemy grows stronger, and the Danger presses. The poor Governor thus urg'd and upbraided, endeavour'd to go forwards; but the first Motion he made threw him to the Ground at his full Length, so heavily, that he gave over all his Bones for broken; and there he lay like a huge Tortoise in his Shell, or a Flitch of Bacon clapp'd between two Boards, or like a Boat overturn'd upon a Flat, with the Keel upwards. Nor had those drolling Companions the least Compassion upon him as he lay; quite contrary, having put out their Lights, they made a terrible Noise, and clutter'd with their Swords, and tramp'd too and again upon the poor Governor's Body, and laid on furiously with their Swords upon his Shields, insomuch, that if he had not shrunk his Head into 'em for Shelter, he had been in a woful Condition. Shrugg'd up in his narrow Shell, he was in a grievous Fright, and a terrible Sweat, praying from the Bottom of his Heart for Deliverance from the cursed Trade of governing Islands. Some kick'd him, some stumbl'd and fell upon him, and one among the rest jump'd full upon him, and there stood for some Time, as on a Watch-Tower, like a General encouraging his Soldiers, and giving Orders, crying out, There Boys, there! the Enemies charge most on that Side, make good that Breach, secure that Gate, down with those Scaling-Ladders, fetch Fire-balls, more Grenadoes, burning Pitch, Rosin, and Kettles of scalding Oyl. Intrench your selves, get Beds, Quilts, Cushions, and barricadoe the Streets; in short, he call'd for all the Instruments of Death, and all the Engines us'd for the Defence of a City that is besieg'd and storm'd. *Sancho* lay snug, though sadly bruise'd, and while he endur'd all quietly, Oh! that it would please the Lord, quoth he to himself, that this Island were but taken, or that I were fairly dead or out of this Peck of Troubles. At last Heaven  
heard



heard his Prayers, and when he least expected it, he heard 'em cry, Victory, Victory! The Enemy's routed. Now my Lord Góvernor, rise, come and enjoy the Fruits of Conquest, and divide the Spoils taken from the Enemy, by the Valour of your invincible Arms. Help me up, cry'd poor *Sancho* in a doleful Tone; and when they had set him on his Legs, let all the Enemy I have routed, quoth he, be nail'd to my Fore-head: I'll divide no Spoils of Enemies: But if I have one Friend here, I only beg he would give me a Draught of Wine to comfort me, and help to dry up the Sweat that I am in; for I am all over Water. Thereupon they wip'd him, gave him Wine, and took off his Shields: after that, as he sate upon his Bed, what with his Fright, and what with the Toil he had endur'd, he fell into a Swoon, insomuch, that those who acted this Scene began to repent they had carry'd it so far. But *Sancho* recovering from his Fit in a little Time, they also recover'd from their Uneasiness. Being come to himself, he ask'd what 'twas a Clock? They answer'd, 'twas now Break of Day. He said nothing, but, without any Words, began to put on his Cloaths. While this was doing, and he continu'd seriously silent, all the Eyes of the Company were fix'd upon him, wondring what could be the meaning of his being in such Haste to put on his Cloaths. At last he made an End of dressing himself, and creeping along softly, (for he was too much bruise'd to go along very fast) he got to the Stable, follow'd by all the Company, and coming to *Dapple*, he embrac'd the quiet Animal, gave him a loving Kiss on the Forehead, and with Tears in his Eyes, Come hither, said he, my Friend, thou faithful Companion, and Fellow-sharer in my Travels and Miseries; when thee and I consorted together, and all my Cares were but to mend thy Furniture, and feed thy little Carcass, then happy were my Days, my Months,

Months, and Years. But since I forsook thee, and clamber'd up the Towers of Ambition and Pride, a thousand Woes, a thousand Torments, and four thousand Tribulations have haunted and worry'd my Soul. While he was talking thus, he fitted on his Pack-Saddle, no Body offering to say any thing to him. This done, with a great deal of Difficulty he mounted his Ass, and then addressing himself to the Steward, the Secretary, the Gentleman-waiter, and Doctor *Pedro Rexio*, and many others that stood by, Make Way, Gentlemen, said he, and let me return to my former Liberty. Let me go that I may seek my old Course of Life, and rise again from that Death that buries me here alive. I was not born to be a Governor, nor to defend Islands nor Cities from Enemies that break in upon 'em. I know better what belongs to Ploughing, Delving, Pruning and Planting of Vineyards, than how to make Laws and defend Countries and Kingdoms. *St. Peter* is very well at *Rome*: That is as good as to say, let every one stick to the Calling he was born to. A Spade does better in my Hand than a Governor's Truncheon, and I had rather fill my Belly with a Mess of plain Porridge, than lie at the Mercy of a coxcomby Physick-monger that starves me to Death. I had rather solace my self under the Shade of an Oak in Summer, and wrap my Corps up in a double Sheepskin in the Winter at my Liberty, than lay me down with the Slavery of a Government in fine Holland Sheets, and case my Hide in Furs and richest Sables. Heaven be with you, Gentlefolks, and pray tell my Lord the Duke from me, that naked I was born, and naked I am at present. I have neither won nor lost, which is as much as to say, without a Penny I came to this Government, and without a Penny I leave it; quite contrary to what other Governors of Islands use to do, when they

they leave 'em. Clear the Way then, I beseech you, and let me pass; I must get my self wrapp'd up all over in Sear-cloth; for I don't think I've a sound Rib left, thanks to the Enemies that have walk'd over me all Night long. This must not be, my Lord Governór, said Doctór *Rexio*, for I will give your Honour a Balsamick Drink, that is a Specifick against Falls, Dislocations, Contusions and all manner of Bruises, and that will presently restore you to your former Health and Strength. And then for your Diet, I promise to take a new Course with you, and to let you eat abundantly of whatsoever you please. 'Tis too late, Mr. Doctór, answer'd *Sancho*; you shall as soon make me turn *Turk* as hinder me from going. No, no, these Tricks shan't pass upon me again, you shall as soon make me fly to Heaven without Wings, as get me to stay here, or ever catch me nibbling at a Government again, though it were serv'd up to me in a cover'd Dish. I am of the Blood of the *Pansa's*, and we are all willful and positive. If once we cry odd, it shall be odd in spite of all Mankind, tho' it be even. Go to then, Let the Pismire leave behind him in this Stable those Wings that lifted him up in the Air to be a Prey to Martlets and Sparrows. Fair and Softly. Let me now tread again on plain Ground, though I mayn't wear pink'd Cordovan-Leather Pumps, I shan't want a coarse Pair of packthread Sandals to my Feet. Every Sheep to her Mate. Let not the Cobler go beyond his Last; and so let me go, for 'tis late. My Lord Governór, said the Steward, though it grieves us to part with your Honour, your Sense and Christian Behaviour engaging us to covet your Company, yet we would not presume to stop you against your Inclination: But you know that every Governór, before he leaves the Place he has govern'd, is bound to give an Account of his Administration. Be pleas'd therefore

Therefore to do so for the ten Days you have been among us, and then Peace be with you. No Man has Power to call me to an Account, reply'd *Sancho*, unless it be by my Lord Duke's Appointment. Now to him it is that I am going, and to him I'll give a fair and square Account. And indeed, going away so bare as I do, there needs no greater Signs that I have govern'd like an Angel. In truth, said Dr. *Rezio*, the great *Sancho* is in the right; and I am of Opinion, we ought to let him go; for certainly the Duke will be very glad to see him. Thereupon they all agreed to let him pass, offering first to attend him, and supply him with whatever he might want in his Journey, either for Entertainment or Conveniency. *Sancho* told 'em, that all he desir'd was a little Corn for his Ass, and half a Cheese and half a Loaf for himself; having Occasion for no other Provisions in so short a Journey. With that they all embrac'd him, and he embrac'd them all, not without Tears in his Eyes, leaving 'em in Admiration of the good Sense which he discover'd both in his Discourse and unalterable Resolution.

#### CHAP. LIV.

*Which treats of Matters that relate to this History and no other.*

THE Duke and Dutchess resolv'd that Don *Quixote*'s Challenge against their Vassal should not be ineffectual; and the young Man being sent into *Flanders*, to avoid having *Donna Rodriguez* his Mother-in-Law, they made choice of a *Gascon* Lacquey, nam'd *Tosilos*, to supply his Place, and gave him Instructions how to act his Part. Two Days after, the Duke acquainted Don *Quixote*, that within

within four Days his Antagonist would meet him in the Lifts, arm'd at all Points like a Knight, to maintain that the Damsel ly'd through the Throat, and through the Beard, to say that he had ever promis'd her Marriage. Don *Quixote* was mightily pleas'd with this News, promising himself to do Wonders on this Occasion; and esteeming it an extraordinary Happines to have such an Opportunity to shew before such Noble Spectators how extensive were his Valour and his Strength. Cheer'd and elevated with these Hopes, he waited for the End of these four Days, which his eager Impatience made him think so many Ages.

Well, now letting them pass, as we do other Matters, let us a while attend *Sancho*, who, divided betwixt Joy and Sorrow, was now on his *Dapple*, making the best of his Way to his Master, whose Company he valu'd more than the Government of all the Islands in the World. He had not gone far from his Island, or City, or Town (or whatever you will please to call it, for he never troubl'd himself to examine what it was) before he met upon the Road six Pilgrims, with their walking Staves, Foreigners as they prov'd, and such as us'd to beg Alms singing. As they drew near him, they plac'd themselves in a Row, and fell a singing all together in their Language something that *Sancho* could not understand, unless it were one Word, which plainly signify'd Alms; by which he guess'd that Charity was the Burthen and Intent of their Song. Being exceeding charitable, as *Cid Hamet* reports him, he open'd his Wallet, and having taken out half a Loaf and half a Chéese, gave 'em that, making Signs withal, that he had nothing else to give 'em. They took the Dole with a good Will, but yet, not satisfi'd, they cry'd, *Guelts, Guelts*. Good People, quoth *Sancho*, I don't understand what you would have. With that, one of them pull'd out a Purse that



that was in his Bosom, and shew'd it to *Sancho*, by which he understood that 'twas Money they wanted. But he, putting his Thumb to his Mouth, and wagging his Hand with his four Fingers upwards, made a Sign that he had not a Cross; and so clapping his Heels to *Dapple's* Sides, he began to make way through the Pilgrims; but at the same time one of 'em, who had been looking on him very earnestly, laid hold on him, and throwing his Arms about his Middle, Bless me! (cry'd he in very good *Spanish*) What do I see? Is it possible? Do I hold in my Arms my dear Friend, my good Neighbour *Sancho Panza*? Yes, sure, it must be he, for I am neither drunk nor dreaming. *Sancho* wondring to hear himself call'd by his Name, and to see himself so lovingly hugg'd by the Pilgrim, star'd upon him without speaking a Word; but, tho' he look'd seriously in his Face a good while, he could not guess who he was. The Pilgrim observing his Amazement, What, said he, Friend *Sancho*, don't you know your old Acquaintance, your Neighbour *Ricote the Morisco*, that kept a Shop in your Town? Then *Sancho* looking wistly on him again, began to call him to Mind, at last he knew him again perfectly, and clipping him about the Neck without alighting, *Ricote*, cry'd he, Who the Devil could ever have known thee transmogrify'd in this Mummifying Dress! Prithee who has frenchify'd thee at this rate? and how durst thou offer to come again into *Spain*? Should'st thou come to be known, adad I would not be in thy Coat for all the World. If thou dost not betray me, said the Pilgrim, I am safe enough, *Sancho*; for no Body can know me in this Disguise. But let us get out of the Road, and make to yonder Elm-Grove, my Comrades and I have agreed to take a little Refreshment there, and thou shalt dine with us. They are honest Souls I'll assure thee. There I shall have an Opportunity to

to tell thee how I have pass'd my Time since I was forc'd to leave the Town in Obedience to the King's Edict, which as thou knowest, so severely threaten'd those of our unfortunate Nation. *Sancho* consented, and *Ricote* having spoke to the rest of the Pilgrims, they went all together to the Grove, at a good Distance from the Road. There they laid by their Staves, and taking off their Pilgrims Weeds remain'd in Cuerdo; all of 'em young handsome Fellows, except *Ricote*, who was somewhat stricken in Years. Every one carry'd his Wallet, which seem'd well furnish'd, at least with savoury and high-season'd Bits, the Provocative to the turning down good Liquor. They sat down on the Ground, and making the green Grass their Table cloth, presently there was a comfortable Appearance of Bread, Salt, Knives, Nuts, Cheese, and some Bacon-Bones, on which there were still some good Pickings left, or which at least might be suck'd. They also had a kind of black Meat call'd *Caveer*, made of the Roes of Fish, a certain Charm to keep Thirst awake. They also had good Store of Olives, though none of the moistest; but the chief Glory of the Feast, was six Leather Bottles of Wine, every Pilgrim exhibiting one for his Share. Even honest *Ricote* himself was now transform'd from a *Morisco* to a *German*, and clubb'd his Bottle to his Quota making as good a Figure as the rest. They began to eat like Men that lik'd mighty well their savoury Fare; and as it was very relishing they went leisurely to work to continue the longer taking but a little of every one at a time on the point of a Knife. Then all at once they lifted up their Arms, and applying their own Mouths to the Mouths of the Bottles, and turning up their Bottoms in the Air, with their Eyes fix'd on Heaven like Men in an Extasy they remain'd in that Posture a good while, transfusing the Blood and Spirit of the Vessel

Vessels into their Stomachs, and shaking their Heads, as in a Rapture, to express the Pleasure they receiv'd. *Sancho* admir'd all this extreamly; he could not find the least Fault with it, quite contrary he was for making good the Proverb, *When thou art at Rome, do as they do at Rome*; so he desir'd *Ricote* to lend him his Bottle, and taking his Aim as well as the rest, and with no less Satisfaction, shew'd 'em he wanted neither Method nor Breath. Four times they caress'd the Bottles in that manner, but there was no doing it the Fifth; for they were quite exhausted, and the Life and Soul of 'em departed, which turn'd their Mirth into Sorrow. But while the Wine lasted all was well. Now and then one or other of the Pilgrims would take *Sancho* by the right Hand, *Spaniard* and *German* all one now, and cry'd, *Bon Campagno*. Well said, i'faith, answer'd *Sancho*; *Bon Campagno*, *Perdie*. And then he would burst out a laughing for half an hour together, without the least Concern for all his late Misfortunes, or the Loss of his Government; for Anxieties use to have but little Power over the time that Men spend in Eating or Drinking. In short, as their Bellies were full, their Bones desir'd to be at Rest, and so five of 'em dropp'd asleep, only *Sancho* and *Ricote* who had indeed eat more, but drank less, remain'd awake, and remov'd under the Cover of a Beech at a small Distance, where while the other slept, *Ricote* in good *Spanish* spoke to *Sancho* to this Purpose.

Thou well knowest, Friend *Sancho Panza*, how the late Edict, that enjoyn'd all those of my Nation to depart the Kingdom, alarm'd us all; at least me it did; insomuch that the Time limited for our going was not yet expir'd, but I thought the Law was ready to be executed upon me and my Children. Accordingly I resolv'd to provide betime for their Security and mine, as a Man does that knows his Habitation will be taken away from him, and so secures

secures another before he is obliged to remove. So I left our Town by my self, and went to seek some Place beforehand, where I might convey my Family without exposing my self to the Inconveniency of a Hurry, like the rest that went; for the wisest among us were justly apprehensive, that the Proclamations issued out for the Banishment of our *Moorish* Race were not only Threats, as some flatter'd themselves, but would certainly take Effect at the Expiration of the limited Time. I was rather inclin'd to believe this, being conscious that our People had very dangerous Designs; so that I could not but think the King was inspir'd by Heaven to take so brave a Resolution, and expel those Snakes out of the Bosom of the Kingdom: Not that we were all guilty, for there were some sound and real Christians among us; but their Number was so small, that they could not be oppos'd to those that were otherwise, and it was not safe to keep Enemies within Doors. In short, it was necessary we should be banish'd; but tho' some might think it a mild and pleasant Fate, to us it seems the most dreadful Thing that could befall us: Where ever we are, we bemoan with Tears our Banishment from *Spain*; for, after all, there we were born and 'tis our native Country. We find no where the Entertainment our Misfortune requires, and even in *Barbary* and all other Parts of *Africk*; where we expected to have met with the best Reception and Relief, we find the greatest Inhumanity and the worst Usage. We did not know our Happiness till we had lost it; and the Desire which most of us have to return to *Spain*, is such, that the greater Part of those that speak the Tongue, as I do, who are many, come back hither, and leave their Wives and Children there in a forlorn Condition; so strong is their Love for their native Place; and now I know by Experience the Truth of the Saying, sweet

the Love of one's Country. For my Part, having left our Town, I went into *France*, and thought, we were very well receiv'd there, yet I had a Mind to see other Countries; and so passing through it, I travell'd into *Italy*, and from thence into *Germany*, where methought one might live with more Freedom, the Inhabitants being a good-humour'd sociable People, that love to live easie with one another, and every Body follows his own Way; for there's Liberty of Conscience allow'd in the greatest Part of the Country. There, after I had taken a Dwelling in a Village near *Augsburgh*, I struck into the Company of these Pilgrims, and got to be one of their Number, finding they were some of those who make it their Custom to go to *Spain*, many of 'em every Year to visit the Places of Devotion, which they look upon as their *Indies*, and best Market and surest Means to get Money. They travel almost the whole Kingdom over, nor is there a Village where they are not sure to get Meat and Drink, and six Pence at least in Money. And they manage Matters so well, that at the End of their Pilgrimage they commonly go off with about hundred Crowns clear gains, which they change into Gold, and hide either in the Hollow of their staves, or the Patches of their Cloaths, and either thus, or some other private Way convey it usually into their own Country, in spite of all Searches at their going out of the Kingdom. Now *Sancho*, my Design in returning hither is to fetch the Treasure that I left bury'd when I went away, which I may do with the less Inconveniency, by reason it lies in a Place quite out of the Town. That done, I intend to write or go over my self from *Valencia* to my Wife and Daughter, who I know are in *Algiers*, and find one Way or other to get 'em over to some Port of *France*, and from thence bring 'em over into *Germany*, where we will stay, and see how Providence



dence will dispose of us : For I am sure my Wife *Francisca* and my Daughter are good Catholics Christians; and though I can't say I am as much a Believer as they are, yet I have more of the Christian than of the Mahometan, and make it my constant Prayer to the Almighty to open the Eyes of my Understanding, and let me know how to serve him. What I wonder at, is, that my Wife and Daughter should rather chuse to go for *Barbary* than for *France* where they might have liv'd like Christians.

Look you, *Ricote*, answer'd *Sancho*, may-haps there was none of their Fault, for to my Knowledge *John Tiopieyo*, thy Wife's Brother, took 'em along with him, and he be-like being a rank *Moor*, would go where he thought best. And I must tell thee further Friend, that I doubt thou'lt lose thy Labour in going to look after thy hidden Treasure; for the Report was not among us, that thy Brother-in-law and thy Wife had a great many Pearls. and a deal of Gold taken away from 'em, which should have been interr'd. That may be, reply'd *Ricote*, but I am sure Friend of mine, they have not met with my Hoard for I never would tell 'em where I had hid it, for fear of the worst: And therefore, if thou wilt go along with me, and help me carry off this Money, I will give thee two hundred Crowns, to make thee easier in the World: Thou know'st I can tell thee but low with thee. I would do it, answer'd *Sancho* but I an't at all covetous. Were I in the least given to it, this Morning I quitted an Employment, which had I but kept, I might have got enough to have made the Walls of my House of beaten Gold; and before six Months had been at an End, I might have eaten my Victuals in Plate. So that as well for this Reason, as because I fancy it would be a Piece of Treason to the King, in abetting his Enemies, I would not go with thee, though thou wouldst lay me down twice as much. And prithee, said *Ricote* what

What Sort of Employment is it thou hast left? Why, quoth *Sancho*, I have left the Government of an Island, and such an Island as i'faith you'll scarce meet with the like in haste within a Mile of an Oak. And where is this Island, said *Ricote*? Where, quoth *Sancho*, why some two Leagues off, and it is call'd the Island of *Barataria*. Prithee don't talk so, reply'd *Ricote*; Islands lie a great Way off in the sea; there are none of 'em on the main Land. Why not, quoth *Sancho*? I tell thee, Friend *Ricote*, I came from thence but this Morning, and Yesterday I was there governing it at my Will and Pleasure like any Dragon; yet for all that I e'en left it, for this same Place of a Governor seem'd to me but a ticklish and perilous kind of an Office. And what didst thou get by thy Government, ask'd *Ricote*? Why, answer'd *Sancho*, I have got thus much Knowledge, is to understand that I am not fit to govern any Thing, unless it be a Herd of Cattle; and that the Wealth that's got in these Kind of Governments costs a Man a deal of Labour and Toil, Watching and Hunger; for in your Islands, Governors must eat next to nothing, especially if they have Physicians to look after their Health. I can make neither Head nor Tail of all this, said *Ricote*; it seems to me all Madness; for who would be such a Simpleton as to give thee Islands to govern? Was the World quite bare of abler Men, that they could pick out no Body else for a Governor? Prithee say no more, Man, but come to thy Senses, and consider whether thou wilt go along with me, and help me to carry off my hidden Wealth, my Treasure, for I may well give it that Name, considering how much there is of it, and I'll make a Man of thee, as I have told thee. Hark you me, *Ricote*, answer'd *Sancho*, I've already told thee my Mind: Let it suffice that I will not betray thee, and so a God's Name go thy Way, and let me go mine; for full well

well I wot, That what's honestly got may be lost, but what's ill got will perish and the Owner too. Well, *Sancho*, said *Ricote*, I'll press thee no further. Only prithee tell me, wert thou in the Town when my Wife and Daughter went away with my Brother-in-law? Ay marry was I, quoth *Sancho*, by the same Token, thy Daughter look'd so woundy handsome, that there was old crouding to see her, and every Body said she was the finest Creature o' God's Earth. She wept bitterly all the Way, poor Thing, and embrac'd all her She-Friends and Acquaintance, and begg'd all of those that flock'd about her to pray for her, and that in so earnest and pitious a manner, that she e'en made me shed Tears, though I am none of the greatest Blubberers. Faith and Troth, many there had a good Mind to have got her away from her Uncle upon the Road, and have hid her; but the Thoughts of the King's Proclamation kept 'em in Awe. But he that shew'd himself the most concern'd, was Don *Pedro de Gregorio*, that young rich Heir that you know. They say he was up to the Ears in Love with her, and has never been seen in the Town since she went. We all thought he was gone after her to steal her away, but hitherto we have heard no more of the Matter. I have all along had a Jealousy, said *Ricote*, that this Gentleman lov'd my Daughter: But I always had too good Opinion of my *Ricota's* Vertue, to be uneasie with his Passion; for thou know'st, *Sancho*, very few, and hardly any of our Women of *Moorish* Race, ever marry'd with the old Christians on the Account of Love; and so I hope, that my Daughter, who, I believe, minds more the Duties of a Christian than any Thing of Love, will but little regard this young Heir's Courtship. Heaven grant she may, quoth *Sancho*, for else 'twould be the worse for 'em both. And now honest Neighbour, I must bid thee good b'ye, for I have a Mind to be with my Master Don

*Quixote* this Evening. Then Heaven be with thee, Friend *Sancho*, said *Ricote*: I find my Comrades have fetch'd out their Naps, and 'tis Time we should make the best of our Way. With that, after a kind Embrace, *Sancho* mounted his *Dapple*, *Ricote* lean'd on his Staff, and so they parted.

## CHAP. LV.

*What happen'd to Sancho by the Way, with other Matters which you will have no more to do than to see.*

*Sancho* staid so long with *Ricote*, that the Night overtook him within half a League of the Duke's Castle. It grew dark; however as it was Summer Time, he was not much uneasy, and chose to go out of the Road, with a Design to stay there till the Morning. But as ill Luck wou'd have it, while he was seeking some Place where he might rest himself, he and *Dapple* tumbld of a sudden into a very deep Hole, which was among the Ruins of some Old Buildings. As he was falling, he pray'd with all his Heart, fancying himself all the while sinking down into the bottomless Pit; but he was in no such Danger, for by that time he had descended somewhat lower than Eighteen Foot. *Dapple* made a full Stop at the Bottom, and his Rider found himself still on his Back, without the least Hurt in the World. Presently *Sancho* began to consider the Condition of his Bones, held his Breath, and felt all about him, and finding himself sound Wind and Limb, and in a whole Skin, he thought he could never give Heaven sufficient Thanks for his wonderful Preservation; for at first he gave himself over for lost, and broken into a thousand Pieces.

He grop'd with both Hands about the Walls of the Pit, to try if it were possible to get out without Help; but he found 'em all so plain, and so steep, that there was not the least Hold or Footing to get up. This griev'd him to the Soul, and to increase his Sorrow, *Dapple* began to raise his Voice in a very piteous and doleful Manner, which pierc'd his Master's very Heart; nor did the poor Beast make such Moan without Reason; for, to say the Truth, he was but in a woeful Condition. Woe's me, cry'd *Sancho*, what sudden and unthought of Mischances every Foot befall us poor Wretches that live in this miserable World! Who would have thought that he, who but yesterday saw himself seated in the Throne of an Island-Governor, and had Servants and Vassals at his Beck, should to Day find himself buried in a Pit, without the least Soul to help him, or come to his Relief! Here we are like to perish with deadly Hunger, I and my Ass, if we don't die before, he of his Bruises, and I of Grief and Anguish. At least, I shan't be so lucky as was my Master Don *Quixote*, when he went down into the Cave of the Inchanter *Montesinos*. He found better Fare there than he could have at his own House: the Cloth was laid, and his Bed made, and he saw nothing but pleasant Visions: But I am like to see nothing here but Toads and Snakes. Unhappy Creature that I am! What have my foolish Designs and Whimsies brought me to? If ever 'tis Heaven's blessed Will that my Bones be found, they'll be taken out of this dismal Place bare, white and smooth, and those of my poor *Dapple* with 'em, by which, perhaps, it will be known who we are, at least, by those who shall have taken notice that *Sancho Panza* never stirred from his Ass, nor his Ass from *Sancho Panza*. Unhappy Creatures that we are, I say again! Had we dy'd at Home among our Friends, tho' we be miss'd of Relief, we should not have wanted *Pills*.



and some to close our Eyes at the last Gasps. Oh! my dear Companion and Friend, said he to the Ass, how ill have I requited thy faithful Services. Forgive me, and pray to Fortune the best thou can'st to deliver us out of this Plunge, and I here promise thee to set a Crown of Lawrel on thy Head, that thou may'st be taken for no less than a Poet Laurear, and thy Allowance of Provender shall be doubl'd. Thus *Sancho* bewail'd his Misfortune, and his Ass hearken'd to what he said, but answer'd not a Word, so great was the Grief and Anguish which the poor Creature endur'd at the same Time.

At length, after a whole Night's lamenting and complaining at a miserable Rate, the Day came on, and its Light having confirm'd *Sancho* in his Doubts of the Impossibility of getting out of that Place without Help, he set up his Throat again, and made a vigorous Outcry, to try whether any Body might not hear him. But alas! all his Calling was in vain, for all around there was no Body within hearing; and then he gave himself over for Dead and Buried. He cast his Eyes on *Dapple*, and seeing him extended on the Ground, and sadly down in the Mouth, he went to him, and try'd to get him on his Legs, which with much ado, by means of his Assistance, the poor Beast did at last, being hardly able to stand. Then he took a Luncheon of bread out of his Wallet, that had run the same fortune with 'em, and giving it to the Ass, who took it not at all amiss, and made no Bones of it; here, said *Sancho*, as if the Beast had understood him, that fat Sorrow is better than a lean. At length he perceiv'd on one Side of the Pit a great Hole wide enough for a Man to creep through stooping: He crept to it, and having crawl'd thro' on all Four, found that it led into a Vault that enlarg'd it self the further it extended, which he could easily perceive, the Sun shining in towards the Top of the Concavity.

Having made this Discovery, he went back to his Ass, and like one that knew what belong'd to Digging, with a Stone, began to remove the Earth that was about the Hole, and labour'd so effectually, that he soon made a Passage for his Companion. Then taking him by the Halter, he led him along fair and softly through the Cave, to try if he could not find a Way to get out on the other Side. Sometimes he went in the Dark, and sometimes without Light, but never without Fear. Heaven defend me, said he to himself, what a Heart of a Chicken have I! This now, which to me is a sad Disaster, to my Master, Don *Quixote*, wou'd be a rare Adventure. He would look upon these Caves and Dungeons as lovely Gardens, and glorious Palaces, and hope to be led out of these dark narrow Cells into some fine Meadow; while I, luckless, helpless, heartless Wretch that I am, every Step I take, expect to sink into some deeper Pit than this, and go down I don't know whither. Welcome ill Luck when it comes alone. Thus he went on, lamenting and despairing, and thought he had gone some what more than half a League, when, at last he perceiv'd a Kind of a confus'd Light, like that of Day breaking in at some open Place, but which to poor *Sancho*, seem'd a Prospect of a Passage into another World.

But here *Cid Hamet Benengeli* leaves him a while and returns to Don *Quixote*, who entertain'd and pleas'd himself with the Hopes of a speedy Combat between him and the Dishonourer of Donna *Roderiguez's* Daughter, whose Wrongs he design'd to see redress'd on the appointed Day.

It happen'd one Morning, as he was riding out to prepare and exercise against the Time of Battle, he was practising with *Rosinante*, the Horse in the Middle of his Manage pitch'd his Feet near the Brink of a deep Cave; insomuch that if Don *Quixote* had

not us'd the best of his Skill, he must infallibly have tumbl'd into it. Having escap'd that Danger, he was tempted to look into the Cave without alighting, and wheeling about, rod up to it. Now while he was satisfying his Curiosity, and seriously musing, he thought he heard a Noise within, and thereupon list'ning, he could distinguish these Words, which in a doleful Tone arose out of the Cavern; Ho! above there! Is there no good Christian that hears me, no charitable Knight or Gentleman that will take Pity of a Sinner buried alive, a poor Governor without a Government. Don Quixote fancy'd he heard Sancho's Voice, which did not a little surprise him, and for his better Satisfaction, raising his Voice as much as he could, Who's that below, cry'd he? Who's that Complains? Who shou'd it be, to his Sorrow, cry'd Sancho, but the most wretched Soul alive, Sancho Panza, Governor, for his Sins, and his ill Errantry, of the Island of Banasaria, formerly Squire to the famous Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha? These Words redoubl'd Don Quixote's Admiration, and increas'd his Amazement; for he presently imagin'd that Sancho was dead, and that his Soul was there doing Penance. Possess'd with that Fancy, I conjure thee, said he, by all that can conjure thee, as I am a Catholick Christian, to tell me who thou art? and, if thou art a Soul in Pain, let me know what thou would'st have me do for thee; for since my Profession obliges me to assist and succour all that are afflicted in this World, certainly it will make me relieve and help the needy in the other World, who cannot help themselves. Surely, Sir, answer'd he from below, your that speak to me should be my Master Don Quixote: By the Tone of your Voice it can be no Man else. My Name is Don Quixote, reply'd the Knight, and I think it my Duty to assist not only the Living but the Dead in their Necessities. Tell me then who thou

thou art, thou who' fill'st me with Astonishment? for if thou art my Squire, *Sancho Pança*, and dead, if the Devil have not got thee, and through Heaven's Mercy thou art in Purgatory, our Holy Mother, the *Roman Catholick Church*, has sufficient Suffrages to redeem thee from the Pains thou endure'st, and I my self will sollicite her on thy behalf as far as my Estate will go; therefore proceed, and tell me quickly who thou art? Why then, reply'd the Voice, by whatever you'll have me swear by, I make Oath that I am *Sancho Pança*, your Squire, and that I never was dead yet in my Life. But only having left my Government, for Reasons and Causes which I han't leisure yet to tell you, last Night unluckily I fell into this Cave, where I am still, and *Dapple* with me, that will not let me tell a Lye; for as a further Proof of what I say, he is here. Now what's strange, immediately, as if the Ass had understood what his Master said, to back his Evidence he fell a Braying so obstreperously, that he madeth the whole Cave ring again. A notable Witness, cry'd Don *Quixote*! I know this Bray, as if I were the Parent of it, and I own thy Voice, my *Sancho*. I see thou art my real Squire; stay therefore till I go to the Castle, which is hard by, and fetch more Company to help thee out of the Pit into which thy Sins, doubtless, have thrown thee. Make haste, beseech you, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, and for Heaven's Sake come again as fast as you can, for I can no longer endure to be here buried alive, and I am even dying with Fear.

Don *Quixote* went with all Speed to the Castle and gave the Duke and Dutcheß an Account of *Sancho's* Accident, whilst they did not a little wonder at it, though they conceiv'd he might easily enough fall in at the Mouth of the Cave, which had been there Time out of Mind. But they were mightily surpriz'd to hear he had abdicated his Govern-

ment before they had an Account of his coming away.

In short, they sent Ropes, and other Conveniences by their Servants to draw him out, and at last with much Trouble and Labour, both he and his *Dapple* were restor'd from that gloomy Pit, to the full Enjoyment of the Light of the Sun. At the same Time a certain Scholar standing by, and seeing him hois'd up; just so, said he, should all bad Governors come out of their Governments; just as this Wretch is dragg'd out of this profound Abyss, pale, half-starv'd, famish'd, and, as I fancy, without a Cross in his Pocket. Hark you, Goodman Slander, reply'd *Sancho*, 'tis now eight or ten Days since I began to govern the Island that was given me, and in all that Time I never had my Belly-full but once; Physicians have persecuted me, Enemies have trampled over me, and bruised my Bones, and I have had neither Leisure to take Bribes, nor to receive my just Dues. Now all this consider'd, in my Opinion I did not deserve to come out in this Fashion? But Man appoints, and God disappoints. Heaven knows best what's best for us all. We must take Time as it comes, and our Lot as it falls. Let no Man say, I'll drink no more of this Water; we count our Chickens before they are hatch'd, and many go out for Wool and come home shorn. Heaven knows my Mind, and I say no more, tho' I might. Ne'er trouble thy self, *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, nor mind what some will say, for then thou wilt never have done. So thy Conscience be clear, let the World talk at random, as it uses to do. One may as soon tye up the Winds as the Tongues of Slanderers. If a Governor returns rich from his Government, they say he has fleec'd and robb'd the People; if poor, then they call him a Fool, and ill Husband. Nothing so sure, then, saith *Sancho*, but this Bout they'll call me a shallow



Fool, but for a Fleecer or a Robber I scorn their Words, I defy all the World. Thus discoursing as they went, with a Rabble of Boys and Idle People about 'em, they at last got to the Castle, where the Duke and the Dutcheſs waited in the Gallery for the Knight and Squire. As for *Sancho*, he would not go up to ſee the Duke, till he had ſeen his Aſs in the Stable, and provided for him; for he ſaid the poor Beaſt had but ſorry Entertainment in his laſt Night's Lodging: This done, away he went to wait on his Lord and Lady, and throwing himſelf on his Knees, My Lord and Lady, ſaid he, I went to govern your Iſland of *Barataria*, ſuch being your Will and Pleaſure, tho' 'twas your Goodneſs more than my Deſert. Naked I enter'd into it, and naked I came away, I neither won nor loſt. Whether I govern'd well or ill, there are thoſe not far off can tell, and let them tell, if they pleaſe, that can tell better than I. I have reſolv'd doubtful Caſes, determin'd Law-ſuits, and all the while ready to die with Hunger, ſuch was the Pleaſure of Doctör *Pedro Rezio* of *Tirte a ſuera*, that Phyſician in Ordinary to Iſland-Governors. Enemies ſet upon us in the Night, and after they had put us in great Danger, the People of the Iſland ſay they were deliver'd, and had the Victory by the Strength of my Arm, and may Heaven proſper 'em as they ſpeak Truth, ſay I. In ſhort, in that Time, I experienc'd all the Cares and Burthenſ this Trade of Governing brings along with it, and I found 'em too heavy for my Shoulders. I was never cut out for a Ruler, and I am too clumſy to meddle with Edge-Tools, and ſo before the Government left me, I e'en reſolv'd to leave the Government; and accordingly Yeſterday Morning I quitted the Iſland as I found it, with the ſame Streets, the ſame Houſes, and the ſame Roofs to them, as when I came into it. I have aſk'd for nothing by way of Loan, and made no Hoard againſt

a rainy

a rainy Day. I design'd indeed to have issu'd out several wholesome Orders, but did not, for fear they shou'd not be kept, in which Case it signifies no more to make 'em than if one made 'em not. So, as I said before, I came away from the Island without any Company but my *Dapple*. I fell into a Cave, and went a good Way through it, till this Morning by the Light of the Sun, I spy'd the Way out, yet not so easy, but that had not Heaven sent my Master Don *Quixote* to help me, there I might have staid till Doom's-day. And now, my Lord Duke, and my Lady Dutchess, here's your Governor *Sancho Panza* again, who by a ten Days Government has only pick'd up so much Experience, as to know he would not give a Straw to be Governor not only of an Island, but of the versal World. This being allow'd, kissing your Honours Hands, and doing like the Boys when they Play at *Trasse* or *Snile*, who cry, Leap you, and then let me Leap; so I leap from the Government to my old Master's Service again. For after all, tho' with him I often eat my Bread in bodily Fear, yet still I fill my Belly; and, for my Part, so I have but that well stuff'd, no matter whether it be with Carrots or with Partridge.

Thus *Sancho* concluded his long Speech, and Don *Quixote*, who all the while dreaded he would have said a Thousand Impertinencies, thank'd Heaven in his Heart, finding him end with so few. The Duke embrac'd *Sancho*, and told him, he was very sorry he had quitted his Government so soon, but that he would give him some other Employment that should be less troublesome, and more profitable. The Dutchess was no less kind, giving Order he should want for nothing, for he seem'd sadly bruised and out of Order.

## C H A P. LVI.

*Of the extraordinary and unaccountable Combate between Don Quixote de la Mancha, and the Lacquey Tosilos, in Vindication of the Matron Donna Rodriguez's Daughter.*

**T**HE Duke and Dutcheſs were not ſorry that the Interlude of *Sancho's* Government had been play'd, eſpecially when the Steward, who came that very Day, gave 'em a full and diſtinct Account of every Thing the Governor had done and ſaid, during his Adminiſtration, uſing his very Expreſſions, and repeating almoſt every Word he had ſpoke, concluding with a Deſcription of the Storming of the Iſland, and *Sancho's* Fear and Abdication, which proved no unacceptable Entertainment.

And now the Hiſtory relates, that the Day appointed for the Combate was come, nor had the Duke forgot to give his Lacquey *Tosilos* all requiſite Inſtructions how to vanquiſh Don *Quixote*, and yet neither kill nor wound him; to which Purpoſe he gave Order that the Spears or Steelheads of their Launces ſhould be taken off, making Don *Quixote* ſenſible that Chriſtianity, for which he had ſo great a Veneration, did not admit that ſuch Conſlicts ſhould ſo much endanger the Lives of the Combatants, and that it was enough he granted him free Liſts in his Territories, though it was againſt the Decree of the Holy Council, which forbids ſuch Challenges; for which Reaſons he deſir'd him not to push the Thing to the utmoſt Rigour. Don *Quixote* reply'd, that his Grace had the ſole Diſpoſal of all Things, and it was only his Duty to obey.

And now the dreadful Day being come, the Duke cauſ'd a ſpacious Scaffold to be erected for the

the Judges of the Field of Battel, and for the Matron and her Daughter, the Plaintiffs.

An infinite Number of People flock'd from all the neighbouring Towns and Villages to behold this wonderful new kind of Combate, the like to which had never been seen or so much as heard of in those Parts, either by the Living or the Dead. The first that made his Entrance at the Barriers, was the Marshal of the Field, who came to survey the Ground, and rode all over it, that there might be no foul Play, no private Holes, or Contrivance to make one stumble or fall. After that, enter'd the Matron and her Daughter, who seated themselves in their Places, all in deep Mourning, their Veils close to their Eyes, and over their Breasts, with no small Demonstrations of Sorrow. Presently at one End of the list'd Field appeared the peerle's Champion, Don *Quixote de la Mancha*: A while after, at the other, enter'd the grand Lacquey, *Tosilos*, attended with a great Number of Trumpets, and mounted on a mighty Steed, that shook the very Earth. The Visor of his Helmet was down, and he was armed Cap-a-pee in shining Armour of Proof. His Courser was a Fleabitten Horse, that seem'd of *Friezeland* Breed, and had a Quantity of Wool about each of his Fetlock's. The valorous Combatant came on, well tutor'd by the Duke his Master how to behave himself towards the valorous Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, being warn'd to spare his Life by all Means, and therefore to avoid a Shock in his first Career that might otherwise prove fatal, should he encounter him directly: *Tosilos* fetch'd a Compass about the Barrier, and at last made a Stop right against the two Women, casting a leering Eye upon her that had demanded him in Marriage. Then the Marshal of the Field call'd to Don *Quixote*, and in the Presence of *Tosilos* ask'd the Mother and the Daughter, whether they consented that Don *Quixote de la Mancha* should

should vindicate their Right, and whether they would stand or fall by the Fortune of their Champion? They said they did, and allow'd of whatever he should do in their behalf, as good and valid. The Duke and Dutchesse by this Time were seated in a Gallery that was over the Barriers, which were surrounded by a vast Throng of Spectators, all waiting to see the unmerciful and unparallelled Conflict. The Conditions of the Combat were these, That if Don Quixote were the Conqueror, his Opponent should marry Donna Rodriguez's Daughter; but if the Knight were overcome, then the Victor should be discharged from his Promise, and not bound to give her any other Satisfaction. Then the Marshal of the Field placed each of them on the Spot whence they should start, dividing equally between them the Advantage of the Ground, that neither of them might have the Sun in his Eyes. And now the Drums beat, and the Clangor of the Trumpets resounded through the Air; the Earth shook under 'em, and the Hearts of the numerous Spectators were in Suspense, some fearing, others expecting the good or bad Issue of the Battle. Don Quixote recommending himself with all his Soul to Heaven and his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, stood expecting when the precise Signal for the Onset should be given.—But our Lacquey's Mind was otherwise employ'd, and all his Thoughts were upon what I am going to tell you.

It seems, as he stood looking on his Female Enemy, she appear'd to him the most beautiful Woman he had ever seen in his whole Life; which being perceiv'd by the little blind Archer, to whom the World gives the Name of Love, he took his Advantage, and fond of improving his Triumphs, though it were but over the Soul of a Lacquey, he came up to him softly, and without being perceiv'd by any one, he shot an Arrow two Yards long into the poor Footman's Side so smartly, that his Heart

was



was pierc'd through and through: A thing which the mischievous Boy could easily do; for Love is invisible; and has free Ingress or Egress where he pleases; at a most unaccountable Rate. You must know then, that when the Signal for the Onset was given, our Lacquey was in an Extasie, transported with the Thoughts of the Beauty of his lovely Enemy, insomuch that he took no manner of Notice of the Trumpet's Sound; quite contrary to Don Quixote, who no sooner heard it, but clapping Spurs to his Horse, he began to make towards his Enemy with Rosinante's best Speed. At the same Time his good Squire Sancho Panza seeing him start, Heaven be thy Guide, cry'd he aloud, thou Cream and Flower of Chivalry-Errant, Heaven give thee the Victory, since thou hast Right on thy Side. To this saw Don Quixote coming towards him, yet instead of making his Career to encounter him; without leaving the Place, he call'd as loud as he could to the Marshal of the Field, who thereupon rode up to him to see what he would have. Sir, said Tosilos, is not this Duel to be fought that I may marry yonder young Lady, or let it alone? Yes, answer'd the Marshal. Why then, said the Lacquey, I feel a burden upon my Conscience, and am sensible I should have a great deal to answer for, should I proceed any further in this Combate; and therefore yield my self vanquish'd, and desire I may marry the Lady this Moment. The Marshal of the Field was surpriz'd; and, as he was privy to the Duke's contrivance of that Business, the Lacquey's unexpected Submission put him to such a Nonplus, that he knew not what to answer. On the other Side, Don Quixote stopt in the Middle of his Career, seeing his Adversary did not put himself in a Posture of defence. The Duke could not imagine why the business of the Field was at a Stand, but the Marshal having inform'd him, he was amaz'd and in a great Passion.

Passion. In the mean Time, *Tosilos* approaching *Donna Rodriguez*, Madam, cry'd he, I am willing to marry your Daughter, there's no need of Law-Suits, nor of Combats in the Matter, I had rather make an End of it peaceably, and without the Hazard of Body and Soul. Why then, said the valorous *Don Quixote*, hearing this, since 'tis so, I am discharg'd of my Promise; let them e'en marry a God's Name, and Heaven bless 'em, and give 'em Joy. At the same Time the Duke coming down within the Lists; and applying himself to *Tosilos*, Tell me Knight, said he is it true, that you yield without Fighting, and that at the Instigation of your timorous Conscience you are resolv'd to marry this Damsel? Yes, and please your Grace, answer'd *Tosilos*. Marry, and I think 'tis the wisest Course, quoth *Sancho*; for what says the Proverb, what the Mouse would get, give the Cat, and keep thy self out of Trouble. In the mean while *Tosilos* began to unlace his Helmet, and call'd out that somebody might help him off with quickly, as being so choak'd with his Armour, that he was scarce able to breath. With that they took off his Helmet with all Speed, and then the Lacquey's Face was plainly discover'd. *Donna Rodriguez* and her Daughter perceiving it presently, a Cheat, a Cheat, cry'd they! They have got *Tosilos*, my Lord Duke's Lacquey to counterfeit my lawful Husband's Justice of Heaven and the King. This is a Piece of Malice and Treachery not to be endur'd. Ladies, said *Don Quixote*, don't vex your selves, there's neither Malice nor Treachery in the Case, or if there be the Duke is not in the Fault. No, those evil-minded Necromancers that persecute me, are the Traytors, who envying the Glory I should have got by this Combat, have transform'd the Face of my Adversary into this, which you see is the Duke's Lacquey. But take my Advice, Madam, added he to the Daughter, and in spight of the Baseness of my Enemies

Enemies; marry him; for I dare engage 'tis the very Man you claim as your Husband. The Duke hearing this, angry as he was, could hardly forbear losing all his Indignation in Laughter. Truly, said he, so many extraordinary Accidents every Day befall the great Don *Quixote*, that I am inclinable to believe this is not my Lacquey, tho' he appears to be so. But for our better Satisfaction, let us defer the Marriage but a Fortnight, and in the mean while keep in close Custody this Person that has put us into this Confusion; perhaps by that Time he may resume his former Looks, for doubtless the Malice of these mischievous Magicians against the noble Don *Quixote* cannot last so long, especially when they find all these Tricks and Transformations so little avail. Alack a day! Sir, quoth *Sancho*, those plaguy Imps of the Devil are not so soon tir'd as you think for; where my Master is concern'd they us'd to form and deform, and chop and change this into that, and that into t'other. 'Tis but a while ago that they transmography'd the *Knight of the Mirrors*, whom he had overcome, into a special Acquaintance of ours, the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco* of our Village; and as for the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, our Mistress, they have bewitch'd and be-devil'd her into the Shape of a meer Country-Blouze, and so I verily think this saucy Fellow here is like to dye a Footman, and will live a Footman all the Days of his Life. Well, cry'd the Daughter, let him be what he will, if he'll have me, I'll have him. I ought to thank him, for I had rather be a Lacquey's Wife than a Gentleman's cast-off Mistress; besides, he that deluded me is no Gentleman neither. To be short, the Sum of the Matter was, that *Tosilos* should be confin'd to see what his Transformation would come to. Don *Quixote* was proclaim'd Victor by general Consent; and the People went away, most of 'em very much out of Humour, because the Combatants had not cut

one another to pieces to make 'em Sport; according to the Custom of the young Rabble, to be sorry when, after they have staid in hopes to see a Man hang'd, he happens to be pardon'd, either by the Party he had wrong'd, or the Magistrate. The Crowd being dispers'd, the Duke and Dutchess return'd with Don Quixote into the Castle, Toflor was secur'd, and kept close: As for Donna Rodriguez and her Daughter, they were very well pleas'd to find one Way or other that Business would end in Marriage; and Toflor flattered himself with the like Expectation.

## CHAP. LVII.

*How Don Quixote took his Leave of the Duke and what pass'd between him and the witty wanton Altisidora the Dutchess's Damself.*

DON Quixote thought it now Time to leave the idle Life he led in the Castle, believing it a mighty Fault, thus to shut himself up, and indulge his sensual Appetite among the tempting Varieties of Dainties and Delights, which the Lord and Lady of the Place provided for his Entertainment, as a Knight-Errant; and he thought he was to give strict Account to Heaven for a Course of Life so opposite to his active Profession. Accordingly, one Day he acquainted the Duke and Dutchess with his Sentiments, and begg'd their Leave to depart. They both seem'd very unwilling to part with him, but yet at last yielded to his Entreaties. The Dutchess gave Sancho his Wife's Letters, which he could not hear read without weeping. Who would he thought, cry'd he, that all the mighty Hopes with which my Wife swell'd her self up at the New

of my Preferment, should come to this at last, and now I should be reduc'd again to trot after my Master Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, in Search of Hunger and broken Bones! However, I am glad to see my *Teresa* was like her self, in sending the Dutcheſs the Acorns; which if she had not done, she had shew'd her self a dirty ungrateful Sow, and I should have been confounded mad with her. My Comfort is, that no Man can say the Present was a Bribe; for I had my Government before she sent it, and 'tis fit those who have a Kindness done 'em should shew themselves grateful, tho' it be with a small Matter. In short, naked I came into the Government, and naked I went out of it; and so I may say for my Comfort with a safe Conscience, naked I came into the World, and naked I am still; I neither won nor lost, that's no easie Matter as Times go, let me tell you. These were *Sancho's* Sentiments at his Departure.

Don *Quixote* having taken his solemn Leave of the Duke and Dutcheſs over-night, left his Apartment the next Morning, and appear'd in his Armour in the Court-yard, the Galleries all round about being fill'd at the same Time with the People of the House; the Duke and Dutcheſs being also got thither to see him: *Sancho* was upon his Dapple with his Cloak-bag, his Wallet and his Provision, very brisk and cheerful; for the Steward that acted the Part of *Trifaldi* had given him a Purse with two hundred Crowns in Gold, to defray Expences, which was more than Don *Quixote* knew at that Time. And now while every Body look'd to see 'em set forward, on a sudden the arch and witty *Altisidora* started from the rest of the Dutcheſs's Damſels and Attendants that stood by among the rest, and in a doleful Tone, address'd her self to him in the following Doggrel rhymes.

The



*The Mock Farewell.*

## I.

**S**tay, cruel Don,  
 Do not be gone,  
 Nor give thy Horse the Rowels :  
 For every Jag  
 Thou giv'st thy Nag,  
 Does prick me to the Bowels.

Thou dost not shun  
 Some butter'd Bun,  
 Or Drab without a Rag on :  
 Alas ! I am  
 A very Lamb,  
 Yet love like any Dragon.

Thou didst deceive,  
 And now do'st leave  
 A Lass, as tight as any  
 That ever stood,  
 In Hill or Wood  
 Near Venus and Diana.

Since thou, false Fiend,  
 When Nymph's thy Friend,  
 Æneas like dost bob her ;  
 Go rot and die,  
 Boil, roast, or fry,  
 With Barrabas the Robber.

## II.

Thou tak'st thy Flight,  
 Like ravenous Kite,  
 That holds within his Pounces  
 A tender Bit,  
 A poor Tom-tit,  
 Then whist away he flounces.

*of the Renown'd Don QUIXOTE.* 211

*The Heart of me,  
And Night-Coifs three  
With Garters twain you plunder,  
From Legs of hue,  
White, black, and blue,  
So marbl'd o'er you'd wonder.*

*Two thousand Groans,  
And warm Ahones,  
Are stuff'd within thy Pillion:  
The least of which,  
Like flaming Pitch,  
Might have burn'd down old Ilion.*

*Since thou, False Fiend,  
When Nymph's thy Friend,  
Æneas like dost bob her;  
Go, rot, and die,  
Boil, roast, or fry,  
With Barrabas the Robber.*

III.

*As sour as Crab  
Against thy Drab,  
May be thy Sancho's Gizzard:  
And he ne'er thrum  
His brawny Bum,  
To free her from the Wizzard.*

*May all thy Flouts,  
And sullen Doubts,  
Be scor'd upon thy Dowdy;  
And she ne'er free'd,  
For thy Misdeed,  
From rusty Phiz, and cloudy.*

*May Fortune's Curse  
From bad to worse,*

*Turn*

*Turn all thy best Adventures;  
 Thy Joys to Dumps,  
 Thy Brags to Thumps,  
 And thy best Hopes to Banters.*

*Since thou, false Fiend,  
 When Nymph's thy Friend,  
 Æneas like dost bob her;  
 Go, rot, and die,  
 Boil, roast, and fry,  
 With Barrabas the Robber.*

## IV.

*May'st thou Incog  
 Sneak like a Dog,  
 And o'er the Mountains trudge it;  
 From Spain to Cafes,  
 From Rome to Wales,  
 Without a Cross in Budget.*

*If thou'r't so brisk  
 To play at Whisk,  
 In hopes of winning Riches;  
 For want of Trump,  
 Stir ev'n thy Rump,  
 And lose thy very Breechet.*

*May thy Corns ake,  
 Then Pen-knife take,  
 And cut thee to the Raw-bone:  
 With Tooth-ach mad,  
 No Ease be had,  
 Tho' Quacks pull out thy Jaw-bone.*

*Since thou, false Fiend,  
 When Nymph's thy Friend,  
 Æneas like dost bob her;  
 Go, rot, and dye,  
 Boil, roast, or fry,  
 With Barrabas the Robber.*

Thus *Alsidora* express'd her Resentments, and *Don Quixote*, who look'd on her seriously all the while, would not answer a Word; but turning to *Sancho*, Dear *Sancho*, said he, by the Memory of thy Fore-Fathers, I conjure thee to tell me one Truth; say, hast thou any Night-Coifs or Garters that belong to this Love-sick Damsel? The three Night-Coifs I have quoth *Sancho*; but as for the Garters, I know no more of 'em than the Man in the Moon. The Dutchess being wholly a Stranger to this Part of *Alsidora's* Frolick, was amaz'd to see her proceed so far in it, though she knew her to be of an arch and merry Disposition. But the Duke being pleas'd with the Humour, resolv'd to carry it on. Thereupon addressing himself to *Don Quixote*, Truly, Sir Knight said he, I do not take it kindly, that after such civil entertainment as you have had here in my Castle, you should offer to carry away three Night-Coifs, if not a pair of Garters besides, the proper Goods and Chattels of this Damsel here present. This was not one like a Gentleman, and does not make good the Character you would maintain in the World: Therefore restore her Garters, or I challenge you to a mortal Combate, without being afraid that your evil-minded Inchanters should alter my Face, as they did my Footman's. Heaven forbid, said *Don Quixote*, that I should draw my Sword against your most illustrious Person, to whom I stand indebted for so many Favours. No, my Lord, as for the Night-Coifs I will cause 'em to be restor'd, for *Sancho* tells me he has 'em; but as for the Garters 'tis impossible, for neither he nor I ever had 'em; and if this Damsel of yours will look carefully among her Things, I dare say she'll find 'em. I never was a Pilferer, my Lord, and while Heav'n forsakes me not, I never shall be guilty of such Baseness. But this Damsel, as you may perceive, talks like one that is in Love, and accuses me of that whereof I am innocent; so that

that not regarding her little Revenge, I have no need to ask Pardon either of her or your Grace. I only beg you'll be pleas'd to entertain a better Opinion of me, and once more permit me to depart. Farewell, Noble Don *Quixote*, said the Dutchess; may Providence so direct your Course, that we may always be blest with the good News of your Exploits; and so Heaven be with you, for the longer you stay the more you encrease the Flames in the Hearts of the Damfels that gaze on you. As for this young indiscreet Creature, I'll take her to task so severely, she shall not misbehave her self so much as in a Word or Look for the future. One Word more, I beseech you, O valourous Don *Quixote*, cry'd *Altisidora*. I beg your Pardon for saying you had stol'n my Garters, for my Conscience I have 'em on: But my Thoughts ran a Wool-gathering; and I did like the Country-man who look'd for his Ass while he was mounted on his Back. Marry come up, cry'd *Sancho*, whom did they take me for, trow? A Concealer of stol'n Goods, no indeed; had I been given that Way, I might have had Opportunities enough in my Government.

Don *Quixote* made a Bow, and after he had made his Obeisance to the Duke, the Dutchess, and all the Company, he turn'd about with *Resinante*; and *Sancho* following him on *Dapple*, they left the Castle, and took the Road for *Saragossa*.

## C H A P. LVIII.

*How Adventures crouded so thick and threefold on Don Quixote, that they trod upon one another's Heels.*

DON *Quixote* no sooner breath'd the Air in the open Field, free from *Altisidora's* amorous importunities, but he fancy'd himself in his own Element



ment; he thought he felt the Spirit of Knight-Errantry reviving in his Breast; and turning to *Sancho*, Liberty, said he, Friend *Sancho*, is one of the most valuable Blessings that Heaven has bestow'd on Mankind. Not all the Treasures conceal'd in the Bowels of the Earth, nor those in the Bosom of the Sea can be compar'd with it. For Liberty, a Man may, nay ought to hazard, even his Life, as well as for Honour, accounting Captivity the greatest Misery he can endure. I tell thee this, my *Sancho*; because thou wert a Witness of the good Cheer and Plenty which we met with in the Castle; yet in the midst of those delicious Feasts, among those tempting Dishes, and those Liquors cool'd with Snow, I thought I suffer'd the Extremity of Hunger, because I did not enjoy them with that Freedom as if they had been my own: For the Obligations that lie upon us to make suitable Returns for Kindnesses receiv'd, are Ties that will not let a generous Mind be free. Happy the Man, whom Heav'n has bless'd with Bread, for which he is oblig'd to thank kind Heaven alone! For all these fine Words, quoth *Sancho*, 'tis not proper for us to be unthankful for two hundred good Crowns in Gold, which the Duke'seward gave me in a little Purse, which I have here, and cherish in my Bosom, as a Relick against necessity, and a comforting Cordial next my Heart against all Accidents. For we are not like always to meet with Castles, where we shall be made much of. A Pease-cods on't! we are more like to meet with damn'd Inns, where we shall be rib-roasted.

As the wandering Knight and Squire went discoursing of this and other Matters, they had not rid much more than a League, ere they espy'd about a dozen Men, who look'd like Country-Fellows sitting on their Victuals, with their Cloaks under them, on the green Grass, in the middle of a Meadow. Near as they saw several white Cloaths or Sheets spread out

out and laid close to one another, that seem'd to cover something. Don *Quixote* rold up to the People and after he had civilly saluted 'em, ask'd what they had got under that Linnen? Sir, answer'd one of the Company, they are some carv'd Images that are to be set up at an Altar we are erecting in our Town. We cover 'em, least they should be sullied, and carry 'em on our Shoulders for fear they should be broken. If you please, said Don *Quixote*, I should be glad to see 'em; for considering the Care you take of 'em they should be Pieces of Value. Ay, marry are they, quoth another, or else we're damnably cheated; for there's ne'er an Image among 'em that do not stand us in more than fifty Ducats; and, that you may know I'm no Liar, do but stay, and you shall see with your own Eyes. With that, getting up on his Legs, and leaving his Victuals, he went and took off the Cover from one of the Figures, that he perceiv'd to be St. *George* on Horseback, and under his Feet a Serpent coil'd up, his Throat transfix'd with a Lance, with the Fierceness that is commonly represented in the Piece; and all, as they use to be spick and span new, and shining like beaten Gold. Don *Quixote* having seen the Image, This, said he, was one of the best Knight-Errants the Divine Warfare or Church-Militant ever had: His Name was Don St. *George*, and he was an extraordinary Protector of Damsels. What's the next? The Fellow having uncover'd it, it prov'd to be St. *Martin* on Horseback. This Knight too, said Don *Quixote*, at the first sight, was one of the Christian Adventurers and I am apt to think he was more liberal than the valiant; and thou may'st perceive it *Sancho*, by his dividing his Cloak with a poor Man; he gave him half, and doubtless 'twas Winter-time, or else he would have giv'n it him whole, he was so charitable. Not so neither, I fancy, quoth *Sancho*, but I guess he stuck to the Proverb; He that lends

Breech must—you understand me. Don *Quixote* smil'd, and desir'd the Men to shew him the next Image; which appear'd to be that of the Patron of *Spain* a Horse-back, with his Sword bloody, trampling down *Moors*, and treading over Heads. Ay, this is a Knight indeed, (cry'd Don *Quixote*, when he saw it) one of those that fought in the Squadrons of the Saviour of the World: He is call'd Don *Santiago*, *Mata-Moros*, or Don St. *James the Destroyer of the Moors*, and may be thought one of the most valorous Saints and Professors of Chivalry that the Earth formerly enjoy'd, and Heaven now possesses. Then they uncover'd another Piece, which shew'd St. *Paul* falling from his Horse, with all the Circumstances usually express'd in the Story of his Conversion, and represented so to the Life, that he look'd as if he had been answering the Voice that spoke to him from Heaven. This, said Don *Quixote*, was the greatest Enemy the Church Militant had once, and with his sword prov'd afterwards the greatest Defender it will ever have. In his Life a true Knight-Errant, and in his Death a steadfast Saint; and indefatigable Labourer in the Vineyard of the Lord, a Teacher of the *Gentiles*, who had Heaven for his School, and the Lord of Wisdom for his Master and Instructor. Don *Quixote* perceiving there were no more Images, desir'd the Men to cover those he had seen: And then, my good Friends, said he to 'em, I cannot but esteem the Sight that I have had of these Images as a happy one; for these Saints and Knights were of the same Profession that I follow, which is that of Arms: The Difference only lies in this Point, that they were Saints, and fought according to the Rules of Chivalry Discipline; and I am a Sinner, and fight after the Manner of Men. They conquer'd Heaven by Force, for Heaven is taken by Violence; but I alas cannot yet tell what I gain by the Force of my Labours! Yet were my *Dulcinea del Toboso* but free from

her Troubles, by a happy Change in my Fortune, and an Improvement in my Understanding, I might perhaps take a better Course than I do. Heaven grant it, quoth *Sancho*, and let the Devil do his worst.

All this while the Men wonder'd at Don *Quixote's* Discourse as well as his Figure; for they could not understand one Half of what he meant. So that after they had made an end of their Dinner, they got up their Images, took their Leaves of Don *Quixote* and continu'd their Journey.

*Sancho* remain'd full of Admiration, as if he had never known his Master; he wonder'd how he should come to know all these Things; and fancy'd there was not that History or Adventure in the World, but he had it at his Finger's Ends. Faith and Troth, Master of mine, quoth he, if what has happen'd to us to Day may be call'd an Adventure, it is one of the sweetest and most pleasant we ever met with in all our Rambles; for we are come off without a dry-basting, or the least bodily Fear. We have not so much as laid our Hands upon our Weapons, nor have we beaten the Earth with our Carcasses, but here we be safe, and sound, neither a-dry nor a-hungry. Heaven be prais'd, that I have seen all this with my own Eyes! Thou say'st well, *Sancho* said Don *Quixote*, but I must tell thee, that Seasons and Times are not always the same, but often take a different Course! and what the Vulgar call Fomblings and Omens, for which there are no rational Grounds in Nature, ought only to be esteem'd happy Encounters by the Wise. One of these superstitious Fools, going out of his House betimes in the Morning, meets a Friar of the Blessed Order of *St. Francis*, and starts as if he had met a Griffin, turns back, and runs home again. Another Wise-man happens to throw down the Salt on the Table-cloth, and thereupon is sadly cast down himself.

as if Nature were oblig'd to give Tokens of ensuing Disasters, by such slight and inconsiderable Accidents as these. A wise and truly Religious Man ought never to pry into the Secrets of Heaven. *Scipio* standing in *Africa*, stumbl'd and fell down as he leap'd ashore: Presently his Soldiers took this for an ill Omen, but he, embracing the Earth, cry'd, I have thee fast, *Africa*, thou shalt not 'scape me. In this manner, *Sancho*, I think it a very happy Accident, that I met these Images: I think so too, quoth *Sancho*; but I would fain know why the *Spaniards* call upon that same St. *James* the Destroyer of *Moors*, must when they are going to give Battel, they cry, *San Jago, and close Spain*. Pray is *Spain* open, that it wants to be clos'd up? What do you make of that Ceremony? Thou art a very simple Fellow, *Sancho*, answer'd Don *Quixote*. Thou must know that Heaven gave to *Spain* this mighty Champion of the Red-Cross for its Patron and Protector, especially in the desperate Engagements which the *Spaniards* had with the *Moors*; and therefore they invoke him in all their martial Encounters, as their Protector; and many times he has been personally seen cutting and slaying, overthrowing, trampling and destroying the *Moors* Squadrons; of which I could give thee many Examples deduc'd from authentick *Spanish* histories.

Here *Sancho* changing the Discourse; Sir, quoth he, can't but marvel at the Impudence of *Altisidora* the witchess's Damsel. I warrant you, that same Misbelief-monger they call Love, has plaguily mawl'd her, and run her through without Mercy. They say he's a little blind Urchin, and yet the dark youth, with no more Eye-sight than a Beetle, will give you a Heart as sure as a Gun, and bore it through and through with his Dart, if he undertakes to hit the spot at it. However, I have heard say, that the shafts of Love are blunted and beaten back by the



modest and sober Carriage of young Maidens. But upon this *Altisidora* their Edge seems rather to be whetted than made blunt. You must observe, *Sancho* said Don *Quixote*, that Love is void of Consideration and disclaims the Rules of Reason in his Proceedings. He is like Death, and equally affects the lofty Palaces of Kings, and the lowly Cottages of Shepherds. Where-ever he takes entire Possession of a Soul, the first Thing he does, is to dismiss all Bashfulness and Shame. So these being banish'd from *Altisidora's* Breast, she confidently discover'd her long Desires, which alas ! rather fill'd me with Confusion than Pity. Well, go to, quoth *Sancho*, you are comfoundedly cruel ; how could you be so hard-hearted and ungrateful ? Had the poor Thing but made Love to me, I dare say, I should have come to at the first Word, and have been at her Service. Beshrew my Midriff, what a Heart of Marble, Bowels of Braes and Soul of Plaister you have ! But I can't for the Blood of me imagine, what the poor Creature felt in your Worship, to make her doat on you and play the Fool at this Rate ! Where the Devil was that sparkling Appearance, the Briskness, the fine Carriage, the sweet Face that betwix'd her ? Indeed and indeed, I often survey your Worship from the Tip of your Toe to the topmost Hair on your Crown and not to flatter you, I can see nothing in you, but what's more likely to scare one, than to make one fall in Love. I've heard that Beauty is the first and chief Thing that begets Love ; now you not having any, an't like your Worship, I can't guess what your poor Soul was smitten with. Take notice, *Sancho* answer'd Don *Quixote*, that there are two Sorts of Beauty, the one of the Soul, and the other of the Body. That of the Soul lies and displays it self in the Understanding, in Principles of Honour and Virtue, in a handsome Behaviour, in Generosity and good Breeding ; all which Qualities may be found

in a Person not so accomplish'd in outward Features. And when this Beauty, and not that of the Body, is the Object of Love, then the Assaults of that Passion are much more fierce, more surprizing and effectual. Now, *Sancho*, though I am sensible I am not handsome, I know at the same time I'm not deform'd; and provided an honest Man be possess'd of the Endowments of the Mind which I have mention'd, and nothing appears monstrous in him, 'tis enough to entitle him to the Love of a reasonable Creature.

Thus discoursing they got into a Wood quite out of the Road, and on a sudden Don *Quixote*, before he knew where he was, found himself entangl'd in some Nets of green Thread, that were spread across among the Trees. Not being able to imagine what it was, certainly, *Sancho*, cry'd he, this Adventure of the Nets must be one of the most unaccountable that can be imagin'd. Let me die now if this be not a Stratagem of the evil-minded Necromancers that haunt me, to entangle me so that I may not proceed, as it were, to revenge my Contempt of *Altisidora's* Addresses. But let 'em know, that though these Nets were Adamantine Chains, as they are only made of green Thread, and though they were stronger than those in which the jealous God of blacksmiths caught *Venus* and *Mars*, I wou'd break them with as much Ease as if they were weak rushes, or fine Cotton-Yarn. With that the Knight went briskly forwards, resolv'd to break through, and make his Words good; but in the very Moment were sprung from behind the Trees two most beautiful Shepherdesses, at least they appear'd to be so by their Habits; only with this Difference, that they were richly dress'd in Gold Brocade. Their flowing Hair hung down about their Shoulders in Curls, as charming as the Sun's Golden Rays, and circl'd their Brows with Garlands of green Bays and

Red-flower-gentle interwoven. As for their Age, it seem'd not less than fifteen, nor more than eighteen Years. This unexpected Vision dazzl'd and amaz'd *Sancho*, surpriz'd *Don Quixote*, made even the gazing Sun stop short in his Career, and held the surpriz'd Parties a while in the same Suspence and Silence; 'till at last one of the Sheherdeses opening her Coral-Lips, hold Sir, she cry'd; pray do not tear those Nets which we have spread here, not to offend you, but to divert our selves; and because 'tis likely you'll enquire, why they are spread here, and who we are, I shall tell you in few Words.

About two Leagues from this Place lies a Village, where there are many People of Quality and good Estates; among these, several have made up a Company, all of Friends, Neighbours and Relations to come and take their Diversion in this Place, which is one of the most delightful in these Parts. To this purpose we design to set up a new *Arcadia*. The young Men have put on the Habit of Shepherds, and Ladies the Dress of Sheherdeses. We have got two Eclogues by Heart; one out of the famous *Garcilasso*, and the other out of *Camaen's*, that most excellent *Portuguese* Poet; tho' the Truth is, we have not yet repeated them, for Yesterday was but the first Day of our coming hither. We have pitch'd some Tents among the Trees, near the Banks of a large Brook that waters all these Meadows. And last Night we spread these Nets, to catch such simple Birds as our Calls shou'd allure into the Snare. Now Sir, if you please to afford us your Company, you shall be made very welcome, and handsomely entertained; for we are all dispos'd to pass the Time agreeably, and for a while banish Melancholy from this Place. Truly, fair Lady, answer'd *Don Quixote*, *Altaon* cou'd not be more lost in Admiration and Amazement, at the Sight of *Diana* Bathing her self

than I was at the Appearance of your Beauty. I applaud the Design of your Entertainment, and return you Thanks for your obliging Offers; assuring you, that if it lies in my Power to serve you, you may depend on my Obedience to your Commands: For my Profession is the very Reverse of Ingratitude, and aims at doing Good to all Persons, especially those of your Merit and Condition; so that were these Nets spread over the Surface of the whole Earth, I would seek out a Passage thro' new Worlds, rather than I would break the smallest Thread that conduces to your Pastime: And that you may give some Credit to this seeming Exaggeration, know that he who makes this Promise is no less than Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, if ever such a Name has reach'd your Ears. Oh, my Dear, cry'd the other Shepherdess, what good Fortune this is! You see this Gentleman before us: I must tell you, he is the most valiant, the most amorous, and the most complaisant Person in the World, if the History of his Exploits already in Print, does not deceive us. I have read it, my Dear, and I hold a Wager, that honest Fellow there by him is one *Sancho Panza*, his 'Squire, the most comical Creature that ever was. You have nick'd it, quoth *Sancho*, I am that comical Creature, and that very 'Squire you wot of, and there's my Lord and Master, the self-same hist'ry'd, and aforesaid Don *Quixote de la Mancha*. Oh pray, my Dear, said the other, let us entreat him to stay, our Father, and our Brothers will be mightily glad of it; I have heard of his Valour, and his Merit as much as you now tell me; and what's more, they say he is the most constant and faithful Lover in the World; and that his Mistress, whom they call *Dulcinea del Toboso*, bears the Prize from all the Beauties in *Spain*. 'Tis not without Justice, said Don *Quixote*; if your Peerless Charms do not dispute her that Glory. But, Ladies, I beseech ye do not endeavour to detain

me ; for the indispensable Duties of my Profession will not suffer me to rest in one Place.

At the same Time came the Brother of one of the Shepherdesses, clad like a Shepherd, but in a Dress as splendid and gay as those of the young Ladies. They told him that the Gentleman whom he saw with them was the valorous Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, and that other, *Sancho Pança*, his 'Squire, of whom he had read the History. The gallant Shepherd having saluted him, begg'd of him so earnestly to grant 'em his Company to their Tents, that Don *Quixote* was forc'd to comply, and go with them.

About the same Time the Nets were drawn and fill'd with divers little Birds, who being deceiv'd by the Colour of the Snare, fell into the Danger they wou'd have avoided. Above thirty Persons, all gayly dress'd like Shepherds and Shepherdesses, got together there, and being inform'd who Don *Quixote* and his 'Squire were, they were not a little pleas'd, for they were already no Strangers to his History. In short, they carry'd 'em to their Tents, where they found a clean, sumptuous, and plentiful Entertainment ready. They oblig'd the Knight to take the Place of Honour, and while they sat at Table, there was not one that did not gaze on him, and wonder at so strange a Figure. At last, the Cloth being remov'd, Don *Quixote*, with a great deal of Gravity, lifting up his Voice ; Of all the Sins that Men commit, said he, none, in my Opinion, is so great as Ingratitude, tho' some think Pride a greater ; and I ground my Assertion on this, That Hell is said to be full of the Ungrateful. Ever since I have had the Use of Reason, I have us'd the utmost Endeavours to avoid this Crime ; and if I am not able to repay the Benefits I receive in their Kind, at least I am not wanting in real Intentions of making suitable Returns ; and if that be



be not sufficient, I make my Acknowledgments as publick as I can; for he that proclaims the Kindnesses he has receiv'd, shews his Disposition to repay 'em if he cou'd; and those that receive are generally inferiour to those that give. The Supreme Being, that is infinitely above all Things, bestows his Blessings on us so much beyond the Capacity of all other Benefactors, that all the Acknowledgments we can make can never hold Proportion with his Goodness. However, a thankful Mind in some measure supplies its Want of Power with hearty Desires, and unfeign'd Expressions of a Sense of Gratitude and Respect. I am in this Condition as to the Civilities I have been treated with here; for I am unable to make an Acknowledgment equal to the Kindnesses I have receiv'd. I shall therefore only offer ye what is within the narrow Limits of my own Abilities; which is, to maintain, for two whole Days together, in the Middle of the Road that leads to *Saragosa*, that these Ladies here disguis'd in the Habit of Shepherdesses, are the fairest and most courteous Damsels in the World, excepting only the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, sole Mistress of my Thoughts; without Offence to all that hear me be it spoken.

Here *Sancho*, who had with an uncommon Attention all the while given Ear to his Master's Compliment, thought fit to put in a Word or two. Now in the Name of Wonder, quoth he, can there be any Body in the World so impudent as to offer to swear, or but to say, this Master of mine is a Mad-man? Pray tell me, ye Gentlemen Shepherds, did you ever know any of your Country Parsons, though never so wise, or so good Scholars, that cou'd deliver themselves so finely? Or is there any of your Knights-errants, though never so fam'd for Prowess, that can make such an Offer as he here has done. Don *Quixote* turn'd towards *Sancho*, and beholding him with

Eyes full of fiery Indignation : Can there be any Body in the World, cry'd he, that can say thou art not an incorrigible Blockhead, *Sancho*, a Compound of Folly and Knavery, of whom Malice is no small Ingredient ? Who bids thee meddle with my Concerns, Fellow, or busie thy self with my Folly or Discretion ? Hold your faucy Tongue, Scoundrel ! Make no Reply, but go and saddle *Rosinante*, if he is unsaddl'd, that I may immediately perform what I have offer'd ; for in so noble and so just a Cause, thou may'st reckon all those who shall presume to oppose me, subdu'd and overthrown. This said, up he started, in a dreadful Fury, and with Marks of Anger in his Looks, to the Amazement of all the Company, who were at a Loss whether they should esteem him a Mad-man or a Man of Sense : They endeavour'd to prevail with him to lay aside his Challenges, telling him, they were sufficiently assur'd of his grateful Nature, without exposing him to the Danger of such Demonstrations ; and as for his Valour, they were so well inform'd by the History of his numerous Achievements, that there was no need of any new Instance to convince 'em of it. But all these Representations cou'd not dissuade him from his Purpose ; and therefore having mounted *Rosinante*, brac'd his Shield, and grasp'd his Lance, he went and posted himself in the Middle of the High-way, not far from the verdant Meadow, follow'd by *Sancho* on his *Dapple*, and all the pastoral Society, who were desirous to see the Event of that arrogant and unaccountable Resolution. And now the Champion having taken his Ground, made the Neighbouring Air ring with the following Challenge. O ye, whoe'er you are, Knights, 'Squires, a'foot, or o'Horse-back, that now pass, or shall pass this Road within these two Days, know that Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, Knight-Errant, stays here, to assert and maintain, that the Nymphs, who inhabit these

these Groves and Meadows, surpass in Beauty and courteous Disposition, all those in the Universe, setting aside the Sovereign of my Soul, the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*. And he that dares uphold the contrary, let him appear, for here I expect his Coming. Twice he repeated these lofty Words, and twice they were repeated in vain, not being heard by any Adventurer. But his old Friend, Fortune, that had a strange Hand at managing his Concerns, and always mended upon it, shew'd him a jolly Sight, for by and by he discover'd on the Road a great Number of People a Horse-back, many of 'em with Lances in their Hands, all trooping together very fast. The Company that watch'd Don *Quixote's* Motions, no sooner spy'd such a Squadron, driving the Dust before 'em, but they got out of Harm's Way, not judging it safe to be so near Danger: And as for *Sancho*, he shelter'd himself behind *Rosinante's* Crupper; only Don *Quixote* stood fix'd with an undaunted Courage. When the Horsemen came near, one of the foremost bawling to the Champion, So hey! cry'd he! get out of the Way, and be hang'd. The Devil's in the Fellow! Stand off, or the Bulls will tread thee to Pieces. Go to, ye Scoundrels, answer'd Don *Quixote*, none of your Bulls can avail with me, tho' the fiercest that ever were Fed on the Banks of *Xarama*. Acknowledge, Hang-dogs, all in a Body, what I have proclaim'd here to be Truth, or else stand Combat with me. But the Cow-herd had not Time to Answer, neither had Don *Quixote* any left to get out of the Way, if he had been inclin'd to it; for the Herd of wild Bulls were presently upon him, as they pour'd along, with several tame Cows, and a huge Company of Drivers and People that went to a Town where they were to be baited the next Day. So bearing down all before 'em, Knight and Squire, Horse and Man, they traml'd 'em under Foot at an unmerciful Rate. There lay *Sancho* maw'd, Don

*Quixote*

*Quixote* stunn'd, *Dapple* bruis'd, and *Rosinante* in very indifferent Circumstances. But for all this, after the whole Rout of Men and Beasts were gone by, up started *Don Quixote*, e're he was throughly come to himself; and staggering, and stumbling, falling, and getting up again, as fast as he cou'd, he began to run after them: Stop, Scoundrels, stop, cry'd he aloud, stay, 'tis a single Knight defies ye all, one who scorns the Humour of making a Golden Bridge for a Flying Enemy. But the hasty Travellers did not stop nor slacken their Speed for all his loud Defiance; and minded it no more than the last Year's Snow.

At last Weariness stopp'd *Don Quixote*; so that, with all his Anger, and no Prospect of Revenge, he was forc'd to sit down in the Road till *Sancho* came up to him with *Rosinante* and *Dapple*. Then the Master and Man made a shift to remount, and asham'd of their bad Success hasten'd their Journey, without taking Leave of their Friends of the *New Arcadia*.

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## C H A P. LIX.

*Of an extraordinary Accident that happen'd to Don Quixote, which may well pass for an Adventure.*

A Clear Fountain, which *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* found among some verdant Trees, serv'd to refresh 'em, besmear'd with Dust, and tir'd as they were, after the rude Encounter of the Bulls. There by the Brink, leaving *Rosinante* and *Dapple* unbridl'd and unhalter'd, to their own Liberty, the two forlorn Adventurers fate down. *Sancho* wash'd his Mouth, and *Don Quixote* his Face. The Squire then went to his old Cupboard, the Wallet; and having taken out of it what he us'd to call Belly-Timber, laid

laid it before the Knight : But Don *Quixote* would eat nothing for pure Vexation, and *Sancho* durst not begin for pure good Manners, expecting that he would first shew him the Way. However, finding him so wrapp'd in his Imaginations as to have no Thoughts of lifting his Hand up to his Mouth, the Squire, without letting one Word come out of his, laid aside all Kind of good Breeding, and began to stuff his hungry Maw with what Bread and Cheese he had before him. Eat, Friend *Sancho*, cry'd Don *Quixote* ; repair the Decays of Nature, and sustain Life, which thou hast more Reason to cherish than I ; leave me to dye abandon'd to my Sorrows, and the Violence of my Misfortunes. I was born, *Sancho*, to Live Dying, and thou to Dye Eating. And that thou may'st be convinc'd I tell thee Truth, do but reflect upon me, famous in Histories, dignify'd with the Honour of the Press, renown'd for Feats of Arms, courteous in Behaviour, respected by Princes, belov'd and importun'd by Damsels ; yet after all this, when I at last flatter'd my self with Hopes of Laurels, Triumphs and Crowns, the Reward merited by my valorous Achievements, behold me trod under Foot, trampil'd like the Highway Dirt, kick'd and bruise'd by the Hoofs of vile and filthy Beasts. The Thought dulls the Edge of my Teeth, and of my Appetite ; unhinges my Jaws, benums my Hands, and stupifies my Senses ; and fearing more to live than to die, I am resolv'd almost to starve my self ; though to die with Hunger be the most cruel of all Deaths. So that belike, quoth *Sancho* (without losing any Time in Chewing) you will not make good the Saying, 'Tis good to live with a full Belly ? For my Part, I am not so simple as to kill my self. No, I am like the Cobbler, that stretches his Leather with his Teeth : I am for lengthening my Life by Eating, and I'll stretch it with my Grinders as far as Heaven will let it



it run. Faith and Troth, Master, there's no greater Folly in the World than for a Man to despair, and throw the Helve after the Hatchet. Therefore take my Advice, fall to, and eat as I do, and when you have done, lye down and take a Nap; the fresh Grass here will do as well as a Feather-bed. I dare say, by that Time you 'wake, you'll find your self better in Body and Mind.

Don *Quixote* follow'd *Sancho's* Counsel; for he was convinc'd the Squire spoke good Natural Philosophy at that time. However, in the mean While a Thought coming into his Mind, Ah! *Sancho*, said he, if thou would'st but do something that I am now going to desire thee, my Cares wou'd fit more easy on me, and my Comfort wou'd be more certain. 'Tis only this; while, according to thy Advice, I try to compose my Thoughts with Sleep, do thou but step aside a little, and exposing thy Back-Parts bare in the open Air, take the Reins of *Rosinante's* Bridle, and give thy self some three or four Hundred smart Lashes, in Part of the three Thousand and Odd thou art to receive to dis-enchant *Dulcinea*; for, in Truth 'tis a Shame, and a very great Pity that poor Lady should remain enchanted all this while, through thy Carelessness and Neglect. There's a great deal to be said, as to that, quoth *Sancho*; but that will keep cold, first let's go sleep, and then come what will come: Heaven knows what will be done. Do you think, Sir, 'tis nothing for a Man to flogg himself in cold Blood? I'd have you to know, 'tis a cruel Thing, especially when the Lashes must light upon my Body, so weak and horribly lin'd within as mine is. Let my Lady *Dulcinea* have a little Patience; one of these Days, when she least dreams on't, she'll see my Skin pink'd and jagg'd like a slash'd Doublet with Lashes. There's nothing lost that comes at last; whilst there's Life there's Hopes; which is as good as to say, I live with an Intent to make good my

my Promise. Don *Quixote* gave him Thanks, eat something, and *Sancho* a great deal; and then both betook themselves to their Rest; leaving those constant Friends and Companions, *Rosinante* and *Dapple*, to their own Discretion, to repose or feed at Random on the Pasture that abounded in that Meadow.

The Day was now far gone when the Knight and the Squire wak'd; they mounted, and held on their journey, making the best of their Way to an Inn, that seem'd to be about a League distant. I call it an Inn, because Don *Quixote* himself call'd it so, contrary to his Custom, it being a common Thing with him to take Inns for Castles.

Being got thither, they ask'd the Inn-keeper whether he had got any Lodgings? Yes, answer'd he, and as good Accommodation as you'd wish to find in the City of *Saragosa*. They alighted, and *Sancho* laid his Baggage in a Chamber, of which the Landlord gave him the Key; and after he had seen *Rosinante* and *Dapple* well provided for in the stable, he went to wait on his Master, whom he found sitting upon a Seat made in the Wall, the Squire blessing himself more than once, that the night had not taken the Inn for a Castle. Supper-keeping him approaching, Don *Quixote* retir'd to his Apartment, and *Sancho* staying with the Host, ask'd him what he had to give 'em for Supper? What you will, answer'd he, you may pick and chuse, Fish or Flesh, Butcher's Meat or Poultry, Wild-fowl, and what not? Whatever Land, Sea, and Air afford for Food, 'tis but ask and have, every thing is to be had in this Inn. There's no need of this, quoth *Sancho*, a Couple of roasted Chickens will do our Business; for my Master has a nice stomach, and eats but little; and as for me, I am one of your unreasonable Trencher-Men. As for chickens, reply'd the Inn-keeper, truly we have none

none; for the Kites have devour'd 'em. Why then, quoth *Sancho*, Roast us a good handsome Pullet with Eggs, so it be young and tender. A Pullet, Master answer'd the Host, Faith and Troth, I sent above fifty yesterday to the City to sell; but setting aside Pullets, you may have any thing else. Why then, quoth *Sancho*, e'en give us a good Joynt of Veal or Kid: Cry Mercy, reply'd the Inn-keeper, now I remember me, we have none left in the House, the last Company that went, clear'd me quite; but by next Week we shall have to spare. We are finely holp'd up, quoth *Sancho*! Now will I hold a good Wager, all these Defects must be made up with a Dish of Eggs and Bacon. Hey day! cry'd the Host, my Guest has a rare Knack at guessing e'faith, I told him I had no Hens nor Pullets in the House, and yet he would have me to have Eggs! Think on something else, I beseech you, and let's talk no more of that. Body of me, cry'd *Sancho*, let's come to something; tell me what thou hast, good Mr. Landlord, and don't put me to trouble my Brains any longer. Why then, d'ye see, quoth the Host, to deal plainly with you, I have a delicate Pair of Cow-heels that look like Calves Feet, or a Pair of Calves Feet that look like Cow-heels, dress'd with Onions, Pease and Bacon; a Dish for a Prince, they are just ready to be taken off, and by this Time they cry, come eat me, come eat me. Cow-heels! cry'd *Sancho*, I set my Mark upon 'em: Let no body touch 'em. I'll give more for 'em than any other shall. There's nothing I love better. No body else shall have 'em, answer'd the Host; you need not fear, for all the Guests I have in the House besides yourselves are Persons of Quality, that carry their Steeward, their Cook, and their Provisions along with 'em. As for Quality, quoth *Sancho*, my Master's a Person of as good Quality, as the proudest he of 'em all, an' you go to that; but his Profession allows of

no Larders nor Butteries. We commonly clap us down in the midst of a Field, and fill our Bellies with Acorns or Medlars. This was the Discourse that pass'd betwixt *Sancho* and the Inn-keeper; for as to the Host's Interrogatories, concerning his Master's Profession, *Sancho* was not then at Leisure to make him any Answer.

In short, Supper-time came, Don *Quixote* went to his Room, the Host brought the Dish of Cow-peas, such as it was, and sat him down fairly to supper. — But at the same Time, in the next Room, which was divided from that where they were, by a slender Partition, the Knight overheard somebody talking. Dear Don *Jeronimo*, said the untimely Person, I beseech you, 'till Supper's brought, let us read another Chapter of the Second Part of Don *Quixote*. The Champion no sooner heard himself nam'd, but up he started, and listen'd with attentive Ears to what was said of him, and then he heard that Don *Jeronimo* answer, Why would you have us read Nonsense, Seignior Don *John*? Merely thinks any one that has read the first Part of Don *Quixote*, should take but little Delight in reading the second. That may be, reply'd Don *John*, however, it mayn't be amiss to read it; for there is no Book so good, as not to have something that's good in it. What pleases me most in this Part, is, that it represents Don *Quixote* no longer in Love with *Dulcinea del Toboso*. Upon these Words, Don *Quixote* burning with Anger and Indignation, cry'd out, Whoever says that Don *Quixote de la Mancha* has forgot, or can forget *Dulcinea del Toboso*, I will make him know with equal Arms, that he deviates wholly from the Truth; for the Peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso* cannot be forgotten, nor can Don *Quixote* be guilty of Forgetfulness. Constancy is his Motto; and to preserve his Fidelity with Pleasure, and without the least Constraint, is his Profession. Who's that answers us? crys one of those

those in the next Room. Who should it be, quoth *Sancho*, but *Don Quixote de la Mancha* his nown self the same that will make good all he has said, and all that he has to say, take my Word for't: For a good Pay-master ne'er grudges to give Security.

*Sancho* had no sooner made that Answer, but came the two Gentlemen (for they appear'd to be no less) and one of 'em throwing his Arms about *Don Quixote's* Neck, Your Presence, Sir Knight, said he does not belye your Reputation, nor can your Reputation fail to raise a Respect for your Presence. You are certainly the true *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the North-Star, and Luminary of Chivalry Errant, in despite of him that has attempted to usurp your Name and annihilate your Atchievements, as the \* Author of this Book, which I here deliver into your Hand has presum'd to do. With that, he took the Book from his Friend, and gave it to *Don Quixote*. The Knight took it, and without saying a Word, began to turn over the Leaves; and then returning it a while after in the little I have seen, said he, I have found three Things in this Author, that deserve Reprehension. First I find fault with some Words in this Preface. In the second Place, his Language is *Arragonian*, for sometimes he writes without Articles: And the third Thing I have observ'd, which betrays most his Ignorance, is, he's out of the Way in one of the principal Parts of the History: For there he says, that the Wife of my Squire *Sancho Pança* is call'd *Mateo Gutierrez*, which is not true; for her Name is *Teresa Pança*; and he that errs in so considerable a Passage may well be suspected to have committed many gross Errors.

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\* An Arragonian publish'd a Book, which he call'd the Second Part of *Don Quixote*, before our Author had printed this. See the Preface of this Second Part, and the Account of *Cervantes's* Life.



Errors through the whole History. A pretty impudent Fellow, is this same *History-Writer*, cry'd *Sancho*: Sure he knows much what belongs to our Concerns, so call my Wife *Teresa Pasa*, *Mary Gutierrez*! Pray take the Book again an't like your Worship, and see whether he says any thing of me, and whether he has not chang'd my Name too. Sure, by what you've said, honest Man, said Don *Jerónimo*, you should be *Sancho Pança*, Squire to Signior Don *Quixote*? So I am, quoth *Sancho*, and I am proud of the Office. Well, said the Gentleman, to tell you Truth, the last Author does not treat you so civilly as you seem to deserve. He represents you as a Glutton and a Fool, without the least Grain of Wit or Humour, and very different from the *Sancho* we have in the first Part of your Master's History. Heaven forgive him, quoth *Sancho*; he might have left me where I was, without offering to meddle with me. Every Man's Nose won't make a Shoeing-Horn. Let's leave the World as it is. St. *Peter* is very well at *Rome*. Presently the two Gentlemen invited Don *Quixote* to sup with 'em in their Chamber; for they knew there was nothing to be got in the Inn fit for his Entertainment. Don *Quixote*, who was always very complaisant, could not deny their Request, and went with 'em. So *Sancho* remain'd Lord and Master, with his Flesh-Pot before him, and plac'd himself at the upper-End of the Table, with the Inn-keeper for his Mess-Mate; for he was no less a Lover of Cow-Heels than the Squire.

While Don *Quixote* was at Supper with the Gentlemen, Don *John* ask'd him, when he heard of the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*? Whether she were married? Whether she had any Children, or were with Child or no? Or whether continuing still in her Maiden State, and preserving her Honour and Reputation unstain'd, she had a grateful Sense of the Love and Constancy of Signior Don *Quixote*?

*Dulcinea*

*Dulcinea* is still a Virgin, answer'd Don *Quixote*, and my amorous Thoughts more fix'd than ever; our Correspondence after the old Rate, not frequent, but her Beauty transform'd into the homely Appearance of a Female Rustick. And with that, he told the Gentlemen the whole Story of her being enchanted what had befallen him in the Cave of *Montesinos* and the Means that the Sage *Merlin* had prescribed to free her from Inchantment, which was *Sancho's* Penance of three Thousand three Hundred Lashes. The Gentlemen were extremely pleas'd to hear from Don *Quixote's* own Mouth the strange Passages of his History, equally wondring at the Nature of his Extravagancies, and his elegant Manner of relating 'em. One Minute they look'd upon him to be in his Senses, and the next, they thought he had lost 'em all; so that they could not resolve what Degree to assign him between Madness and sound Judgment.

By this Time *Sancho* having eat his Supper, and left his Landlord, mov'd to the Room where his Master was with the two Strangers, and as he bolter'd in, Hang me, quoth he, Gentlemen, if he that made the Book your Worship's have seen, could have in Mind that he and I should ever take a loving Company together: I wish, as he calls me Greedy-gut, he does not set me out for a Drunkard too. Nay, said Don *Jeronimo*, he does not use you better as to that Point though I cannot well remember his Expressions. Only this I know, they are scandalous and false, as I perceive by the Physiognomy of sober *Sancho* here present. Take my Word for't, Gentlemen, quoth the Squire, the *Sancho* and the Don *Quixote* in your Book, I don't know who they be, but they are not the same Men as those in *Cid Hamet Benengeli's* History, for we two are they, just such as *Benengeli* makes us; my Master valiant, discreet, and full of Love, and I a plain, merry-conceited Fellow, both

neither

neither a Glutton, nor a Drunkard. I believe you, said Don John, and I could wish, were such a Thing possible, that all other Writers whatsoever were forbidden to record the Deeds of the great Don Quixote, except *Cid Hamet*, his first Author; as *Alexander* did forbid all other Painters to draw his Picture except *Apelles*. Let any one draw mine, if he pleases, said Don Quixote; but let him not abuse the Original; for when Patience is loaded with Injuries, many Times it sinks under its Burden. No Injury, reply'd Don John, can be offer'd to Signior Don Quixote but what he is able to revenge, or at least ward off with the Shield of his Patience, which, in my Opinion, is great and strong.

In such Discourse they spent a good Part of the Night, and though Don John endeavour'd to persuade Don Quixote to read more of the Book, to see how the Author had handl'd his Subject, he could by no means prevail with him, the Knight giving him to understand, he had enough of it, and as much as if he had read it throughout, concluding it to be all of a Piece, and Nonsense all over; and that he would not encourage the Scribbler's Vanity so far, as to let him think he had read it, should it ever come to his Ears that the Book had fallen into his Hands; well knowing we ought to avoid defiling our Imagination, and with the nicest Care, our Eyes with vile and obscene Matters.

They ask'd him, which Way he was travelling? he told 'em he was going for *Saragosa*, to make one of the Tournaments held in that City once a Year, for the Prize of Armour. Don John acquainted him, that the pretended second Part of his History gave an Account how Don Quixote, whoever he was, had been at *Saragosa* at a publick Running at the Ring, the Description of which was wretched and defective in the Contrivance, mean and low in the Style and Expression, and miserably poor in Devices, and in

in other Show, but all made up of foolish idle Stuff. For that Reason, said Don *Quixote*, I will not set my Foot in *Saragosa*, and so the World shall see what notorious Lye this new Historian is guilty of, and all Mankind shall perceive I am not the Don *Quixote* he speaks of. You will do very well, said Don *Jerónimo*; besides there is another Tournament at *Barcelona*, where you may signalize your Valour. I design to do so, reply'd Don *Quixote*: And so Gentlemen, give me Leave to bid you good Night, and permit me to go to Bed (for 'tis Time;) and pray place me in the Number of your best Friends, and most faithful Servants. And me too, quoth *Sancho* for mayhap you may find me good for something.

Having taken Leave of one another, Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* retir'd to their Chamber, leaving the two Strangers in Admiration, to think what a Medley the Knight had made of good Sense and Extravagance. But fully satisfied however, that these two Persons were the true Don *Quixote* and *Sancho*, and not those obtruded upon the Publick by the *Aragonian* Author.

Early in the Morning Don *Quixote* got up, and knocking at the thin Wall that parted his Chamber from that of the Gentlemen, he took his Leave of 'em. *Sancho* pay'd the Host nobly, but advis'd him either to keep better Provision in his Inn, or commend it less.

## C H A P. LX.

*What happen'd to Don Quixote going to Barcelona.*

THE Morning was cool, and seem'd to promise a temperate Day, when Don *Quixote* left the Inn, having first inform'd himself, which

was the readiest Way to *Barcelona*; for he was resolv'd he would not so much as see *Saragosa*, that he might prove that new Author a Liar, who (as he was told) had so misrepresented him in the pretended second Part of his History. For the Space of six Days he travell'd, without meeting any Adventure worthy of Memory; but the seventh, having lost his Way, and being overtaken by the Night, he was oblig'd to stop in a Thicket, either of Oaks or Cork-trees; for in this *Cid Hamet* does not observe the same Punctuality he has kept in other Matters. Here both Master and Man dismounted, and laying themselves down at the Foot of the Trees; *Sancho*, who had handsomely fill'd his Belly that Day, easily sign'd himself into the Arms of Sleep. But Don Quixote, whom his Chimera's kept awake much more than Hunger, could not so much as close his Eyes; his working Thought being hurry'd to a thousand several Places. This Time he fancy'd himself in *Montesino's* Cave, fancy'd he saw his *Dulcinea* (perverted as she was into a Country-Hoyden) jump at a single Leap upon her Ass-Colt. The next Moment he thought he heard the sage *Merlin's* Voice, heard him in awful Words relate the Means requir'd to effect her Dis-inchantment. Presently a Fit of Despair seiz'd him: He was stark mad to think on *Sancho's* Remissness and Want of Charity; the Squire having not given himself above five Lashes, a small and inconsiderable Number in Proportion to the quantity of the Penance still behind. This Reflection nettled him, and so aggravated his Vexation, that he could not forbear thinking on some extraordinary methods. If *Alexander* the Great, thought he, when he could not untie the *Gordian* Knot said, 'tis the same Thing to cut, or to undoe, and so slash'd it under, and yet became the Sovereign of the World, why may not I free *Dulcinea* from Inchantment, by whipping *Sancho* my self, whether he will or no?

For



For if the Condition of this Remedy consist in *Sancho's* receiving three thousand and odd Lashes, what does it signify to me, whether he gives himself those Blows, or another gives 'em him, since the Stress lies upon his receiving 'em, by what means soever they are given? Full of that Conceit he came up to *Sancho*, having first taken the Reins of *Rosinante's* Bridle, and fitted 'em to his Purpose of lashing him with 'em. He then began to untruss *Sancho's* Points, and 'tis a receiv'd Opinion, he had but one that was us'd before, and held up his Breeches; but he no sooner fell to work, but *Sancho* started out of his Sleep, and was thoroughly awake in an Instant. What's here, cry'd he? Who's that fumbles about me, and untrusses my Points? 'Tis I, answer'd Don *Quixote*, I am come to repair thy Negligence, and to see the Remedy of my Torments. I come to whip thee, *Sancho*, and to discharge, in Part at least, the Debt for which thou stand'st engag'd. *Dulcinea* perishes, while thou livest careless of her Fate, and die with Desire. Untruss therefore freely and willingly: For I am resolv'd, while we are here alone in this Recess, to give thee at least two Thousand Stripes.

Hold you there, quoth *Sancho*. Pray be quiet will you. Body of me, let me alone, or I protest deaf Men shall hear us. The Jirks I'm bound to give my self are to be voluntary, and not forc'd, and at this Time I have no Mind to be whipp'd at all: Let it suffice that I promise you to firk and scourge my self, when the Humour takes me. Naysaid Don *Quixote*, there's no standing to thy Courtesy, *Sancho*; for thou art hard-hearted; and, thou a Clown, yet thou art tender of thy Flesh; and saying, he strove with all his Force to untie the Squire's Points. Which, when *Sancho* perceiv'd, started up on his Legs, and setting upon his Master clos'd with him, tripp'd up his Heels, threw him

fairly upon his Back; and then set his Knee upon his Breast, and held his Hands fast, so that he could hardly stir, or fetch his Breath. Don *Quixote* overpowered thus, cry'd, How now Traitor! What, rebel against thy Master, against thy natural Lord, against him that gives thee Bread! I neither marr King, nor make King, quoth *Sancho*, I do but defend my self, that 'am Lord of my self. If your Worship will promise to let me alone, and give over the Thoughts of Whipping me at this Time, I'll let you rise, and will leave you at Liberty; if not, here thou dy'st, Traytor to Donna *Sancha*. Don *Quixote* gave his Parole of Honour, and swore by the Life of his best Thoughts, not to touch so much as a Hair of *Sancho's* Coat, but intirely to leave it to his Discretion to whip himself when he thought fit. With that, *Sancho* got up from him, and remov'd his Quarters to another Place at a good Distance, but as he went to lean against another Tree, he perceiv'd something bobbing at his Head, and lifting up his Hands, found it to be a Man's Feet with Shoes and stockings on: quaking for fear, he mov'd off to another Tree, where the like impending Horrour hang'd over his Head. Straight he call'd out to Don *Quixote* for Help. Don *Quixote* came, and inquiring into the Occasion of his Fright, *Sancho* answer'd, that all those Trees were full of Men's Feet and Legs. Don *Quixote* began to search and grope about, and calling presently into the Account of the Business, hearing nothing, *Sancho*, said he, there's no Danger at all; for what thou feel'st in the Dark are certainly the Feet and Legs of some Banditti and Robbers, that have been hang'd up on these Trees; for here the Officers of Justice hang 'em up by Twenties and thirties in Clusters, by which I suppose we cannot be far from *Barcelona*; and indeed he guess'd right. And now Day breaking, they look'd up, and plainly discern'd the Bodies of the High-way-men hanging

on the Trees: But if the Dead surpriz'd 'em, how much more were they disturb'd at the Appearance of above forty live Banditti, who pour'd upon 'em, and surrounded 'em on a sudden, charging 'em in the *Catalan* Tongue, to stand till their Captain came.

Don *Quixote* found himself on foot, his Horse unbridl'd, his Launce against a Tree at some Distance and in short, void of all Defence; and therefore he was forc'd to put his Arms a-cross, hold down his Head, and shrug up his Shoulders, reserving himself for a better Opportunity. The Robbers presently fell to Work, and began to rifle *Dapple*, leaving on his Back nothing of what he carry'd, either in the Wallets or the Cloak-bag; and 'twas very well for *Sancho*, that the Duke's Pieces of Gold, and those he brought from home, were hid in a Girdle about his Waste; though for all that, those honest Gentlemen would certainly have taken the Pains to have search'd and survey'd him all over, and would have had the Gold, tho' they had stripp'd him of his Skin to come at it. But by good Fortune their Captain came in the Interim. He seem'd about four and thirty Years of Age, his Body robust, his Stature tall, his Visage austere, and his Complexion swarthy. He was mounted on a lusty Horse, wore a Coat of Steel, and no less than two Pistols on each Side. Perceiving that his Squires (for so they call Men of that Profession in those Parts) were going to strip *Sancho*, he order'd 'em to forbear, and instantly obey'd, by which means the Girdle escap'd. He wonder'd to see a Lance rear'd up against a Tree, a Shield on the Ground, and Don *Quixote* in Armour and pensive, with the saddest melancholick Countenance that Sadness it self could frame. Come up to him, be not so sad, honest Man, said he; you have not fall'n into the Hands of some cruel Baron, but into those of *Roque Guinart*, a Man rather compassionate than severe. I am not sad, answer'd Don

*Quixote*, for having fall'n into thy Power, valorous *Rogue*, whose boundless Fame spreads thro' the Universe, but for having been so remiss as to be surpriz'd by thy Soldiers with my Horse unbridl'd, whereas, according to the Order of Chivalry-Errant, which I profess, I am oblig'd to live always upon my Guard, and at all Hours be my own Centinel; for let me tell thee, great *Rogue*, had they met me mounted on my Steed, arm'd with my Shield and Launce, they would have found it no easie Task to make me yield; for, know, I am Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, the same whose Exploits are celebrated through all the habitable Globe.

*Rogue Guinart* found out immediately Don *Quixote's* blind Side, and judg'd there was more Madness than Valour in the Case: Now, though he had several Times heard him mention'd in Discourse, he could never believe what was related of him to be true, nor could he be perswaded that such a Humour should reign in any Man; for which Reason he was very glad to have met him, that Experience might convince him of the Truth. Therefore addressing himself to him, Valorous Knight, said he, vex not your self, nor tax Fortune with Unkindness, for it may happen, that what you look upon now as a sad accident, may redound to your Advantage; for Heaven, by strange and unaccountable Ways, beyond the Reach of humane Imagination, uses to raise up those that are fall'n, and fill the Poor with Riches. When *Quixote* was going to return him Thanks, when some behind 'em they heard a Noise like the tramping of several Horses, though it was occasion'd but by one, on which came full speed a Person that look'd like a young Gentleman, about twenty Years of Age. He was clad in green Damask edg'd with Gold Galloon suitable to his Wastecoat, a Hat turn'd up behind, straight Wax'd-leather Boots, his Spurs, Sword and Dagger gilt, a light Bird-piece in his Hand,

and a Case of Pistols before him. *Rogue* having turn'd his Head at the Noise, discover'd the handsome Apparition, which approaching nearer, spoke to him in this manner.

You are the Gentleman I look'd for, valiant *Rogue*; for with you I may perhaps find some Comfort, though not a Remedy in my Affliction. In short, not to hold you in Suspence (for I am sensible you don't know me) I'll tell you who I am. My Name is *Claudia Jeronima*; I am the Daughter of your particular Friend *Simon Forte*, sworn Foe to *Claudel Torrellas*, who is also your Enemy, being one of your adverse Faction. You already know, this *Torrellas* had a Son whom they call *Don Vincente Torrellas*, at least he was call'd so within these two Hours. That Son of his, to be short in my sad Story, I'll tell you in four Words what Sorrow he has brought me to. He saw me, courted me, was heard, and was beloved. Our Amour was carried on with so much Secrecy that my Father knew nothing of it; for there is no Woman, though ever so retir'd and closely look'd to, but can find Time enough to comply and fulfil her unruly Desires. In short, he made me a Promise of Marriage, and I the like to him, but without proceeding any further. Now Yesterday I understood, that, forgetting his Engagements to me, he was going to wed another, and that they were to be marry'd this Morning; a Piece of News that quite distracted me, and made me lose all Patience. Therefore, my Father being out of Town, I took the Opportunity of equipping my self as you see, and by the Speed of this Horse overtook *Don Vincente* about a League hence, where, without urging my Wrongs, or staying to hear his Excuses, I fir'd at him not only with this Piece, but with both my Pistols, and, as I believe, shot him through the Body, the with his Heart's-Blood washing away the Stains from my Honour. This done, there I left him to his



Servants, who neither dar'd nor could prevent the sudden Execution; and came to seek your Protection, that by your Means I may be conducted into France, where I have Relations to entertain me; and withal to beg of you to defend my Father from Don Vincente's Party, who might otherwise revenge his Death upon our Family.

Rogue admiring at once the Resolution, agreeable Deportment, and handsome Figure of the beautiful *Claudia*; come, Madam, said he, let us first be assur'd of your Enemy's Death, and then consider what is to be done for you. Hold, cry'd Don Quixote, who had hearken'd with great Attention to all this Discourse, none of ye need trouble your selves with this Affair; the Defence of the Lady is my Province. Give me my Horse and Arms, and stay for me here, I will go and find out this Knight, and, dead or alive, force him to perform his Obligations to so great a Beauty. Ay, ay, quoth Sancho, you may take his Word for't; my Master has a rare Stroke at making Matches: 'Tis but t'other Day he made a young Rogue yield to marry a Maid whom he would have left in the Lurch, after he was promis'd to her; and had it not been for the Inchanters, that plague his Worship, who transmogrify'd the Bridegroom into a Footman, and broke off the Match, the said Maid had been none by this Time.

Rogue was so much taken up with the Thoughts of *Claudia's* Adventure, that he little minded either Master or Man; but ordering his Squires to restore what they had taken from *Dapple* to *Sancho*, and to retire to the Place where they had quarter'd the Night before, he went off upon the Spur with *Claudia*, to find the expiring Don Vincente. They got to the Place where *Claudia* met him, and found nothing but the Marks of Blood newly spilt; but looking round about 'em; they discover'd a Company of People at a Distance on the Side of a Hill, and presently

judg'd 'em to be Don *Vincente* carry'd by his Servants either to his Cure or Burial: They hasted to overtake 'em, which they soon effected, the others going but slowly; and they found the young Gentleman in the Arms of his Servants, desiring 'em with a spent and fainting Voice to let him die in that Place, his Wounds paining him so that he could not bear going any further. *Claudia* and *Roque* dismounting, hastily came up to him. The Servants were startl'd at the Appearance of *Roque*, and *Claudia* was troubl'd at the Sight of Don *Vincente*, and divided between Anger and Compassion, had you given me this, and made good your Promise, (said she to him, laying hold of his Hand) you had never brought this Misfortune upon your self. The wounded Gentleman lifting up his languishing Eyes, and knowing *Claudia*, now do I see, said he, my fair deluded Mistress, 'tis you that have given me the fatal Blow, a Punishment never deserv'd by the innocent unfortunate *Vincente*, whose Actions and Desires knew no End, beyond the Service of his *Claudia*. What, Sir, answer'd she presently, can you deny that you went this Morning to marry *Leonora*, the Daughter of wealthy *Belvastro*? 'Tis all a false Report, answer'd he, rais'd by my evil Stars to encrease your Jealousie against my Life, which since I leave in your fair Hands, I reckon well dispos'd of; and to confirm this Truth, give me your Hand and receive mine the last Pledge of Love and Life, and take me for your Husband; 'tis the only Satisfaction I have to give for the imaginary Wrong you suspect I have committed. *Claudia* press'd his Hand, and being pierc'd at once to the very Heart, dropp'd on his bloody Breast into a Swoon, and Don *Vincente* fainted away into a deadly Trance.

*Roque*'s Concern struck him senseless, and the Servants ran for Water to throw in the Faces of the unhappy Couple; by which at last *Claudia* came to her

self again, but Don *Vincente* never wak'd from his Trance, but breath'd out the last Remainder of his Life. When *Claudia* perceiv'd this, and could no longer doubt but that her dear Husband was irrecoverably dead, she burst the Air with her Sighs, and wounded the Heavens with her Complaints. She tore her Hair, scatter'd it in the Wind, and with her merciless Hands disfigur'd her Face, shewing all the lively Marks of Grief that the first Sallies of Despair can discover. O cruel and inconsiderate Woman, cry'd she, how easily wast thou set on this barbarous Execution! Oh madding Sting of Jealousie, how desperate are thy Motions, and how tragick the Effects! Oh my unfortunate Husband, whose sincere Love and Fidelity to me have thus for his nuptial Bed brought him to the cold Grave! Thus the poor Lady went on in so sad and moving a Strain, that even *Roque's* rugged Temper now melted into Tears, which on all Occasions had still been Strangers to his Eyes. The Servants wept and lamented, *Claudia* relaps'd into her Swooning as fast as they found means to bring her to Life again; and the whole Appearance was a most moving Scene of Sorrow. At last *Roque Guinart* bid Don *Vincente's* Servants carry his Body to his Father's House, which was not far distant, in order to have it buried. *Claudia* communicated to *Roque* her Resolution of retiring into a Monastery, where an Aunt of hers was Abbess, there to spend the rest of her Life, wedded to a better and an immortal Bridegroom. He commended her pious Resolution, offering to conduct her whither she pleas'd, and to protect her Father and Family from all Assaults and Practices of their most dangerous Enemies. *Claudia* made a modest Excuse for declining his Company, and took Leave of him weeping. Don *Vincente's* Servants carry'd off the dead Body, and *Roque* return'd to his Men. Thus ended *Claudia Jeronima's* Amour, brought to so lamentable

a Catastrophe by the prevailing Force of a cruel and desperate Jealousie.

*Rogue Guinart* found his Crew where he had appointed, and Don *Quixote* in the Middle of 'em, mounted on *Rosinante*, and declaiming very copiously against their Way of living, at once dangerous to their Bodies, and destructive to their Souls; but his Auditory being chiefly compos'd of *Gascoigns*, a wild unruly Kind of People, all his Morality was thrown away upon 'em: *Rogue* upon his Arrival ask'd *Sancho*, if they had restor'd him all his Things; every Thing, Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, but three Night-Caps, that are worth a King's Ransome. What says the Fellow, cry'd one of the Robbers? Here they be, and they are not worth three Sices. As to the intrinsick Value, reply'd Don *Quixote*, they may be worth no more, but 'tis the Merit of the Person that gave 'em me that raises their Value to that Price.

*Rogue* order'd 'em to be restor'd immediately; and commanding his Men to draw up in a Line, he caus'd all the Cloaths, Jewels, Money, and all the other Booty they had got since the last Reparation, to be brought before him; then readily appraising every Particular, and reducing into Money what could not be divided, he casts up the Account of the Whole, and then makes a just Dividend into Parts, paying to every Man his exact and due Proportion with so much Prudence and Equity, that he fail'd not in the least Point of distributive Justice. The Booty thus shar'd to the general Satisfaction; if it were not for this punctual Management (said *Rogue*, turning to Don *Quixote*) there would be no living among us. Well, quoth *Sancho*, Justice must needs be a good Thing, and the old Proverb still holds good, Thieves are never Rogues among themselves. One of the Banditti over-hearing him, cock'd his Gun, and would certainly have shot him through the Head, had not the Captain commanded him to hold. Poor

*Sancho*

*Sancho* was struck at mute as a Fish, and resolv'd not to open his Lips once more, till he got into better Company.

By this, came one or two of their Scouts that lay perdu on the Road, and inform'd their Captain, that they had discover'd a great Company of Travellers on the way to *Barcelona*. Are they such as we look for, ask'd *Rogue*, or such as look for us? Such as we look for, Sir, answer'd the Fellow; away then, cry'd *Rogue*, all of ye, my Boys, and bring 'em me hither straight, let none escape. The Squires presently obey'd the Word of Command, and left Don *Quixote*, *Rogue* and *Sancho* to wait their Return. In the mean Time *Rogue* entertain'd the Knight with some Remarks on his Way of Living. I should not wonder, said he, Senior Don *Quixote*, that our Life should appear to you a restless Complication of Hazards and Disquiets; for 'tis no more than what daily Experience has made me sensible of. You must know, that this Barbarity and austere Behaviour which I affect to shew, is a pure Force upon my Nature; being urg'd to this Extremity by the Resentment of some severe Injuries, which I could not put up without a satisfactory Revenge, and now I am in, I must go through; one Sin draws on another, in spite of my better Designs; and I am now involv'd in such a Chain of Wrongs, Factions, Abettors, and Engagements, that no less than the Divine Power of Providence can free me from this Maze of Confusion; Nevertheless I despair not still of a successful End of my Misfortunes.

Don *Quixote*, being surpriz'd to hear such sound Sense and sober Reflection come from one, whose disorderly Profession was so opposite to Discretion and Politeness; Senior *Rogue*, said he, 'tis a great Step to Health for a Man to understand his Distemper, and the Compliance of the Patient to the Rules of Physick is reckon'd half the Cure. You appear sensible



of the Malady, and therefore may reasonably expect a Remedy, though your Disease being fix'd by a long Inveteracy, must subject you (I'm afraid) to a tedious Course. The almighty Physician will apply effectual Medicines: Therefore be of good Heart, and do your Part towards the Recovery of your sick Conscience. If you have a Mind to take the shortest Road to Happiness; immediately abandon the fatal Profession you now follow, and come under my Tutition, to be instructed in the Rules of Knight-Erantry, which will soon expiate your Offences, and intitle you to Honour, and true Felicity. *Rogue* smil'd to hear Don *Quixote's* serious Advice, and changing the Discourse, gave him an Account of *Claudia Jeronima's* tragical Adventure, which griev'd *Sancho* to the Heart; for the Beauty, Life and Spirit of the young Damsel had not a little wrought upon his Affections.

By this Time *Rogue's* Party had brought in their Prize, consisting of two Gentlemen on Horseback, and too Pilgrims on Foot, and a Coach full of Women, attended by some half a dozen Servants a-foot and a Horse-back, besides two Muleteers that belong'd to the two Gentlemen. They were all conducted in solemn Order, surrounded by the Victors, both they and the vanquish'd silent, and expecting the definitive Sentence of the Grand *Rogue*. He first ask'd the Gentlemen who they were? Whither bound? And what Money they had about 'em? They answer'd, that they were both Captains of *Spanish* Foot, and their Companies were in *Naples*; and they design'd to embark on the four Gallies, which they heard were bound for *Sicily*, and their whole Stock amounted to two or three hundred Crowns, which they thought a pretty Sum of Money for Men of their Profession, who seldom use to hoard up Riches. The Pilgrims being examin'd in like manner, said, they intended to embark for

*Rome,*

Rome, and had about some threescore Reals between 'em both. Upon examining the Coach, he was inform'd by one of the Servants, that my Lady Donna Guioimar de Quinomes, Wife to a Judge of Naples; with her little Daughter, a Chamber-maid, and Duena, together with six other Servants, had among 'em all about six hundred Crowns. So then, said Roque, we have got here in all nine hundred Crowns and fixty Reals; I think I have got about threescore Soldiers here with me. Now among so many Men how much will fall to each particular Share? Let me see, for I am none of the best Accomptants. Cast it up, Gentlemen. The Highway-men hearing this, cry'd, long live Roque Guinart, and damn the Dogs that seek his Ruin. The Officers look'd simply, the Lady was sadly dejected, and the Pilgrims were no less cast down, thinking this a very odd Confiscation of their little Stock. Roque held 'em a while in suspense to observe their Humours, which he found all very plainly to agree in that Point, of being melancholick for the Loss of their Money: Then turning to the Officers, do me the favour, Captains, said he, to lend me threescore Crowns; and you, Madam, if your Ladyship pleases, shall oblige me with fourscore, to gratify these honest Gentlemen of my Squadron; 'tis our whole Estate and Fortune; and you know, the Abbot dines, of what he Sings for. Therefore I hope you will excuse our Demands, which will free you from any more Disturbance of this Nature, being secur'd by a Pass, which I shall give you, directed to the rest of my Squadrons that are posted in these Parts, and who, by virtue of my Order, will let you go unmolested; for I scorn to wrong a Soldier, and I must not fail in my Respects Madam, to the fair Sex, especially to Ladies of your Quality.

The Captains with all the Grace they could, thank'd him for his great Civility and Liberality, for so they esteem'd his letting them keep their own Money.

Money. The Lady would have thrown her self out of the Coach at his Feet, but *Rogue* would not suffer it, rather excusing the Presumption of his Demands, which he was forc'd to, in pure Compliance with the Necessity of his Fortune. The Lady then order'd one of her Servants to pay immediately the fourscore Crowns. The Officers disburs'd their *Quota*, and the Pilgrims made an Oblation of their Mite; but *Rogue* ordering 'em to wait a little; and turning to his Men, Gentlemen, said he, here are two Crowns a-piece for each of you, and twenty over and above. Now let us bestow ten of 'em on these poor Pilgrims, and the other ten on this honest Squire, that he may give us a good Word in his Travels. So calling for Pen, Ink and Paper, of which he always went provided, he wrote a Passport for 'em, directed to the Commanders of his several Parties, and taking his Leave, dismiss'd them, all wondring at his Greatness of Soul, that spoke rather an *Alexander* than a profess'd Highway-man. One of his Men began to mutter in his *Catalan* Language: This Captain of ours is plaguy charitable, he would make a better Frier than a Pad; come, come, if he has a Mind to be so liberal forsooth, let his own Pocket, not ours pay for it. The Wretch spoke not so low, but he was overheard by *Rogue*, who whipping out his Sword, with one stroke almost cleft his Skull in two. Thus it is I punish Mutiny, said he. All the rest stood motionless, and durst not mutter one Word, so great was the Awe they bore him. *Rogue* then withdrew a little, and wrote a Letter to a Friend of his in *Barcelona*, to let him know, that the famous Knight-Errant Don *Quixote*, of whom so many strange Things were reported, was with him; that he might be sure to find him on *Midsummer-day* on the great Key of that City, arm'd at all Points, mounted on a *fosinante*, and his Squire on an Ass; that he was a most pleasant ingenious Person, and would give

great

great Satisfaction to him and his Friends the *Niavros*, for which Reason he gave them this Notice of the Don's Coming; adding, that he should by no means let the *Cadells*, his Enemies, partake of this Pleasure, as being unworthy of it; but how was it possible to conceal from them, or any Body else the Folly and Discretion of Don *Quixote*, and the Buffoonery of *Sancho Pança*. He deliver'd the Letter to one of his Men, who changing his Highway-Cloaths to a Country-man's Habit, went to *Barcelona*, and gave it as directed.

## CHAP. LXI.

*Don Quixote's Entry into Barcelona, with other Accidents that have less Wisdom than Truth in 'em.*

DON *Quixote* stay'd three Days and three Nights with *Rogue*, and had he tarried as many hundred Years, he might have found Subject enough for Admiration in that Kind of Life. They slept in one Place, and eat in another; sometimes fearing they knew not what, then laying in wait for they knew not whom. Sometimes forc'd to steal a Nap standing, never enjoying a sound Sleep. Now on this Side the Country, then presently in another Quarter; always upon the Watch, Spies hearkning, Scouts listening, Carabines presenting; though of such heavy Guns they had but few, being arm'd generally with Pistols. *Rogue* himself slept a-part from the rest, making no Man privy to his Lodgings; for so many were the Proclamations against him from the Viceroy of *Barcelona*, and such were his Disquiets, and Fears of being betray'd by some of his Men for the Price of his Head, that he durst trust

trust no Body. A Life most miserable and uneasy

At length, by Cross-roads, and By-ways, *Roque*, *Don Quixote*, and *Sancho*, attended by six other Squires, got to the Strand of *Barcelona* on *Midsummer Eve* at Knight; where *Roque*, having embrac'd *Don Quixote*, and presented *Sancho* with the ten Crowns he had promis'd him, took his Leave of 'em both after many Compliments on both Sides. *Roque* return'd to his Company, and *Don Quixote* stay'd there waiting the Approach of Day, mounted as *Roque* led him. Not long after the fair *Aurora* began to peep thro' the Balconies of the East, cheering the Flowery Fields, while at the same Time a melodious Sound of Hautboys and Kettle-Drums cheer'd the Ears, and presently was joyn'd with Jangling of Morrice-Bells and the trampling of Horse, as if coming from the City. Now *Aurora* usher'd up the Jolly Sun, which look'd big on the Verge of the Horizon, with his broad Face as ample as a Target. *Don Quixote*, and *Sancho*, casting their Looks abroad, discover'd the Sea, which they had never seen before. To 'em it made a noble and spacious Appearance, far bigger than the Lake *Ruydera*, which they saw in *la Mancha*. The Gallies in the Port taking in their Awning made a pleasant Sight with their Flags and Streamers, that wav'd in the Air, and sometimes kiss'd and swept the Water. The Trumpets, Hautboy and other warlike Instruments that resounded from on board, fill'd the Air all around with reviving and martial Harmony. A while after, the Gallies moving, began to joy on the calm Sea in a counterfeit Engagement; and at the same Time a vast Number of Gentlemen march'd out of the City nobly equip'd with rich Liveries, and gallantly mounted, and in like manner did their Part on the Land to compleat the warlike Entertainment. The Marines discharg'd numerous Vollies from the Gallies which were answer'd by the great Guns from the Battlement



Battlements of the Walls and Forts about the City, and the mighty Noise eccho'd from the Gallies again by a Discharge of the long Pieces of Ordinance in their Fore-castles. The Sea smil'd and danc'd, the Land was gay, and the Sky serene in every Quarter but where the Clouds of Smoke dimm'd it a while: Fresh Joy sat smiling in the Looks of Men, and Gladness and Pomp were display'd in their Glory. *Sancho* was mightily puzzel'd though, to discover how these huge bulky Things that mov'd on the Sea should have so many Feet.

By this Time the Gentlemen that maintain'd the Sports on the Shore, galloping up to Don *Quixote* with loud Acclamations, the Knight was not a little astonish'd: One of 'em amongst the rest, who was the Person to whom *Roque* had written, cry'd out loud; Welcome, the Mirror, the Light, and North-Star of Knight-Errantry! Welcome, I say, Valorous Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, not the Counterfeit and Apocryphal, shewn us lately in false Histories, but the true, legitimate; and identick he, describ'd by *Cid Hamet*, the Flower of Historiographers! Don *Quixote* made no Answer, nor did the Gentleman say for any, but wheeling about with the rest of his Companions, all prancing round him in token of Joy, they encompass'd the Knight and the Squire. Don *Quixote* turning about to *Sancho*, it seems, said to these Gentlemen know us well. I dare engage they have read our History, and that which the *Argonian* lately publish'd. The Gentleman that spoke to the Knight, returning, Noble Don *Quixote*, said to us, we entreat you to come along with the Company consisting all your humble Servants, and Friends of *Roque* *Guinart*. Sir, answer'd Don *Quixote*, your Courtesy bears such a Likeness to the great *Roque's* Generosity, that could Civility beget Civility, I should take yours for the Daughter or near Relation of his. I shall follow you on you where you please to command, for I am

am wholly at your Devotion: The Gentleman return'd his Compliment, and so all of 'em enclosing him in the middle of their Brigade, they conducted him towards the City, Drums beating, and Hautboys playing before 'em all the Way. But as the Devil and ill Luck would have it, or the Boys, who are more unlucky than the Devil himself, two mischievous young Bastards made a shift to get through the Croud of Horsemen, and one of 'em lifting up *Resnante's* Tail, and the other that of *Dapple's*, they thrust a Handful of Briars under each of 'em. The poor Animals feeling such unusual Spurs apply'd to their Posteriors, clapp'd their Tails close, and increas'd their Pain, and began to wince, and flounce and kick so furiously, that at last they threw their Riders, and laid both Master and Man sprawling in the Street. Don *Quixote*, out of Countenance, and nettl'd at his Disgrace, went to dis-engage his Horse from his new Plumage, and *Sancho* did as much for *Dapple*, while the Gentlemen turn'd to chastise the Boys for their Rudeness. But the young Rogues were safe enough, being presently lost among a huge Rabble that follow'd. The Knight and Squire then mounted again, and the Musick and Procession went on, till they arriv'd at their Conductor's House, which, by its Largeness and Beauty, bespoke the Owner Master of a great Estate; where we leave him for the present, because 'tis *Cid Hamet's* Will and Pleasure it should be so.

C H A P. LXII.

*The Adventure of the Inchaned Head, with other Impertinences not to be omitted.*

THE Person where Don *Quixote* lodg'd, was call'd Don *Antonio Moreno*, a Gentleman of good Parts, and plentiful Fortune, loving all those Diversions that may innocently be obtain'd without Prejudice to his Neighbours, and not of the Humour of those, who wou'd rather lose their Friend than their Jest. He therefore resolv'd to make his Advantage of Don *Quixote's* Follies without Detriment to his Person.

In order to this, he perswaded the Knight to take off his Armour, and in his straight-lac'd Chamois-Cloaths (as we have already shewn him) to stand in a Balcony that look'd into one of the principal Streets of the City, where he stood expos'd to the Rabble that were got together; especially the Boys, who gap'd and star'd on him, as if he had been some overgrown Baboon. The several Brigades of Cavaliers in their Liveries, began afresh to fetch their Careers about him, as if the Ceremony were rather perform'd in Honour of Don *Quixote* than any Solemnity of the Festival. *Sancho* was hugely pleas'd, fancying he had chopp'd upon another *Camacho's* Wedding, or another House like that of Don *Diego de Miranda*, or some Castle like the Duke's.

Several of Don *Antonio's* Friends din'd with him that Day, and all of 'em honouring and respecting Don *Quixote* as a Knight-Errant, they puff'd up his Vanity to such a Degree, that he could scarce conceal the Pleasure he took in their Adulation. As for *Sancho*, he made such Sport to the Servants of the House, and all that heard him, that they watch'd every Word that came from his Mouth. Being all  
very

very merry at Table, Honest *Sancho*, said Don *Antonio*, I am told you admire Capons and Sausages so much, that you can't be satisfied with a Belly-full, and when you can eat no more, you cram the rest into your Breeches against the next morning. No, Sir, an't like you, answer'd *Sancho*, 'tis all a Story, I am more cleanly than greedy, I'd have you to know; here's my Master can tell you, that many Times he and I use to live for a Week together upon a handful of Acorns and Walnuts. Truth is, I am not over-nice; in such a Place as this I eat what's given me; for a Gift-Horse should not be look'd in the Mouth. But whosoever told you I was a Greedy-Gut and a Sloven, has told you a Fib, and were it not for Respect to the Company, I would tell him more of my Mind, so I would: Verily, said Don *Quixote*, the Manner of *Sancho's* Feeding ought to be deliver'd to succeeding Ages on brazen Monuments, as a future Memorial of his Abstinence and Cleanliness, and an Example to Posterity. 'Tis true, when he satisfies the the Call of Hunger, he seems to do it somewhat ravenously; indeed he swallows apace, uses his Grinders very notably, and chews with both Jaws at once. But in spite of the Charge of Slovenliness now laid upon him, I must declare he is so nice an Observer of Neatness, that he ever makes a clear Conveyance of his Food; when he was Governor, his Nicery in Eating was remarkable, for he us'd to pick even Grapes and Pomegranate-Seeds with the Point of his Fork. How, cry'd Don *Antonio*, has *Sancho* then been a Governor? Ay, marry has he, answer'd *Sancho*, Governor of the Island of *Barataria*. Ten Days I govern'd, and who but I! But I was so broken of my Rest all the Time, that all I got by it was to learn to hate the Trade of Governing from the Bottom of my Soul. So that I made such Haste to leave it, I fell into a deep Hole, where I was buried alive, and should have lain till now, had not Providence

dence pull'd me out of it: Don *Quixote* then related the Circumstances of *Sancho's* Government; and the Cloth being taken away, Don *Antonio* took the Knight by the Hand, and carried him into a private Chamber, wherein there was no Kind of Furniture but a Table that appear'd to be of Jasper, supported by Feet of the same, with a brazen Head set upon it, from the Breast upwards like the Effigies of one of the *Roman* Emperors. Don *Antonio* having walk'd with Don *Quixote* several Turns about the Room, Signior Don *Quixote*, said he, being assur'd that we were very private, the Door fast, and no Body listning, I shall communicate to you one of the most strange and wonderful Adventures that ever were known, provided you treasure it up as a Secret in the closest Apartment of your Breast. I shall be as secret as the Grave, answer'd the Knight, and will clap a Tomb-stone over your Secret, for further Security; besides, assure your self Don *Antonio*, continu'd he, for by this Time he had learn'd the Gentleman's (Name) you converse with a Person, whose Ears are open to receive what his Tongue never betrays. So that whatever you commit to my Trust, shall be buried in the Depth of bottomless Silence, and lye as secure as in your own Breast.

In Confidence of your Honour said Don *Antonio*, I doubt not to raise your Astonishment, and disburden my own Breast of a Secret, which has long lain upon my Thoughts, having never found hitherto any Person worthy to be made a Confident in Matters to be conceal'd. This cautious Proceeding rais'd Don *Quixote's* Curiosity strangely; after which Don *Antonio* led him to the Table, and made him feel and examine all over the Brazen Head, the Table, and the Jasper Supporters. Now, Sir, said he, know that this Head was made by one of the greatest Incanters or Necromancers in the World. If I am not mistaken, he was a *Polander* by Birth, and the Disciple



Disciple of the celebrated *Escotillo*, of whom so many Prodigies are related: This wonderful Person was here in my House, and by the Intercession of a thousand Crowns, was wrought upon to frame me this Head, which has the wonderful Property of answering in your Ear to all Questions. After long Study, erecting of Schemes, casting of Figures, Consultations with the Stars, and other Mathematical Operations, this Head was brought to the afore said Perfection, and to morrow (for on *Fridays* it never speaks) it shall give you Proof of its Knowledge till when you may consider of your most puzzling and important Doubts, which will have a full and satisfactory Solution. Don *Quixote* was amaz'd at this strange Virtue of the Head, and could hardly credit Don *Antonio's* Account; but considering the Shortness of the Time that deferr'd his full Satisfaction in the Point, he was content to suspend his Opinion till next Day; and only thank'd the Gentleman for making him so great a Discovery. So out of the Chamber they went, and Don *Antonio* having lock'd the Door very carefully, they return'd into the Room where the rest of the Company were diverted by *Sancho's* relating to 'em some of his Master's Adventures.

That Afternoon they carry'd Don *Quixote* abroad without his Armour, mounted, not on *Rosinante* but on a large easie Mule, with genteel Furniture, and himself dress'd after the City-Fashion with a long Coat of Tawny-colour'd Cloth, which with the present Heat of the Season, was enough to put Frost it self into a Sweat. They gave private Orders that *Sancho* should be entertain'd within doors all that Day; lest he should spoil their Sport by going out. The Knight being mounted, they pinned to his Back without his Knowledge a Piece of Parchment, with these Words written in large Letters: This is Don *Quixote de la Mancha*. As soon as they began

began their Walk, the Sight of the Parchment drew the Eyes of every Body to read the Inscription; so that the Knight hearing so many People repeat the Words, *This is Don Quixote de la Mancha*, wonder'd to hear himself nam'd and known by every one that saw him: Thereupon turning to Don Antonio that rode by his Side, How great, said he, is this single Prerogative of Knight-Errantry, by which its Professors are known and distinguish'd, through all the Confines of the Universe. Don't you hear, Sir, continu'd he, how the very Boys in the Street, who have never seen me before, know me? 'Tis very true, Sir, answer'd Don Antonio, like Fire that always discovers it self by its own Light, so Virtue has that Lustre that never fails to display it self, especially that Renown which is acquir'd by the Profession of Arms.

During this Procession of the Knight, and his applauding Followers, a certain *Castilian* reading the Scroll at Don Quixote's Back, cry'd out aloud, Now the Devil take thee for Don Quixote de la Mancha! who would have thought to have found thee here, and still alive, after so many hearty Drubbings that have been laid about thy Shoulders. Can't you be mad in private, and among your Friends, with a Fox to you, but you must run about the World at this Rate, and make every Body that keeps you Company as Errant-Coxcombs as your self? Get you home to your Wife and Children, Blockhead, look after your House, and leave playing the Fool and distracting thy Senses at this Rate with a Parcel of nonsensical Whimseys. Friend, said Don Antonio, go about your Business, and keep your Advice for them that want it. Signior Don Quixote is a Man of too much Sense not to be above your Counsel, and we that bear him Company know our Business without your intermeddling. We only pay the Respect due to Virtue. So, in the Name of ill-luck, go your

your Ways, and don't meddle where you have no Business. Truly now, said the *Castilian*, you're in the Right, for 'tis but striving against the Stream to give him Advice, though it grieves me to think this Whim of Knight-Errantry should spoil all the good Parts which they say this Mad-man has. But ill-luck light on me, as you'd have it, and all my Generation, if e'ery you catch me advising him or any one else again, though I were desir'd, and were to live to the Years of *Methusalem*. So saying, the Adviser went his Ways, and the Cavalcade continu'd but the Rabble press'd so very thick to read the Inscription, that Don *Antonio* was forc'd to pull it off, under Pretence of doing something else.

Upon the Approach of Night they return'd home where Don *Antonio's* Wife, a Lady of Quality, and every Way accomplish'd, had invited several of her Friends to a Ball, to honour her Guest, and share in the Diversion his Extravagances afforded. After a noble Supper the Dancing began about ten a Clock at Night. Among others, were two Ladies of an airy, waggish Disposition, such, as though vertuous enough at the Bottom, would not stick to strain a Part of Modesty for the Diversion of good Company. These two made their Court chiefly to Don *Quixote* and ply'd him so with Dancing one after another that they tir'd not only his Body but his very Soul. But the best was to see what an unaccountable Figure the grave Don made, as he hopp'd and stalk'd about, a long sway-back'd, starv'd-look'd, thin flank'd, two-legg'd Thing, Wainscot-Complexion'd stuck up in's close Doublet, aukward enough at conscience, and certainly none of the lightest at a Saraband. The Ladies gave him several private Hints of their Inclination to his Person, and he was not behind-hand in intimating to them as secretly, that they were very indifferent to him, till at last being almost reiz'd to Death, *Fugite partes adversas*, cry'd he





*The Adventure of the enchanted Head.*

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aloud, and avaunt Temptation. Pray Ladies, lay your amorous Pranks with somebody else, leave me to the Enjoyment of my own Thoughts, which are employ'd and taken up with the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, the sole Queen of my Affection; and so saying, he sat himself down in the Middle of the Room to rest his wearied Bones. Don *Antonio* gave Order that he should be taken up and carry'd to Bed; and the first who was ready to lend a helping Hand was *Sancho*, and as he was lifting him up, By'r Lady, Sir Master of mine, you have brook your heels most fetiously. Do you think we who are stout and valiant must be Caperers, and that every Knight-Errant must be a Snapper of Castinets? If you do, you're woundily deceiv'd, let me tell you. Gadzookers, some would rather undertake the killing of a Giant, than the Cutting of a Caper. Had you been an Antick, I'd have done your Business for you, for I can jig it and hop it about like any Hawk; but as for your fine Dancing, the Devil take him that knows any thing of it for me. This made Diversion for the Company, till *Sancho* led out his Master, in order to put him to Bed, where he left him cover'd over Head and Ears that he might sweat out the Cold he had caught by Dancing. The next Day Don *Antonio* resolving to make his intended Experiment on the enchanted Head, conducted Don *Quixote* into the Room where it stood, together with *Sancho*, a Couple of his Friends, and the two Ladies that had so teaz'd the Knight at the Ball, and who had staid all Night with his Wife, and having carefully lock'd the Door, and enjoyn'd them Secrecy, he told them the Virtue of the Head, and that this was the first Time he ever made Proof of it; and except his two Friends, no Body did know the Trick of the Inchantment, and, had not they been told of it before, they had been drawn into the same Error with the rest; for the Contrivance

vance of the Machine was so artful and so cunningly manag'd, that it was impossible to discover the Cheat. Don *Antonio* himself was the first that made his Application to the Ear of the Head, close to which speaking in a Voice just loud enough to be heard by the Company; tell me, O Head, said he, by thy mysterious Virtue wherewith thou art endu'd, what are my Thoughts at present? The Head in a distinct and intelligible Voice, though without moving the Lips, answer'd, *I am no Judge of Thoughts*. They were all astonish'd at the Voice, being sensible no Body was in the Room to answer. How many of us are there in the Room said Don *Antonio* again. The Voice answer'd in the same Key, Thou and thy Wife, two of thy Friends, and two of hers, a famous Knight call'd Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, and his Squire *Sancho Pança* by Name. Now their Astonishment was greater than before, now they wonder indeed, and the Hair of some of 'em stood on end with Amazement. 'Tis enough, said *Antonio*, stepping aside from the Head, I am convinc'd 'twas no Impostor sold thee to me, Sage Head, discoursing Head, Oraculous, Miraculous Head! Now let some Body else try their Fortunes. As Women are generally most curious and inquisitive, one of the Dancing Ladies venturing up to it, tell me, Head, said she, what shall I do to be truly beautiful. *Be honest* answer'd the Head. I have done, reply'd the Lady. Her Companion then came on, and with the same Curiosity, I would know, said she, whether my Husband loves me or no? The Head answer'd, *Observe his Usage, and that will tell thee*. Truly (said the marry'd Lady to her self as she withdrew) the Question was needless; for indeed a Man's Actions are the surest Tokens of the Disposition of his Mind. Next came on one of Don *Antonio*'s Friends and ask'd, who am I? The Answer was, *Thou knowest*. That's from the Question, reply'd the Gentleman; would

would have thee tell me whether thou know'st me :

I do, answer'd the Head, *thou art Don Pedro Noris.*

'Tis enough, O Head, said the Gentleman, thou hast convinc'd me, that thou knowest all Things.

So making Room for some Body else, his Friend advanced, and ask'd the Head what his eldest Son and Heir desir'd, I have already told thee, said the Head, that I was no Judge of Thoughts ; however, I will tell thee, that what thy Heir desires, is to bury thee.

'Tis so, reply'd the Gentleman, What I see with my Eye, I mark with my Finger ; I know enough.

Don Antonio's Lady ask'd the next Question : I don't well know what to ask thee, said she to the Head. only tell me whether I shall long enjoy my dear Husband ? Thou shalt, answer'd the Head, for his healthy Constitution and Temperance promise Length of Days, while those who live too fast, are not like to live long. Next came Don Quixote : Tell

me thou Oracle said he, was what I reported of my Adventures in Montefino's Cave, a Dream or Reality ? Will Sancho my Squire fulfil his Promise, and scourge himself effectually ? And shall Dulcinea be dis-in-

chanted ? As for the Adventures in the Cave, answer'd the Head ; there's much to be said ; they have something of both ; Sancho's Whipping shall

go on but leisurely ; however, Dulcinea shall at last be really freed from Incantment. That's all I desire

to know, said Don Quixote, for the whole Stress of my good Fortune depends on Dulcinea's Dis-incantment.

Then Sancho made the last Application ; An't please

you, Mr. Head, quoth he, shall I chance to have another Government ? Shall I ever get clear of this

starving Squire-Erranting ? And shall I ever see my own Fire-side again ? The Head answer'd, thou

shalt be a Governor in thine own House ; if thou shalt be home, thou may'st see thy own Fire-side

again ; and if thou leav'st off thy Service, thou shalt get clear of thy Squireship. Gadzookers,

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cry'd *Sancho*, that's a very good one, trow ! a Horse-head might ha' told all this ; I could have prophesied thus much my self. How now, Brute, said *Don Quixote*, what Answers wouldst thou have but what are pertinent to thy Questions ? Nay quoth *Sancho*, since you'll have it so, it shall be so. I only wish Mr. Head would have told me a little more concerning the Matter.

Thus the Questions propos'd, and the Answers return'd were brought to a Period, but the Amazement continu'd among all the Company, except *Don Antonio's* two Friends, who understood the Mystery, which *Benengeli* is resolv'd now to discover, that the World should be no longer amaz'd with an Erroneous Opinion of any Magick or Witchcraft operating in the Head. He therefore tells you, that *Don Antonio Moreno*, to divert himself, and surprise the Ignorant, had this made in Imitation of such another Device, which he had seen contriv'd by a Stuary at *Madrid*.

The manner of it was thus : The Table and the Frame on which it stood, the Feet of which resembled four Eagles Claws, were of Wood, painted and varnish'd like Jasper. The Head, which looked like the Bust of a Roman Emperor, and of a Bronze Colour, was all hollow and so were the Feet of the Table, which answer'd exactly to the Neck and Breast of the Head ; the whole so artificially fix'd that it seem'd to be all of a Piece ; through the Cavity ran a Tin-Pipe, convey'd into it by a Passage through the Ceiling of the Room under the Table. He that was to answer set his Mouth to the End of the Pipe in the Chamber underneath, and by the Hollowness of the Trunk receiv'd their Questions and deliver'd his Answers in clear and articulate Words, so that the Imposture could scarcely be discover'd. The Oracle was manag'd by a young ingenious Gentleman, *Don Antonio's* Nephew, who

having his Instructions before-hand from his Uncle, was able to answer readily and directly to the first Questions, and by Conjectures or Evasions, make a Return handsomely to the rest, with the Help of his Ingenuity. *Cid Hamet* informs us further, that during ten or twelve Days after this, the wonderful Machine continu'd in mighty Repute, but at last the Noise of Don *Antonio's* having an enchanted Head in his House, that gave Answers to all Questions, began to fly about the City; and as he fear'd this would reach the Ears of the watchful Centinels of our Faith, he thought fit to give an Account of the whole Matter to the Reverend Inquisitors, who order'd him to break it to Pieces, lest it should give Occasion of Scandal among the ignorant Vulgar. But still the Head pass'd for an Oracle and a Piece of Enchantment with Don *Quixote* and *Sancho*, though the Truth is, the Knight was much better satisfied in the Matter than the Squire.

The Gentlemen of the Town in Complaisance to Don *Antonio*, and for Don *Quixote's* more splendid Entertainment, or rather to make his Madness more publick Diversion, appointed a Running at the Ring about six Days after, but this was broken off upon an Occasion that afterwards happen'd.

Don *Quixote* had a Mind to take a Turn in the City on Foot, that he might avoid the Croud of Boys that follow'd him when he rode. He went out with *Sancho* and two of Don *Antonio's* Servants, that attended by their Master's Order; and passing thro' a certain Street, Don *Quixote* look'd up, and spy'd written over a Door in great Letters these Words, *There is a Printing-House*. This Discovery pleas'd the Knight extremely, having now an Opportunity of seeing a Printing-Press, a Thing he had never seen before; and therefore to satisfy his Curiosity, in he went with all his Train. There he saw some working off the Sheets, others correcting the Forms,



some in one Place picking of Letters out of the Cases, in another some looking over a Proof; in short, all the Variety that is to be seen in great Printing-Houses. He went from one Workman to another, and was very inquisitive to know what every Body had in Hand; and they were not backward to satisfy his Curiosity. At length coming to one of the Compositors, and asking him what he was about; Sir, said the Printer, this Gentleman here (shewing a likely sort of a Man, something grave, and not young) has translated a Book out of *Italian* into *Spanish*, and I am setting some of it here for the Press. What is the Name of it pray? said Don *Quixote*? Sir, answer'd the Author, the Title of it in *Italian* is *Le Bagatele*. And pray, Sir, ask'd Don *Quixote*, what's the Meaning of that Word in *Spanish*? Sir, answer'd the Gentleman, *Le Bagatele* is much as to say *Trifles*; but though the Title promise so little, yet the Contents are Matters of Importance. I am a little conversant in the *Italian*, said the Knight, and value my self upon singing some Stanza's of *Ariosto*; therefore, Sir (without any Offence, and not doubting of your Skill, but meerly to satisfy my Curiosity) pray tell me, have you ever met with such a Word as *Pinnata* in *Italian*? Yes very often, Sir, answer'd the Author. And how do you render it pray? said Don *Quixote*. How should I render it, Sir, reply'd the Translator, but by the Word *Pidge-Pot*? Body of me, cry'd Don *Quixote*, you are a Master of the *Italian* Idiom? I dare hold a good wager, that where the *Italian* says *Piace*, you translate it *please*; where it says *piu*, you render it *more*; *giu*, *above*, and *giu*, *beneath*. Most certainly, Sir, answer'd t'other, for such are their proper Significations. What rare Parts, said Don *Quixote*, are lost to Mankind for want of their being exerted and known? I dare swear, Sir, that the World is backward in encouraging your Merit. But 'tis the Fate of all in-  
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nious Men: How many of 'em are cramp't up and discountenanc'd by a narrow Fortune! And how many, in Spight of the most laborious Industry, discourag'd! Though by the Way, Sir, I think this kind of Version, from one Language to another, (except it be from the noblest of Tongues, the *Greek* and *Latin*) is like viewing a Piece of *Flemish* Tapestry on the wrong Side, where, though the Figures are distinguishable, yet there are so many Ends and Threads, that the Beauty and Exactness of the Work is obscur'd, and not so advantageously discern'd as on the right Side of the Hangings. Neither can this barren Employment of translating out of easy Languages shew either Wit or Mastery of Style, no more than copying a Piece of Writing by a Precedent; though still the Business of Translating wants not its Commendations, since Men very often may be worse employ'd. As a further Proof of its Merits, we have Doctor *Christoval de Figueroa's* Translation of *Pastor Fido*, and Don *Juan de Xaurigui's Aminta*, Pieces so excellently well done, that they have made 'em purely their own, and left the Reader in Doubt which is Translation and which Original. But tell me, pray Sir, do you print your Book at your own Charge, or have you sold the Copy to a Book-seller? Why truly, Sir, answer'd the Translator, I publish it upon my own Account, and I hope to clear at least a thousand Crowns by this first Edition; for I design to print off two thousand Books, and they will go off at six Reals apiece in a Trice. I'm afraid you'll come short of your Reckoning, said Don Quixote; 'tis a sign you are still a Stranger to the Tricks of these Booksellers and Printers, and the Juggling there is among them. I dare engage you will find two thousand Books lie very heavy upon your Hands, especially if the Piece be somewhat tedious, and wants Spirit. What, Sir, reply'd the Author, would you have me sell the Profit of my Labour to a Book-

seller for three Maravedis a Sheet ? For that's the most they will bid, nay, and expect too I should thank 'em for the Offer. No, no, Sir, I print not my Works to get Fame in the World, my Name is up already ; Profit, Sir, is my End, and without it what signifies Reputation ? Well, Sir, go on and prosper, said Don *Quixote* ; and with that moving to another Part of the Room, he saw a Man correcting a Sheet of a Book call'd, *The Light of the Soul*. Ay, now this is something, cry'd the Knight, these are the Books that ought to be printed, though there are a great many of that Kind ; for the Number of Sinners is prodigious in this Age, and there is Need of an infinite quantity of Lights for so many dark Souls as we have among us. Then passing on, and enquiring the Title of a Book of which another Workman was correcting a Sheet, they told him 'twas the Second Part of that ingenious Gentleman Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, written by a certain Person, a Native of *Tordesillas*. I have heard of that Book before, said Don *Quixote*, and really thought it had been burnt and reduc'd to Ashes for a foolish impertinent Libel ; but all in good Time, Execution-day will come at last : For made Stories are only so far good and agreeable as they are profitable, and bear the Resemblance of Truth ; and true History the more valuable, the farther it keeps from the fabulous. And so saying he flung out of the Printing-house in a Huff.

That very Day Don *Antonio* would needs shew Don *Quixote* the Gallies in the Road, much to *Sancho's* Satisfaction, because he had never seen any in his Life. Don *Antonio* therefore gave Notice to the Commander of the Gallies, that in the Afternoon he would bring his Guest, Don *Quixote de la Mancha* to see 'em, the Commander and all the People of the Town being by that Time no Stranger to the Knight's Character. But what happen'd in the Gallies must be the Import of the next Chapter.

C H A P: LXIII.

Of Sancho's Misfortune on Board the Gallies,  
with the strange Adventures of the beautiful  
Morisca.

Many and serious were Don *Quixote's* Reflections on the Answer of the enchanted Head, tho' none hit on the Deceit, but center'd all in the Promise of *Dulcinea's* Disenchantment; and expecting it would speedily be effected, he rested joyfully satisfy'd. As for *Sancho*, tho' he hated the Trouble of being a Governor, yet still he had an itching Ambition to rule, to be obey'd, and appear great; for even Fools love Authority.

In short, that Afternoon Don *Antonio*, his two Friends, Don *Quixote*, and *Sancho*, set out for the Gallies. The Commander being advertis'd of their coming, upon their Appearance on the Key, order'd all the Gallies to strike Sail; the Musick play'd, and a Pinnacle spread with rich Carpets and Crimson-Velvet Cushions was presently hoisted out, and sent to fetch 'em abroad. As soon as Don *Quixote* set his Foot into it, the Admiral-Galley discharg'd her Fore-castle-Piece, and the rest of the Gallies did the like. When Don *Quixote* got over the Gunnel of the Galley on the Starboard-side, the whole Crew of Slaves, according to their Custom of saluting Persons of Quality, welcom'd him with three, *bu, bu, buz,* or *buzzahs*. The General (for so we must call him) by Birth a *Valencian*, and a Man of Quality, gave him his Hand, and embrac'd him. This Day, said he, will I mark as one of the happiest I expect to see in all my Life, since I have the Honour now to see Senior Don *Quixote de la Mancha*; this Day, I say, that sets before my Eyes the Summary of wandring

Chivalry collected in one Person. Don *Quixote* return'd his Compliment with no less Civility, and appeared overjoy'd to see himself so treated like a Grandee. Presently they all went aft on the Deck, which was handsomely adorn'd, and there they took their Places. The Boatswain went to the Fore-castle, and with his Whistle or Call gave the Sign to the Slaves to strip, which was obey'd in a Moment. *Sancho* was scar'd to see so many Fellows in their naked Skins, but most of all when he saw 'em hoist up the Sails so incredibly fast, as he thought could never have been done but by so many Devils. He had plac'd himself a Mid-ships, next the hindmost Rower on the Star board-side; who being instructed what to do, caught hold of him, and giving him a Hoist, handed him to the next Man, who tofs'd him to a third; and so the whole Crew of Slaves, beginning on the Starboard-side, made him fly so fast from Bench to Bench, that poor *Sancho* lost the very Sight of his Eyes, and verily believed all the Devils in Hell were carrying him away to rights. Nor did the Slaves give over bandying him about, till they had handed him in the same Manner over all the Larboard-side; and then they set him down where they had taken him up, but strangely disordered, out of Breath, in a cold Sweat, and not truly sensible what it was that had happen'd to him.

Don *Quixote* seeing his Squire fly at this Rate without Wings, ask'd the General if that were a Ceremony us'd to all Strangers aboard the Gallies; for, if it were, he must let him know, that as he did not design to take up his Residence there, he did not like such Entertainment; and vow'd to Heaven, that if any of 'em came to lay hold on him to tofs him at that Rate, he would spurn their Souls out of their Bodies; and with this starting up, he lay'd his Hand on his Sword.



At the same Time they lower'd their Sails, and with a dreadful Noise let down the Main-yard; which so frightened *Sancho*, who thought the Sky was off the Hinges, and falling upon him, that he duck'd and thrust his Head between his Legs for Fear. Don *Quixote* was a little Sea-sick too, he began to shiver, and shrug up his Shoulders, and chang'd Colour. The Slaves hoisted the Main-yard again with the same Force and Noise that they had lower'd it withal. But all this with such Silence on their Parts, as if they had neither Voice nor Breath. The Boatswain then gave the Word to weigh Anchor; and leaping a top of the Fore-castle among the Crew, with his Whip or Bull's-Pizzle, he began to dust and fly-flap their Shoulders, and by little and little to put off to Sea.

When *Sancho* saw so many colour'd Feet moving at once, for he took the Oars to be such; beshrew my Heart, quoth he, here is Inchantment in good Earnest; all our Adventures and Witchcrafts have been nothing to this. What have these poor Wretches done, that their Hides must be curry'd at this Rate? And how dares this plaguy Fellow go whistling about here by himself, and mawl thus so many People? Well, I say, this is Hell, or Purgatory at least.

Don *Quixote* observing how earnestly *Sancho* look'd on these Passages; ah! dear *Sancho*, said he, what an easy Matter now were it for you to strip to the Waste, and clap your self among these Gentlemen, and so compleat *Dulcinea's* Disinchantment; among so many Companions in Affliction, you wou'd not be so sensible of the Smart; and besides, the sage *Merlin* perhaps might take every one of these Lashes, being so well laid on, for ten of those which you must certainly one Day inflict on your self. The General of the Gallies was going to ask what he meant by these Lashes, and *Dulcinea's* Disinchantment; when a Mariner cry'd out, they make Signs to us from *Monjou*, that there's a Vessel standing unr-

der the Shoar to the Westward. With that the General leaping upon the Coursey, cry'd, pull away my Hearts, let her not escape us; this Brigantine is an *Argiereen*, I warrant her. Presently the three other Gallies came up with the Admiral to receive Orders, and he commanded two of 'em to stand out to Sea, while he with the other would keep along the Shoar, that so they might be sure of their Prize.

The Rowers tugg'd so hard, that the Gallies scudded away like Lightning, and those that stood to Sea, discover'd about two Miles off, a Vessel with fourteen or fifteen Oars, which, upon Sight of the Gallies, put her self in Chace, hoping by her Lightness to escape; but all in vain, for the Admiral's Galley being one of the swiftest Vessels in those Seas, gain'd so much Way upon her, that the Master of the *Brigantine* seeing his Danger, was willing the Crew should quit their Oars and yield, for fear of exasperating their General. But Fate order'd it otherwise; for upon the Admiral's coming up with the *Brigantine* so near as to hale her, and bid them strike, two *Toraguis*, that is, two drunken *Turks*, among twelve others that were on Board the Vessel, discharg'd a couple of Muskets, and kill'd two Soldiers that were upon the Wale of the Galley. The General seeing this, vow'd he would not leave a Man of 'em alive; and coming up with great Fury to grapple with her, she slipp'd away under the Oars of the Galley. The Galley ran a-head a good way, and the little Vessel finding her self clear for the present, tho' without hopes to get off, crouded all the Sail she could, and with Oars and Sails began to make the best of her Way, while the Galley tack'd round. But all their Diligence did not do 'em so much Good as their Presumption did 'em Harm; for the Admiral coming up with her after a short Chace, clapp'd his Oars in the Vessel, and so took her and every Man in her alive.

By this Time the other Gallies were come up, and all four return'd with their Prize into the Harbour, where great Numbers of People stood waiting, to know what Prize they had taken. The General came to an Anchor near the Land, and perceiving the Viceroy was on the Shoar, he mann'd his Pinnace to fetch him aboard, and gave Orders to sling up the Main-yard, to hang up the Master of the *Brigantine*, with the rest of the Crew, which consisted of about six and thirty Persons, all proper lusty Fellows, and most of 'em *Turkish* Musketeers. The General ask'd who commanded the Vessel; whereupon one of the Prisoners, who was afterwards known to be a *Spaniard*, and a Renegado, answer'd him in *Spanish*, This was our Master, my Lord, said he, shewing him a young Man not twenty Years of Age, and one of the handsomest Persons that could be imagin'd. You inconsiderate Dog, said the General, what made you kill my Men, when you saw 'twas not possible for you to escape? Is this the Respect due to an Admiral? Don't you know that Rashness is no Courage? While there is any Hope, we are allow'd to be bold, but not to be desperate. The Master was offering to reply, but the General could not stay to hear his Answer, being oblig'd to go entertain the Viceroy, who was just come aboard with his Retinue, and others of the Town. You have had a lucky Chace, my Lord, said the Viceroy. What have you got. Your Excellency shall see presently, answer'd the General, I'll shew 'em to you immediately hanging at the Main-yard-arm. How so, reply'd the Viceroy? Because, said he, they have kill'd me, contrary to all Law of Arms, Reason and Custom of the Sea, two of the best Soldiers I had on board; for which I have sworn to hang them every Mother's Son, especially this young Rogue, the Master. Saying thus, he shew'd him a Person with his Hands already bound, and the Halter about his Neck, expecting

Pest'ing nothing but Death. His Youth, Beauty, and Resignation began to plead much in his behalf with the Viceroy, and making him inclinable to save him; Tell me, Captain, said he, Art thou born a *Turk*, or a *Moor*, or art thou a Renegado? None of all these, answered the Youth in as good *Spanish*. What then, said the Viceroy? A Christian Woman, replied the Youth. A Woman, and a Christian, though in these Cloaths, and in such a Post; but 'tis a Thing rather to be wonder'd at, than believ'd. I humbly beseech ye, my Lords, continued the Youth, to defer my Execution till I give you the History of my Life, for the delay of your Revenge will be but short. This Request was urg'd so piteously, that no Body could deny it; whereupon the General bade him proceed, assuring him, nevertheless, that there was no hopes of Pardon for an Offence so great as was that of which he was guilty. Then the Youth began.

I am one of that unhappy and imprudent Nation, whose Miseries are fresh in your Memories. My Parents being of the *Morisco*-Race, the current of their Misfortunes, with the Obstinacy of two Uncles, hurried me out of *Spain* into *Barbary*. In vain I profess'd my self a Christian, being really one, and not such a secret *Mahometan* as too many of us were; this could neither prevail with my Uncles to leave me in my native Country, nor with the Severity of those Officers that had Orders to make us evacuate *Spain*, to believe it was not a Pretence. My Mother was a Christian, my Father a Man of Discretion, professed the same Belief, and I suck'd the Catholick Faith with my Milk. I was handsomly educated, and never betray'd the least Mark of the *Morisco*-Breed, either in Language or Behaviour. With these Endowments, as I grew up, that little Beauty I had, such as it was, began to bloom, and for all my retir'd Life, and the Restraint upon my appearing abroad,

abroad, a young Gentleman, call'd Don Gasper Gregorio got a View of me. He was Son and Heir to a Knight that liv'd in the next Town: 'Twere tedious to relate, how he got an Opportunity to converse with me, fell desperately in Love, and affected me with a Sense of his Passion. I must be short, least this Halter cut me off in the Middle of my Story. I shall only tell you, that he would needs bear me Company in my Banishment, and accordingly, by the Help of the *Morisco* Language, of which he was a perfect Master, he mingl'd with the Exiles, and getting acquainted with my two Uncles that conducted me, we all went together to *Barbary*, and took up our Residence at *Argiers*, or rather Hell it self.

My Father, in the mean time, had very prudently, upon the first News of the Proclamation to banish us, withdrawn to seek a Place of Refuge for us in some Foreign Country, leaving a considerable Stock of Money and Jewels hidden in a private Place, which he discover'd to no Body but me, with Orders not to move it till his Return.

The King of *Argiers*, understanding I had some Beauty, and also that I was Rich, (which afterwards turn'd to my Advantage) sent for me, and was very inquisitive about my Country, and what Jewels and Gold I had got. I satisfied him as to the Place of my Nativity, and gave him to understand, that my Riches were buried in a certain Place where I might easily recover 'em, were I permitted to return where they lay.

This I told him, that, in Hopes of sharing in my Fortune, his Covetousness should divert him from injuring my Person. In the midst of these Questions, the King was inform'd, that a certain Youth, the handsomest and loveliest in the World, had come over in Company with us. I was presently conscious that Don Gregorio was the Person, his Beauty answering so exactly their Description. The Sense  
of



of the young Gentleman's Danger was now more grievous to me than my own Misfortunes, having been told that those barbarous *Turks* are much fonder of a handsome Youth, than the most beautiful Woman. The King gave immediate Orders he shou'd be brought into his Presence, asking me whether the Youth deserv'd the Commendations they gave him. I told him, inspir'd by some good Angel, that the Person they so much commended, was no Man, but of my own Sex, and withal begg'd his Permission to have her dress'd in a Female Habit, that her Beauty might shine in its natural Lustre, and so prevent her Blushes, if she shou'd appear before his Majesty in that unbecoming Habit. He consented, promising withal, to give Order next Morning for my Return to *Spain*, to recover my Treasure. I spoke with Don *Gaspar*, represented to him the Danger of appearing a Man, and prevail'd with him to wait on the King that Evening in the Habit of a *Moorish* Woman. The King was so pleas'd with her Beauty, that he resolv'd to reserve her as a Present for the *Grand Seignior*, and fearing the Malice of his Wives in the *Seraglio*, and the Sollicitations of his own Desires, he gave her in Charge to some of the principal Ladies of the City, to whose House she was immediately conducted.

This Separation was grievous to us both (for I cannot deny that I love him.) Those who have ever felt the Pangs of a parting Love can best imagine the Affliction of our Souls. Next Morning, by the King's Order, I embark'd for *Spain* in this Vessel, accompany'd by these two *Turks* that kill'd your Men, and this *Spanish* Renegado that first spoke to you, who is a Christian in his Heart, and came along with me with a greater Desire to return to *Spain* than to go back to *Barbary*. The rest are all *Moors* and *Turks*, who serve for Rowers. Their Orders were to set me on Shoar with this Renegado, in the

the Habits of Christians, on the first *Spanish* Ground they should discover ; but these two ravenous and insolent *Turks*, must, contrary to their Order, first cruise upon the Coast, in hopes of taking some Prize ; being afraid, that if they should first set us ashore, some Accident might happen to us, and make us discover that the Brigantine was not far off at Sea, and so expose 'em to the Danger of being taken, if there were Gallies upon the Coast. In the Night we made this Land, not mistrusting any Gallies lying so near, and so we fell into your Hands.

To conclude, Don *Gregorio* remains in Womens Habit among the *Moors*, nor can the Deceit long protect him from Destruction ; and here I stand expecting, or rather fearing my Fate, which yet cannot prove unwelcome, I being now weary of living. Thus, Gentlemen, you have heard the unhappy Passages of my Life ; I have told you nothing but what is true, and all I have to beg is, that I may die as a Christian ; since I am innocent of the Crimes of which my unhappy Nation is accus'd. Here she stopp'd, and with her Story and her Tears melted the Hearts of many of the Company.

The Viceroy, being mov'd with a tender Compassion, was the first to unbind the Cords that manac'l'd her fair Hands, when an ancient Pilgrim, who came on board with the Viceroy's Attendants, having with a fix'd Attention minded the Damsel during her Relation, came suddenly, and throwing himself at her Feet, Oh ! *Anna Felix*, cry'd he, my dear unfortunate Daughter ! Behold thy Father *Ricote*, that return'd to seek thee, being unable to live without thee, who art the Joy and Support of my Age. Upon this, *Sancho*, who had all this while been silently musing, vex'd at the Usage he had met with so lately, lifting up his Head, and staring the Pilgrim in the Face, knew him to be the same *Ricote* he had

had met on the Road the Day he left his Government, and was likewise fully perswaded, that this was his Daughter, who being now unbound, embraced her Father, and joyn'd with him in his Joy and Grief. My Lords, said the old Pilgrim, this is my Daughter, *Anna Felix*, more unhappy in Fortune than in Name, and fam'd as much for her Beauty as for her Father's Riches. I left my Country to seek a Sanctuary for my Age, and having fix'd upon a Residence in *Germany*, return'd in this Habit with other Pilgrims to recover my Wealth, which I have effectually done, but I little thought thus unexpectedly to have found my greatest Treasure, my dearest Daughter. My Lords, if it can consist with the Integrity of your Justice, to pardon our small Offence, I joyn my Prayers and Tears with her's, to implore your Mercy on our behalf; since we never design'd you any Injury, and are innocent of those Crimes for which our Nation has justly been banish'd. Ay, ay, cry'd *Sancho*, (putting in) I know *Ricote* as well as the Beggar knows his Dish, and so far as concerns *Anna Felix's* being his Daughter, I know that's true too; but for all the Story of his Goings-out and Comings-in, and his Intentions, whether they were good, or whether they were bad, I'll neither meddle or make, not I.

So uncommon an Accident fill'd all the Company with Admiration, so that the General turning to the fair Captain, your Tears, said he, are so prevailing, Madam, that they compel me now to be forsworn. Live, lovely *Anna Felix*, live as many Years as Heaven has decreed you; and let those rash and insolent Slaves, who alone committed the Crimes bear the Punishment of it. With that he gave Order to have the two delinquent *Turks* hang'd up at the Yard-Arm: But, at the Intercession of the Viceroy, their Fault shewing rather Madness than Design, the fatal Sentence was revok'd; the General

considering at the same time, that their Punishment in cold Blood wou'd look more like Cruelty than Justice.

Then they began to consider how they might retrieve Don *Gasper Gregorio* from the Danger he was in; to which purpose *Ricote* offer'd to the Value of above a Thousand Duckets which he had about him in Jewels, to purchase his Ransom. But the readiest Expedient was thought to be the Proposal of the Spanish Renegado, who offer'd with a small Bark and half a dozen Oars mann'd by Christians to return to *Argiers*, and set him at Liberty, as best knowing when and where to land, and being acquainted with the Place of his Confinement. The General and the Viceroy demurr'd to this Motion, thro' a Distrust of the Renegado's Fidelity, since he might perhaps betray the Christians that were to go along with him. But *Anna Felix* engaging for his Truth, and *Ricote* obliging himself to ransom the Christians if they were taken, the Design was resolv'd upon.

The Viceroy went ashoar, committing the *Morisca* and her Father to Don *Antonio Moreno's* Care, desiring him at the same time to command his House for any thing that might conduce to their Entertainment; such Sentiments of Kindness and good Nature had the Beauty of *Anna Felix* infus'd into his Breast.

## C H A P. LXIV.

Of an unlucky Adventure which Don Quixote laid most to Heart of any that had yet befallen him.

DON *Antonio's* Lady was extremely pleas'd with the Company of the fair *Morisca*, whose Sense being as exquisite as her Beauty, drew all the most

most considerable Persons in the City to visit her. Don *Quixote* told Don *Antonio* that he could by no means approve the Method they had taken to release Don *Gregorio*, it being full of Danger, and little or no Probability of Success; but that their surest Way would be to have him set ashore in *Barbary*, with his Horse and Arms, and leave it to him to deliver the Gentleman in spight of all the *Moorish* Power, as Don *Gayferos* had rescu'd his Wife *Melissandra*. Good your Worship, quoth *Sancho*, hearing this, look before you leap. Don *Gayferos* had nothing but a fair Race for't on dry Land, when he carried her to *France*. But here, an't please you, tho' we should deliver Don *Gregorio*, how the Devil shall we bring him over to *Spain* cross the broad Sea. There's a Remedy for all Things but Death, answer'd Don *Quixote*, 'tis but having a Bark ready by the Sea-side, and then let me see what can hinder our getting into it. Ah, Master, Master, quoth *Sancho*, there's more to be done than a Dish to wash. Saying is one Thing, and Doing is another, and for my Part, I like the Renegade very well, he seems to me a good honest Fellow, and cut out for the Business. Well, said Don *Antonio*, if the Renegado fails, then the Great Don *Quixote* shall embark for *Barbary*.

In two Days the Renegado was dispatch'd away in a fleet Cruiser of six Oars aside, mann'd with brisk lusty Fellows, and two Days after that, the Gallies with the General left the Port, and steer'd their Course Eastwards. The General having first engag'd the Viceroy to give him an Account of Don *Gregorio*'s and *Anna Felix*'s Fortune.

Now it happen'd one Morning that Don *Quixote* going abroad to take the Air upon the Sea-shoar, arm'd at all Points, according to his Custom (his Arms, as he said, being his best Attire, as Combat was his Refreshment) he spy'd a Knight riding towards him, arm'd like himself from Head to Foot, with







*Don Quixot conquer'd by the Knight of the White Moon.*

with a bright Moon blazon'd on his Shield, who coming within Hearing, call'd out to him, Illustrious, and never sufficiently extoll'd Don *Qui-  
xote de la Mancha*, I am the Knight of the *White Moon*, whose incredible Atchievements, perhaps, have reach'd thy Ears. Lo, I am come to enter into Combat with Thee, and to compel thee by Dint of Sword, to own and acknowledge my Mistress, (by whatever Name and Dignity she be distinguish'd) to be, without any Degree of Comparifon, more beautiful than thy *Dulcinea del Toboso*. Now if thou wilt fairly confess this Truth, thou freeft thyself from certain Death, and me from the Trouble of taking or giving thee thy Life. If not, the Conditions of our Combat are these. If Victory be on my Side, thou shalt be oblig'd immediately to forsake thy Arms, and the Quest of Adventures, and to return to thy own Home, where thou shalt be engag'd to live quietly and peaceably for the Space of one whole Year, without laying Hand on thy Sword, to the Improvement of thy Estate, and the Salvation of thy Soul. But if thou com'st off Conqueror, my Life is at thy Mercy, my Horse and Arms shall be thy Trophy, and the Fame of all my former Exploits, by the lineal Descent of Conquest, be vested in thee as Victor. Consider what thou hast to do, and let thy Answer be quick; for my Dispatch is limited to this very Day.

Don *Quixote* was amaz'd and surpriz'd as much at the Arrogance of the Knight of the *White Moon's* Challenge, as at the Subject of it; so with a solemn and austere Address; Knight of the *White Moon*, said he, whose Atchievements have as yet been kept from my Knowledge, 'tis more than probable, that you have never seen the illustrious *Dulcinea*; for had you ever view'd her Perfections, you had there found Arguments  
enough

enough to convince you that no Beauty, pass'd present, or to come, can parallel hers ; and therefore without giving you directly the Lie, I only tell thee, Knight, thou art mistaken ; and this Position I will maintain by accepting your Challenge, on your Conditions, except that Article of your Exploits descending to me ; for, not knowing what Character your Actions bear, I shall rest satisfied with the Fame of my own, by which, such as they are, I am willing to abide. And since your Time is so limited, chuse your Ground, and begin your Career as soon as you will, and expect to be met with : A fair Field and no Favour.

While the two Knights were thus adjusting the Preliminaries of Combat, the Vice-Roy who had been inform'd of the Knight of the *White Moon*'s Appearance near the City Walls, and his parlying with Don *Quixote*, hasten'd to the Scene of Battle, not suspecting it to be any thing but some new Device of Don *Antonio Moreno*, or some others. Several Gentlemen, and Don *Antonio*, among the rest, accompany'd him thither. They arriv'd just as Don *Quixote* was wheeling *Rosinante* to fetch his Career ; and seeing 'em both ready for the Onset, he interpos'd, desiring to know the Cause of the sudden Combat. The Knight of the *White Moon* told him there was a Lady in the Case, and briefly repeated to his Excellency what pass'd between him and Don *Quixote*. The Vice-Roy whisper'd Don *Antonio*, and ask'd him whether he knew that Knight of the *White Moon*, and whether their Combat was not some jocular Device to impose upon Don *Quixote*. Don *Antonio* answer'd positively, that he neither knew the Knight, nor whether the Combat were in Jest or in Earnest. This put the Vice-Roy to some Doubt whether he should not prevent their Engagement, but being at last perswaded that it must be  
a Jest

Just at the Bottom, he withdrew. Valorous Knights, said he, if there be no *Medium* between Confession and Death, but Don *Quixote* be still resolv'd to deny, and you the Knight of the *White Moon* as obstinately to urge, I have no more to say; the Field is free, and the Lord have Mercy on ye.

The Knights made their Compliments to the Vice-Roy for his gracious Consent; and Don *Quixote*, making some short *Ejaculations* to Heaven and his Mistress, as he always us'd upon these Occasions, began his Career, without either Sound of Trumpet or any other Signal. His Adversary was no less forward; for setting Spurs to his Horse, which was much the swifter, he met Don *Quixote* before he had ran half his Career, so forcibly, that without making use of his Lance, which 'tis thought he lifted upon Purpose, he overthrew the Knight of *la Mancha* and *Rosinante*, both coming to the Ground with a terrible Fall.

The Knight of the *White Moon* got immediately upon him, and clapping the Point of his Lance to his Face, Knight, cry'd he, you are vanquish'd, and a dead Man, unless you immediately fulfil the Conditions of your Combat. Don *Quixote* bruis'd and stunn'd with his Fall, without lifting up his Beaver, answer'd in a faint hollow Voice, as if he had spoke out of a Tomb, *Dulcinea del Toboso* is the most beautiful Woman in the World, and I the most unfortunate Knight upon the Earth. 'Twere unjust that such Perfection should suffer through my Weakness. No, pierce my Body with thy Lance, Knight, and let my Life expire with my Honour. Not so rigorous neither, reply'd the Conqueror, let the Fame of the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* remain entire and unblemish'd; provided the Great Don *Quixote* return home for a Year, as we agreed before



fore the Combate, I am satisfied. The Vice-Roy and Don *Antonio* with many other Gentlemen were Witnesses to all these Passages, and particularly to this Proposal; to which Don *Quixote* answer'd, that upon Condition he should be enjoin'd nothing to the Prejudice of *Dulcinea*, he would, upon the Faith of a true Knight, be punctual in the Performance of every Thing else. This Acknowledgment being made, the Knight of the *White Moon* turn'd about his Horse, and saluting the Vice-Roy rode at a hand-Gallop into the City, whither Don *Antonio* follow'd him, at the Vice-Roy's Request, to find who he was, if possible.

Don *Quixote* was lifted up, and upon taking off his Helmet, they found him pale, and in a cold Sweat. As for *Rosinante* he was in so sad a Plight that he could not stir for the present. Then as for *Sauncho*, he was in so heavy a taking, that he knew not what to do, nor what to say; he was sometimes perswaded he was in a Dream, sometimes he fancy'd this rueful Adventure was all Witchcraft and Enchantment. In short, he found his Master discomfited in the Face of the World, and bound to good Behaviour, and to lay aside his Arms for a whole Year. Now he thought his Glory eclips'd, his Hopes of Greatness vanish'd into Smoak, and his Master's Promises, like his Bones, put out of Joint by that cursed Fall, which he was afraid had at once crippld *Rosinante* and his Master. At last the vanquish'd Knight was put into a Chair, which the Vice-Roy had sent for, for that Purpose, and they carry'd him into Town, accompany'd by the Vice-Roy, who had a great Curiosity to know who this Knight of the *White Moon* was, that had left Don *Quixote* in so sad a Condition.

C H A P. LXV.

An Account of the Knight of the White Moon,  
Don Gregorio's Enlargement, and other  
Passages.

DON Antonio Moreno follow'd the Knight of the *White Moon* to his Inn, whither he was attended by a troublesome Rabble of Boys. The Knight being got to his Chamber, where his Squire waited to take off his Armour, Don Antonio came in, declaring that he would not be shook off, till he had discover'd who he was. The Knight finding that the Gentleman would not leave him; Sir, said he, since I lie under no Obligation of concealing my self, if you please, while my Man disarms me, you shall hear the whole Truth of the Story.

You must know, Sir, I am call'd the Batchelor *Carraasco*; I live in the same Town with this Don *Quixote*, whose unaccountable Frenzy has mov'd all his Neighbours, and me among the rest, to endeavour some Means to cure his Madness; in order to which, believing that Rest and Ease would prove the surest Remedy, I bethought my self of this present Stratagem; and about three Months ago, in all the Equipage of a Knight Errant, under the Title of the Knight of the *Mirrors*, I met him on the Road, fix'd a Quarrel upon him, and the Conditions of our Combat were as you have heard already. But Fortune then declar'd for him, for he unhors'd and vanquish'd me, and so I was disappointed: He prosecuted his Adventures, and I return'd home shamefully, very much hurt with my Fall. But willing to retrieve my Credit, I made this second

cond Attempt, and now have succeeded. For I know him to be so nicely punctual in whatever his Word and Honour is engag'd for, that he will undoubtedly perform his Promise. This, Sir, is the Sum of the whole Story, and I beg the Favour of you to conceal me from Don Quixote, that my Project may not be ruin'd the second Time, and that the honest Gentleman, who is naturally a Man of good Parts, may recover his Understanding. Oh! Sir, reply'd Don Antonio, what have you to answer for, in robbing the World of the most diverting Folly, that ever was expos'd among Mankind. Consider, Sir, that his Cure can never benefit the Publick half so much as his Distemper. But I am apt to believe, Sir Bachelor, that his Madness is too firmly fix'd for your Art to remove, and (Heaven forgive me) I can't forbear wishing it may be so; for by Don Quixote's Cure we not only lose his good Company, but the Drolleries and comical Humours of *Santa Pança* too, which are enough to cure Melancholy it self of the Spleen. However, I promise to say nothing of the Matter; though I confidently believe, Sir, your Pains will be to no Purpose. *Carrasco* told him, that having succeeded so far, he was oblig'd to cherish better Hopes, and asking Don Antonio if he had any farther Service to command him, he took his Leave, and packing up his Armour on a Carriage-Mule, presently mounted his Charging-Horse, and leaving the City that very Day, posted homewards, meeting no Adventure on the Road worth a Place in this faithful History.

Don Antonio gave an Account of the Discourse he had had with *Carrasco* to the Vice-Roy, who was vex'd to think that so much pleasant Diversion was like to be lost to all those that were acquainted with the Don's Follies.

Six Days did Don *Quixote* keep his Bed, very dejected, fullen, and out of Humour, and full of severe and black Reflections on his fatal Overthrow. *Sancho* was his Comforter, and among other his Crumbs of Comfort, My dear Master, quoth he, cheer up, come pluck up a good Heart, and be thankful for coming off no worse. Why, a Man has broke his Neck with a less Fall, and you han't so much as a broken Rib. Consider, Sir, that they that win, sometimes must lose; we must not always look for Bacon where you see the Hooks. Come, Sir, cry a Fig for the Doctor, since you won't need him this Bout; let us jog home fair and softly, without thinking any more of sauntering up and down no Body knows whither in Quest of Adventures and bloody Noses. Why, Sir, I am the greatest Loser, an you go to that, though 'tis you that are in the worst Pickle. 'Tis true, I was weary of being a Governor, and gave over all Thoughts that Way; but yet I never parted with my Inclination of being an Earl; and now if you miss being a King, by casting off your Knight Errantry, poor I may go whistle for my Earl-dom. No more of that, *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*; I shall only retire for a Year, and then resume my honourable Profession, which will undoubtedly secure me a Kingdom, and thee an Earl-dom. Heav'n grant it may, quoth *Sancho*, and no mischief betide us. Hope well and have well, says the Proverb.

Don *Antonio* coming in, broke off the Discourse; and with great Signs of Joy calling to Don *Quixote*, toward me, Sir, cry'd he, for my good News; *Don Gregorio* and the Renegado are safe arriv'd they now at the Vice-roy's Palace, and will be here this Moment. The Knight was a little reviv'd at this News; truly, Sir, said he, to Don *Antonio*, I could almost be sorry for his good Fortune,

since he has forestall'd the Glory I should have acquir'd, in releasing by the Strength of my Arm not only him, but all the Christian Slaves in *Barbary*. But whither am I transported, Wretch that I am! Am I not miserably conquered, shamefully overthrown! forbidden the Paths of Glory for a whole long tedious Year? What, should I boast, who am fitter for a Distaff than a Sword? No more of that, quoth *Sancho*: Better my Hog dirty at Home, than no Hog at all. Let the Hen live tho' she have the Pip. To Day for thee, and to Morrow for me. Never lay this ill Fortune to Heart; he that's down to Day, may be up to Morrow, unless he has a Mind to lie a Bed. Hand Bruises, so rouse, Sir, and bid *Don Gregorio* welcome to *Spain*; for by the Hurry in the House, I believe he's come; and so it happen'd, for *Don Gregorio* having paid his Duty to the Viceroy, and given him an Account of his Delivery, was just arriv'd at *Don Antonio's* with the Renegado, very impatient to see *Anna Felix*. He had chang'd the Female Habit he wore when he was freed, for one suitable to his Sex, which he had from a Captive who came along with him in the Vessel, and appear'd a very amiable and handsome Gentleman, though not above eighteen Years of Age. *Ricote* and his Daughter went out to meet him, the Father with Tears; and the Daughter with joyful Modesty. Their Salutation was reserved without an Embrace, their Love being too refined for any loose Behaviour: But their Beauties surpris'd every Body: Silence was emphatical in their Joys, and their Eyes spoke more Love than their Tongues could express. The Renegado gave a short Account of the Success of his Voyage, and *Don Gregorio* briefly related the Shifts he was put to among the Women in his Confinement, which shew'd his Wit and Discretion to be much above



his Years. *Ricote* gratify'd the Ship's Crew very nobly, and particularly the Renegado, who was once more receiv'd into the Bosom of the Church, having with due Penance and sincere Repentance purify'd himself from all his former Uncleaness.

Some few Days after, the Viceroy, in concert with Don *Antonio*, took such Measures as were expedient, to get the Banishment of *Ricote* and his Daughter repeal'd, judging it no Inconvenience to the Nation, that so just and orthodox Persons should remain among 'em. Don *Antonio* being oblig'd to go to Court about some other Matters, offer'd to solicit in their behalf, hinting to him, that, through the Intercession of Friends and more powerful Bribes, many difficult Matters were brought about there to the Satisfaction of the Parties. There is no relying upon Favour and Bribes in our Business, said *Ricote*, who was by, for the great Don *Bernardino de Velasco*, Count of *Salazar*, to whom the King gave the Charge of our Expulsion, is a Person of too strict and rigid Justice, to be mov'd either by Money, Favour, or Affection; and though I cannot deny him the Character of a merciful Judge in other Matters, yet his piercing and diligent Policy finds the Body of our *Morisca* Race to be so corrupted, that with Imputation is the only Cure. He is an *Argus* in his Ministry, and by his watchful Eyes has discover'd the most secret Springs of their Malignation, and resolving to prevent the Danger which the whole Kingdom was in, from such a powerful Multitude of inbred Foes, he took the most effectual Means; for after all, lopping off the Branches may only prune the Tree, and make the poisonous Fruit spring faster, but to overthrow it from the Root, proves a sure Deliverance; nor can the Great *Philip* the Third be too

much extoll'd; first, for his Heroick Resolution in so nice and weighty an Affair, and then for his Wisdom in entrusting Don *Bernardino de Velasco* with the Execution of this Design. Well, when he came to Court, said Don *Antonio* to *Ricote*, I will however use the most advisable Means, - and leave the rest to Providence. Don *Gregorio* shall go with me to comfort his Parents, that have long mourn'd for his Absence. *Anna Felix* shall stay here with my Wife, or in some Monastery; and as for honest *Ricote*, I dare engage the Viceroy will be satisfy'd to let him remain under his Protection till he sees how I succeed. The Viceroy consented to all this; but Don *Gregorio* fearing the worst, was unwilling to leave his fair Mistress; however, considering that he might return to her after he had seen his Parents, he yielded to the Proposal, and so *Anna Felix* remain'd with Don *Antonio's* Lady, and *Ricote* with the Viceroy.

Two Days after Don *Quixote* being somewhat recover'd, took his Leave of Don *Antonio*, and having caus'd his Armour to be laid on Days, he set forwards on his Journey home. So thus being forc'd to trudge after him on Foot. On the other Side, Don *Gregorio* bid adieu to *Anna Felix*, and their Separation, though but for a while, was attended with Floods of Tears, and all the Excess of passionate Sorrow. *Ricote* offered him a thousand Crowns, but he refus'd them, and only borrow'd five of Don *Antonio* to repay him at Court.

CHAP. LXVI.

*Which treats of that which shall be seen by him that reads it, and heard by him that listens when 'tis read.*

DON Quixote, as he went out of Barcelona, cast his Eyes on the Spot of Ground where he was overthrown. Here once Troy stood, said he; here my unhappy Fate, and not my Cowardize, depriv'd me of all the Glories I had purchas'd. Here Fortune, by an unexpected Reverse, made me sensible of her Turns and Fickleness. Here my Exploits suffer'd a Total Eclipse; and, in short, here fell my Happiness, never to rise again. Sancho hearing his Master thus dolefully paraphrasing on his Misfortune, Good Sir, quoth he, 'tis as much the Part of great Hearts to have Patience when the World frowns upon 'em, as to be joyful when all goes well: And I judge of it by myself; for if when I was a Governor I was merry, now I am but a poor Squire afoot I am not sad. And indeed I have heard say, that this same She thing they call Fortune, is a whimsical freakish drunken Quean, and blind into the Bargain; so that she neither sees what she does, nor knows whom she raises, nor whom she casts down. Thou art very much a Philosopher, Sancho, said Don Quixote, thou talk'st very sensibly. I wonder how thou cam'st by all this; but I must tell thee there is no such Thing as Fortune in the World; nor does any Thing that happens here below of Good or Ill come by Chance, but by the particular Providence of Heaven; and this makes good the Proverb, That every Man may thank himself for his own Fortune. For my Part, I have been the Arti-

ficer of mine, but for want of using the Discretion I ought to have us'd, all my presumptuous Edifice sunk and tumbl'd down at once. I might well have consider'd, that *Rosinante* was too weak and feeble to withstand the Knight of the *White Moon's* huge and strong-built Horse. However, I would needs adventure; I did the best I could, and was overcome. Yet tho' it has cost me my Honour I have not lost, nor can I lose my Integrity to perform my Promise. When I was a Knight-Errent valiant and bold, the Strength of my Arms and my Actions gave a Reputation to my Deeds; and now I am no more than a dismounted Squire, the Performance of my Promise shall give a Reputation to my Words. Trudge on then, Friend *Sancho*, and let us get home, to pass the Year of our Probation. In that Retirement we shall recover new Vigour to return to that, which is never to be forgotten by me, I mean the Profession of Arms. Sir, quoth *Sancho*, 'tis no such Pleasure to beat the Hoof as I do, that I shou'd be for large Marches. Let us hang up this Armour of yours upon some Tree, in the room of one of those Highway-men that hang thereabouts in Clusters; and when I am got upon *Dapple's* Back, we will ride as fast as you please: For to think I can mend my Pace, and foot it all the Way, is what you must excuse me in. Thou hast spoken to Purpose *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*; let my Arms be hung up for a Trophy, and underneath, or about 'em, we will carve on the Bark of the Trees the same Inscription, which was written near the Trophy of *Orlando's* Arms:

*Let none but he these Arms displace,  
Who dares Orlando's Fury Face.*

Why, this is as I'd have it, quoth *Sancho*; and were it not that we shall want *Rosinante* upon the Road

Road, 'twere not amiss to leave him hanging too. Now I think better on't, said Don Quixote, neither the Armour nor the Horse shall be serv'd so. It shall never be said of me, *For good Service, bad Reward*. Why that's well said, quoth Sancho, for indeed 'tis a Saying among Wise Men, that the fault of the Ass must not be laid on the Packfaddle, and therefore, since in this last Job you your self were in Fault, even punish your self, and let not your Fury wreck it self upon your poor Armour, bruis'd and battered with doing you Service, nor upon the Tameness of *Rosinante*, that good condition'd Beast, nor yet upon the Tenderness of my Feet, requiring them to travel more than they ought.

They pass'd that Day, and four more after that, in such Kind of Discourse, without meeting any Thing that might interrupt their Journey; but on the fifth Day, as they enter'd into a Country-Town, they saw a great Company of People at an Inn-Door, being got together for Pastime, as being a Holiday. As soon as Don Quixote drew near, he heard one of the Countrymen cry to the rest, look ye now, we'll leave it to one of these two Gentlemen that are coming this Way, they know neither of the Parties. Let either of 'em decide the Matter. That I will with all my Heart, said Don Quixote, and with all the Equity imaginable; if you'll but state the Case right to me. Why, Sir, said the Countryman, the Business is this; One of our Neighbours here in this Town, so fat, and so heavy, that he weighs eleven *Arrobas*, or eleven Quarters of a Hundred, (for that's the same Thing) has challeng'd another Man o' this Town, that weighs not half so much, to run with him a hundred Paces with equal Weight. Now he that gave the Challenge, being ask'd how they shou'd make equal Weight, demands that the other who weighs but five Quarters of a Hundred, should carry a



hundred and a half of Iron, and so the Weight, he says, will be equal. Hold, Sir, cry'd *Sancho*, before *Don Quixote* cou'd answer, this Business belongs to me, that come so lately from being a Governour, and a Judge, as all the World knows; I ought to give Judgment in this doubtful Case. Do then, with all my Heart, Friend *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, for I am not fit to give Crumbs to a Cat, my Brain is so disturb'd, and out of order. *Sancho* having thus got leave, and all the Country-men standing about him, gaping to hear him give Sentence. Brothers, quoth he, I must tell you, that the fat Man is in the wrong Box, there's no manner of Reason in what he asks; for if, as I always heard say, he that is challeng'd may choose his Weapons, there's no Reason that he should choose such as may incumber him, and hinder him from getting the better of him that defy'd him. Therefore 'tis my Judgment, that he who gave the Challenge, and is so big and so fat, shall cut, pare, slice, or shave off a hundred and fifty Pounds of his Flesh, here and there, as he thinks fit; and then being reduc'd to the Weight of the t'other, both Parties may run their Race upon equal Terms. By fore *George* quoth one of the Country-People that had heard the Sentence, this Gentleman has spoken like one of the Saints in Heaven; he has given Judgment like a Casuist; but I warrant the fat Squab loves his Flesh too well to part with the least Sliver of it: much less will he part with a Hundred and Half. Why then, quoth another Fellow, the best Way will be not to let 'em run at all; for then *Lean* need not venture to sprain his Back by running with such a Load; and *Fat* need not cut out his pamper'd Sides into Collops: So let half the Wage be spent in Wine, and let's take these Gentlemen to the Tavern that has the best, and lay the Cloak upon me when it rains. I return ye Thanks, Gentle-

lemen

tlemen, said Don *Quixote*, but cannot stay a Moment, for dismal Thoughts and Disasters force me to appear unmannerly, and to travel at an uncommon Rate; and so saying he clapp'd Spurs to *Resistente*, and mov'd forwards, leaving the People to descant on his strange Figure, and the rare Parts of his Groom, for such they took *Sancho* to be. If the Man be so wise, quoth another of the Country-Fellows to the rest, bless us! what shall we think of the Master! I'll hold a Wager, if they be going to study at *Salamanca*, they will come to be Lord Chief-Justices in a trice; for there's nothing more easie, 'tis but studying and studying again, and having a little Favour, and good Luck; and when a Man least dreams of it, see, he shall find himself with a Judge's Gown upon his Back, or a Bishop's Mitre upon his Head.

That Night the Master and the Man took up their Lodging in the Middle of a Field, under the Roof of the open Sky; and the next Day, as they were on their Journey, they saw coming towards 'em, a Man a-foot with a Wallet about his Neck, and a Javelin or Dart in his Hand, just like a Foot-Post: This Man mended this Pace when he came near Don *Quixote*, and almost running, came, with a great deal of Joy in his Looks, and embrac'd Don *Quixote's* right Thigh, for he cou'd reach no higher. My Lord, Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, cry'd he, oh! how heartily glad my Lord Duke will be when he understands you are coming again to his Castle, for there he is still with my Lady Dutcheffs. I don't know you, Friend, answer'd Don *Quixote*, nor can I imagine who you shou'd be, unless you tell me your self. My Name is *Tosilos*, an't please your Honour; I am my Lord Duke's Footman, the same who wou'd not fight with you about *Donna Rodriguez's* Daughter. Bless me! cry'd Don *Quixote*, is it possible you

should be the Man whom those Enemies of mine, the *Magicians*, transform'd into a Lacquey, to deprive me of the Honour of that Combat? Softly, good Sir, reply'd the Footman, there was neither Inchantment nor Transformation in the Case. I was as much a Footman when I enter'd the Lists, as when I went out; and it was because I had a Mind to marry the young Gentlewoman, that I refus'd to fight. But I was sadly disappointed; for when you were gone, my Lord Duke had me soundly bang'd, for not doing as he order'd me in that Matter; and the Upshot was this, *Donna Rodriguez* is pack'd away to seek her Fortune, and the Daughter is shut up in a Nunnery. As for me, I am going to *Barcelona*, with a Packet of Letters from my Lord to the Viceroy. However, Sir, if you please to take a Sup, I have a Gourd full of good Wine at your Service. 'Tis a little hot, I must own, but 'tis pure, and I have some excellent Cheese, that will make it go down, I'll warrant ye. I take you at your Word, quoth *Sancho*, I am no proud Man, leave Ceremonies to the Church, and so drink, honest *Tosilos*, in spite of all the Inchanters in the *Indies*. Well, *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, thou art certainly the veryest Glutton that ever was, and the silliest Blockhead in the World, else thou woud'st consider that this Man thou see'st here, is enchanted, and a sham-Lacquey. E'en stay with him if thou woud'st, and gratify thy voracious Appetite; for my Part, I'll ride softly on before. *Tosilos* smil'd, and laying his Bottle and his Cheese upon the Grass, he and *Sancho* sat down there, and like sociable Mess. Mates, never stirr'd 'till they had quite clear'd the Wallet of all that was in it fit for the Belly; and this with such an Appetite, that when all was consum'd, they lick'd the very Packet of Letters, because it smelt of Cheese. While they were thus employ'd, hang  
me,

me, quoth *Tosilos*, if I know what to make of thy Master; sure the Man's mad. Neither better nor worse, answer'd *Sancho*; for take my Word for't, Old Boy, if Madnefs were to pass for current Coin, he had such a Stock of it, he wou'd be the richest Man in the Kingdom. I see it plain enough, and tell him of it often enough, but what does it signify? especially now that he's all in the Dumps, for having been worsted by the Knight of the *White Moon*. *Tosilos* begg'd of *Sancho* to tell him that Story; but *Sancho* said it would not be handsome to let his Master stay for him, but that next time they met he'd tell him the whole Matter. With that they got up, and after the Squire had brush'd his Cloaths, and shaken off the Crumbs from his Beard, he drove *Dapple* along; and crying, good by t'ye, left *Tosilos*, in order to overtake his Master, who staid for him under the Covert of a Tree.

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C H A P. LXVII.

*How Don Quixote resolv'd to turn Shepherd, and lead a rural Life, for the Year's time he was oblig'd not to bear Arms; with other Passages truly good and diverting.*

**I**F Don Quixote was much disturb'd in Mind before his Overthrow, he was much more disquieted after it. While he stay'd for his Squire under a Tree, a thousand Thoughts crouded into his Head, like Flies into a Honey-Pot; sometimes he ponder'd on the Means to free *Dulcinea* from Enchantment, and at others, on the Life he was to lead during his involuntary Retirement. In this brown Study, *Sancho* came up to him, crying up *Tosilos* as the honestest Fellow, and the most Gentle

Gentleman-like Footman in the World. Is it possible, *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, thou should'st still take that Man for a real Lacquey? Hast thou forgot how thou saw'st *Dulcinea* converted and transform'd into the Resemblance of a rustick Wench, and the Knight of the *Mirroure* into the Batchelor *Carrasco*; and all this by the Negromantick Arts of those evil-minded Magicians, that persecute me? But laying this aside, prithee tell me, did'st thou not ask *Tosilos* what became of *Altisidora*: Whether she bemoan'd my Absence, or dismiss'd from her Breast those amorous Sentiments that disturb'd her when I was near her? Faith and Troth, quoth *Sancho*, my Head ran on something else, and I was too well employ'd to think of such foolish Stuff. Body of me! Sir, are you now in a Mood to ask about other Folks Thoughts, especially their Love-thoughts too? Look you, said Don *Quixote*, there's a great deal of Difference between those Actions that proceed from Love, and those that are the Effect of Gratitude. It is possible a Gentleman should be not at all amorous, but strictly speaking, he cannot be ungrateful. 'Tis very likely that *Altisidora* lov'd me well, she presented me, as thou know'st, with three Night-Caps; she wept and took on when I went away; curs'd me, abus'd me, and in spight of Modesty, gave a Loose to her Passion; all Tokens that she was deeply in Love with me, for the Anger of Lovers commonly vents it self in Curses. It was not in my Power to give her any Hopes, nor had I any costly Present to bestow on her; for all I have reserv'd, is for *Dulcinea*, and the Treasures of a Night-Errant are but Fairy-Gold, and a delusive Good: So all I can do, is only to remember the unfortunate Fair, without Prejudice however to the Rights of my *Dulcinea*, whom thou greatly injur'st *Sancho*, by delaying the Accomplishment of

the



the Penance that must free the poor Lady from Misery. And since thou art so ungenerously sparing of that pamper'd Hide of thine, may I see it devour'd by Wolves, rather than see it kept so charily for the Worms. Sir, quoth *Sancho*, to deal plainly with you, it can't for the Blood of me, enter into my Head, that jirking my Back-side will signifie a Straw to the Dis-inchanting of the In-chanted. Sir, 'tis as if we shou'd say, If your Head akes, anoint your Shins. At least I dare be sworn, that in all the Stories of Knight-Errantry you have thumb'd over, you never knew Flogging unbewitch'd any Body. However, when I can find my self in the Humour, d'ye see, I'll about it; when Time serves I'll chastise my self, ne'er fear. I wish thou would'st, answer'd *Don Quixote*, and may Heaven give thee Grace at last to understand how much 'tis thy Duty to relieve thy Mistress; for as she is mine, by Consequence she is thine, since thou belong'st to me.

Thus they went on talking, till they came near the Place where the Bulls had run over 'em, and *Don Quixote* knowing it again, *Sancho*, said he, yonder's that Meadow where we met the fine Shepherdesses, and the gallant Shepherds, who had a Mind to renew or imitate the pastoral *Arcadia*. 'Twas certainly a new and ingenious Conceit. If thou think'st well of it, we'll follow their Example, and turn Shepherds too, at least for the Time I am to lay aside the Profession of Arms; I'll buy a Flock of Sheep, and every thing that's fit for a pastoral Life, and so calling my self the Shepherd *Quixotis*, and thee the Shepherd *Pansino*, we'll range the Woods, the Hills and and Meadows, singing and versifying. We'll drink the liquid Crystal sometimes out of the Fountains, and sometimes from the purling Brooks, and the swift gliding Streams. The Oaks, the Cork-Trees, and Chesnut-

Chestnut-Trees will afford us both Lodging and Diet. The Willows will yield us their Melancholick Shade; the Roses present us their inoffensive Sweets; and the spacious Meads will be our Carpets, diversify'd with Colours of all Sorts: Bless'd with the purest Air, and unconfin'd alike, we shall breath that and Freedom. The Moon and Stars, our Tapers of the Night, shall light our Evening Walks. Light Hearts will make us merry, and Mirth will make us sing. Love will inspire us with a Theme and Wit, and *Apollo* with harmonious Lays. So shall we become famous, not only while we live, but make our Loves eternal as our Songs. As I live, quoth *Sancho*, this Sort of Life nicks me to an Hair; and I fancy, that if the Batchelor, *Samson Carrasco* and Master *Nicholas* have but once a Glimpse of it, they'll e'en turn Shepherds too; nay, 'tis well if the Curate does not put in for one among the rest, for he's a notable Joaker, and merrily inclined. That was well thought on, said *Don Quixote*: And then if the Batchelor will make one among us, as I doubt not but he will, he may call himself the Shepherd *Samsonio*, or *Carrascon*; and Master *Nicholas*, *Niculoso*, as formerly old *Boscan* call'd himself *Nemoroso*. For the Curate, I don't well know what Name we shall give him, unless we shou'd call him the Shepherd *Curiambro*. As for the Shepherdesses with whom we must fall in Love, we can't be at a Loss to find 'em Names, there are enough for us to pick and choose; and since my Mistress's Name is not improper for a Shepherdess, any more than for a Princess, I will not trouble my self to get a better; thou may'st call thine as thou pleasest. For my Part, quoth *Sancho*, I don't think of any other Name for mine but *Teresoua*, that will fit her Sides full well, and is taken from her Christian Name too; so when I come to mention her in my Verses every

every Body will know her to be my Wife, and commend my Honesty, as being one that is not for picking another Man's Lock : As for the Curate, he must be contented without a Shepherdess, for good Example's sake. And for the Batchelor, let him take his own Choice, if he means to have one. Bless me! said Don *Quixote*, what a Life shall we lead! What a Melody of Oaten Reeds, and *Zamoras* Bag-pipes shall we have resounding in the Air! What Intermixture of Tabors, Morrice-Bells, and Fiddles! and if to all the different Instruments we add those Kind of Flutes which we call the *Albogues*, we shall have all Manner of pastoral Musick. What are the *Albogues*, quoth *Sancho*? They, said Don *Quixote*, are a Sort of Instruments made of Brass-Plates, rounded like Candlesticks: The one shutting into the other, there arises through the Holes, or Stops, and the Trunk or Hollow, an odd Sound, which, if not very grateful, or harmonious, is however not altogether disagreeable, but does well enough with the Rusticity of Pipe and Tabor. You must know, the Word is *Moorish* or *Arabick*, as indeed are all those in our Spanish, that begin with an *Al*, as *Almoaza*, *Almorsar*, *Alhombra*, *Alguasil*, *Alucema*, *Almacen*, *Alcanxia*, and the like, which are not very many. And we have also three *Moorish* Words in our Tongue that end in *I*; and they are *Barcequi*, *Zaquicami* and *Maravedi*; for as to *Alheli* and *Alsaqui*, they are as well known to be *Arabick* by their beginning with *Al*, as their ending in *I*. I cou'd not forbear telling thee so much by the Bye, they *Quere* about *Albogue* having brought it into my Head. There is one Thing more that will go a great Way towards making us compleat in our new Kind of Life; and that's Poetry; thou know'st I am somewhat given that Way, and the Batchelor *Carraasco* is a most accomplished Poet; to say nothing of the Curate; tho'

I'll

I'll hold a Wager he is a Dabbler in it too, and so is Master *Nicholas*, I dare say; for all your Barbers are notable Scrapers and Songsters. For my Part, I'll complain of Absence, thou shalt celebrate thy own Loyalty and Constancy; the Shepherd *Carrafcon* shall expostulate on his Shepherdess's Disdain, and the Pastor *Cariambro* chuse any other Subject that will fit his Circumstances; and so every Thing will be manag'd to our Hearts Content. Alas! quoth *Sancho*, I am so unlucky, that I fear me, I shall never live to see these blessed Days. How shall I lick up the Curds and Cream! I'll ne'er be without a wooden Spoon in my Pocket. Oh, how many of them will I make! What Garlands, and what pretty pastoral Fancies will I contrive, which tho' they mayn't recommend me for Discretion, will make me pass for a clever Fellow. My Daughter *Sanhica* shall bring us our Dinner a Field. But hold, have a Care of that! she's a young likely Wench, and some Shepherds are more Knaves than Fools, and I would not have my Girl go out for Wooll, and come home shorn; for Love and wicked Doings, are to be found in the Fields, as well as in Cities; and in a Shepherd's Cot, as well as in a King's Palace. Take away the Cause, and the Effect ceases; what the Eye ne'er sees, the Heart ne'er rues. One Pair of Heels is worth two Pair of Hands, and we must watch as well as pray. No more old Saws, *Sancho*, cry'd Don *Quixote*; any one of these is enough to make us know thy Meaning. I have told thee often enough not to be so lavish of thy Proverbs; but 'tis all lost upon thee: I preach in a Desert, my Mother whips me, and I whip the Top. Faith and Troth, quoth *Sancho*, this is just as the Saying is the Porridge-Pot calls the Kettle Black-Arse. — You chide me for speaking Proverbs, and yet you bring 'em out two at a Time. Look you, *Sancho* those

those I speak, are to the Purpose, but thou fetchest thine in by Head and Shoulders, to their utter Disgrace, and thy own. But no more at this Time, it grows late, let us leave the Road a little, and take up our Quarters yonder in the Fields; to Morrow will be a new Day. They did accordingly, and made a slender Meal, as little to *Sancho's* liking as his hard Lodging; which brought the Hardships of Knight-Erranting fresh into his Thoughts; and made him wish for the better Entertainment he had sometimes found, as at Don *Diego's*, *Camacho's*, and Don *Antonio's* Houses; but he consider'd after all, that it cou'd not be always fair Weather, nor was it always foul; so he betook himself to his Rest till Morning, and his Master to the usual Exercise of his roving Imaginations.

## C H A P. LXVIII.

### *The Adventure of the Hogs.*

THE Night was pretty dark, tho' the Moon still kept her Place in the Sky; but it was in such a Part, as oblig'd her to be invisible to us; for now and then Madam *Diana* takes a Turn to the *Antipodes*, and then the Mountains in Black, and the Valleys in Darkness, mourn her Ladyship's Absence. Don *Quixote*, after his first Sleep, thought Nature sufficiently refresh'd, and wou'd not yield to the Temptations of a second. *Sancho* indeed did not enjoy a *second*, but from a different Reason; for he usually made but one Nap of the whole Night, which was owing to the Soundness of his Constitution, and his Unexperience of Cares that lay so heavy upon Don *Quixote*.

*Sancho*, said the Knight, after he had pull'd the Squire till he had wak'd him too, I am amaz'd at the



the Insensibility of thy Temper. Thou art certainly made of Marble or solid Brass; thou liest without either Motion or Feeling: Thou sleep'st while I wake; thou sing'st while I mourn; and while I am ready to faint for want of Sustenance, thou art lazy and unwieldy with mere Gluttony. It is the Part of a good Servant, to share in the Afflictions of his Master. Observe the Stillness of the Night, and the solitary Place we are in. 'Tis Pity such an Opportunity should be lost in Sloth and unactive Rest; Rouse for Shame, step a little aside, and with a good Air, and a cheerful Heart, score me up some three or four Hundred Lashes upon thy Back, towards the Disenchanted of *Dulcinea*. This I make my earnest Entreaty, being resolv'd never to be rough with thee again upon this Account; for I must confess thou can'st lay a heavy Hand on a Man upon Occasion. When that Performance is over, we'll pass the Remainder of the Night in Singing, I of Absence, and thou of Constancy, and so begin those Pastoral Exercises, which are to be our Employment at Home. Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, do you take me for a Monk or Frier, that I shou'd start up in the middle of the Knight, and discipline my self at this rate? Or do you think it such an easie Matter to scourge and clapper-claw my Back one Moment, and fall a Singing next? Look you, Sir, say not a Word more of this Whipping; for as I love my Flesh, you'll put me upon making some rash Oath or other that you won't like, and then if the bare brushing of my Coat wou'd do you any Good, you shou'd not have it, much less the currying of my Hide, and so let me go to sleep again. Oh obdurate Heart! cry'd Don *Quixote*; Oh, Impious Squire! Oh Nourishment and Favours ill bestow'd! Is this my Reward for having got thee a Government, and my good Intentions to get thee an Earldom?

dom, or an Equivalent at least: Which I dare engage to do when this Year of our Obscurity is elaps'd; for in short, *Post tenebras spero lucem*. That I don't understand, quoth *Sancho*; but this I very well know, that while I am asleep, I feel neither Hope nor Despair; I am free from Pain at least, if not from Pleasure. Now Blessings light on him that first invented this same Sleep: It covers a Man all over, Thoughts and all, like a Cloak; 'tis Meat for the Hungry, Drink for the Thirsty, Heat for the Cold, and Cold for the Hot. 'Tis the current Coin that purchases all the Pleasures of the World cheap; and the Balance that sets the King and the Shepherd, the Fool and the Wise-man even. There is only one Thing, which somebody once put into my Head, that I dislike in Sleep; 'tis, that it resembles Death; there's very little Difference between a Man in his first Sleep, and a Man in his last Sleep. Most elegantly spoken, said Don *Quixote*! Thou hast much outdone any Thing I ever heard thee say before, which confirms me in the Truth of one of thy own Proverbs; *Birth is much, but Breeding more*. Cod's me! Master of mine, cry'd *Sancho*, I'm not the only he now that threads Proverbs, for you tack 'em together faster than I do, I think: I see no Difference but that yours come in Season, mine out of Season; but for all that, they are all but Proverbs.

Thus they were employ'd, when their Ears were alarm'd with a Kind of a hoarse and grunting Noise, that spread it self over all the adjacent Valleys. Presently Don *Quixote* started up on his Legs, and laid his Hand to his Sword: As for *Sancho*, he immediately set up some Intrenchments about him, clapping the Bundle of Armour on one Side, and fortifying the other with the Ass's Pack-saddle, and then he nested himself all up, and squatted under *Dapple's* Belly,

ly, where he lay snug, and panting, as full of Fears as his Master of Surprize; and every Moment the Noise grew louder as the Cause of it approach'd, to the Terror of the one, at least; for as for t'other, 'tis sufficiently known what his Valour was.

Now the Occasion was this: Some Fellows were driving a Herd of above six hundred Swine to a certain Fair; and with their grunting and squeaking, the filthy Beasts made such a horrible Noise, that Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* were almost stunn'd with it, and could not imagine whence it proceeded. But at length the Knight and Squire standing in their Way, the rude Swinish Animals came thronging up all in a Body, and without any Respect of Persons, some running between the Knight's Legs, and some between the Squire's, threw down both Master and Man, having not only insulted *Sancho's* Intrenchments, but also thrown down *Rosinante*: And having thus broke in upon 'em, on they went, and bore down all before 'em, overthrowing Pack-saddle, Armour, Knight, Squire, Horse and all; crouding, treading and trampling over them all at a horrid Rate. *Sancho* was the first that made a shift to recover his Legs, and having by this time found out what the Matter was, he call'd to his Master to lend him his Sword, and swore he would stick at least half a dozen of those rude Porkers immediately. No, no, my Friend, said Don *Quixote*, let 'em e'en go; Heaven inflicts this Disgrace upon my guilty Head, for 'tis but a just Punishment that Dogs should devour, Hornets sting, and vile Hogs trample on a vanquish'd Knight-Errant. And belike, quoth *Sancho*, that Heaven sends the Fleas to sting, the Lice to bite, and Hunger to famish us poor Squires, for keeping these vanquish'd Knights Company. If we Squires were the Sons of those Knights

*of the Renown'd Don QUIXOTE.* 369

Knights, or any ways related to 'em, why then something might be said for our bearing a Share of their Punishment, tho' it were to the third and fourth Generation. But what have the *Pansa's* to do with the *Quixotes*? Well, let's to our old Places again, and sleep out the little that's left of the Night. To Morrow is a new Day. Sleep *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, sleep, for thou wert born to sleep; but I, who was design'd to be still waking, intend before *Aurora* ushers in the Sun, to give a Loose to my Thoughts, and vent my Conceptions in a Madrigal, that I made last Night unknown to thee. Methinks, quoth *Sancho*, a Man can't be in great Affliction, when he can turn his Brain to the making of Verses. Therefore, you may versify on as long as you please, and I'll sleep it out as much as I can. This said, he laid himself down on the Ground, as he thought best, and hunching himself close together, fell fast asleep, without any Disturbance from either Debts, Suretiship, or any Care whatsoever. On the other side, *Don Quixote* leaning against the Trunk of a Beech, or a Cork-Tree (for 'tis not determin'd by *Cid Hamet* which it was) sung in Consort with his Sighs, the following Composition.

A SONG to LOVE.

When e'er I think what a mighty Pain  
The Slave must bear who drags thy Chain,  
Oh! Love, for Ease to Death I go,  
The Cure of Thee, the Cure of Life and Woe.

But when, alas! I think I'm sure  
Of that which must by killing Cure,  
The Pleasure that I feel in Death,  
Proves a strong Cordial to restore my Breath.

*Thus*

*Thus Life each Moment makes me die,  
And Death it self new Life can give:  
I Hopeless and Tormented lye,  
And neither truly Die nor Live.*

The many Tears as well as Sighs that accompany'd this musical Complaint, were a Sign that the Knight had deeply lay'd to Heart his late Defeat, and the Absence of his *Dulcinea*.

Now Day came on, and the Sun darting his Beams on *Sancho's* Face, at last awak'd him; whereupon, rubbing his Eyes, and yawning, and stretching his drowsy Limbs, he perceiv'd the Havock that the Hogs had made in his Baggage, which made him wish, not only the Herd, but Somebody else at the Devil and further. In short, the Knight and the Squire both set forward on their Journey, and about the Close of the Evening they discover'd some half a Score Horsemen, and four or five Fellows on Foot, making directly towards them. Don *Quixote* at the Sight, felt a strange Emotion in his Breast, and *Sancho* fell a shivering from Head to Foot; for they perceiv'd that these Strangers were provided with Spears and Shields, and other warlike Implements. Whereupon the Knight turning to the Squire, Ah! *Sancho*, said he, were it lawful for me at this Time, to practise Feats of Arms, and had I my Hand at Liberty from my Promise, what a joyful Sight should I esteem this Squadron that approaches! But now—however, notwithstanding my present Apprehensions, Things may fall out better than we expect.

By this Time the Horsemen with their Lances advanc'd, came close up to them without speaking a Word, and encompassing Don *Quixote* in a menacing Manner, with their Points levell'd to his

Back



Back and Breast, one of the Footmen by laying his Finger upon his Mouth, signify'd to Don Quixote, that he must be mute; then taking Rosinante by the Bridle, he led him out of the Road, while the rest of the Footmen had secured Sancho and Dapple, and drove 'em silently before 'em. Don Quixote attempted twice or thrice to ask the Cause of this Usage, but he no sooner began to open, but they were ready to run the Heads of their Spears down his Throat. Poor Sancho fear'd worse yet; for as he offer'd to speak, one of the Foot-Guards gave him a Jagg with a Goad, and serv'd Dapple as bad, though the poor Beast had no Thought of saying a Word.

As it grew Night they mended their Pace, and then the Darkness encreas'd the Fears of the Captive Knight and Squire; especially when every Minute their Ears were tormented with these or such like Words: On, on, ye Troglodytes; Silence, ye Barbarian Slaves; Vengeance, ye Anthropophagi; Grumble not, ye Scythians; Be blind, ye murdering Polyphemes, ye devouring Lions. Bless us (thought Sancho) what Names do they call us here! Trollopites, Barber's Slaves, and Andrew Hodgepodgy, City-Gans, and Burframes; I don't like the Sound of 'em. Here's one Mischief on the Neck of another. When a Man's down, with him. I would compound for a good dry Beating, and glad to 'scape so too. Don Quixote was no less perplex'd, not being able to imagine the Reason either of their hard Usage, or scurrilous Language, which hitherto promis'd but little Good. At last, after they had rode about an Hour in the Dark, they came to the Gates of a Castle, which Don Quixote presently knowing to be the Duke's, where he had solately been; Heaven bless me, cry'd he, what do I see! Was not this the Mansion of Civility and Humanity! But thus the Vanquish'd are doom'd to see every Thing frown upon 'em. With that

that the two Prisoners were led into the great Cour of the Castle, and found such strange Preparations made there, as encreas'd at once their Fear, and their Amazement; as we shall find in the next Chapter.

## C H A P. LXIX.

*Of the most singular and strangest Adventure that befel Don Quixote in the whole Course of this famous History.*

**A**LL the Horse-men alighted, and the Footmen snatching up Don Quixote and Sancho in their Arms, hurry'd 'em into the Court-Yard that was illuminated with above a hundred Torch'es, fix'd in huge Candlesticks; and about all the Galleries round the Court, were plac'd above five hundred Lights; insomuch, that all was Day in the Midst of the Darknes of the Night. In the Middle of the Court there was a Tomb, rais'd some two Yards from the Ground, with a large Pall of black Velvet over it, and round about it a hundred Tapers of Virgins-Wax, stood burning in Silver-Candlesticks. Upon the Tomb lay the Body of a young Damsel, who, though to all Appearance dead, was yet so beautiful, that Death it self seem'd lovely in her Face. Her Head was crown'd with a Garland of fragrant Flowers, and supported by a Pillow of Cloth of Gold, and in her Hands, that laid across her Breast, was seen a Branch of that yellow Palm, that us'd of old to adorn the Triumphs of Conquerors. On one Side of the Court there was a Kind of a Theatre erected, on which two Personages sat in Chairs, who by the Crowns upon their Heads, and Scepters in their

their Hands, were, or at least appear'd to be Kings. By the Side of the Theatre, at the Foot of the Steps by which the Kings ascended, two other Chairs were plac'd, and thither Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* were led, and caus'd to sit down; the Guards that conducted 'em continuing silent all the while, and making their Prisoners understand by awful Signs that they must also be silent. But there was no great Occasion for that Caution; for their Surprise was so great, that it had ty'd up their Tongues with Amazement.

At the same Time, two other Persons of Note ascended the Stage, with a numerous Retinue, and seated themselves on two stately Chairs by the two Theatrical Kings. These Don *Quixote* presently knew to be the Duke and Dutcheß, at whose Palace he had been so nobly entertain'd. But what he discover'd as the greatest Wonder, was that the Corps upon the Tomb was the Body of the fair *Isidora*.

As soon as the Duke and Dutcheß had ascended, Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* made 'em a profound Obedience, which they return'd with a short declining of their Heads. Upon this a certain Officer enter'd the Court, and coming up to *Sancho*, he clapp'd over him a black Buckram Frock, all figur'd over with Flames of Fire, and taking off his Cap, he put on his Head a Kind of Mitre, such as is worn by those who undergo publick Penance by the Infirmitie; whispering him in the Ear at the same time, that if he did but offer to open his Lips, they would put a Gag in his Mouth, or murder him to rights. *Sancho* view'd himself over from head to Foot, and was a little startl'd to see himself all over in Fire and Flames, but yet since he did not feel himself burn, he car'd not a Farthing. He pull'd off his Mitre, and found it pictur'd over with Devils, but he put it on again, and bethought

himself, that since neither the Flames burn'd him, nor the Devils ran away with him, 'twas well enough. Don Quixote also stedfastly survey'd him, and in the midst of all his Apprehensions, could not forbear smiling to see what a strange Figure he made. And now in the midst of that profound Silence, while every thing was mute, and Expectation most attentive, a soft and charming Symphony of Flutes, that seem'd to issue from the Hollow of the Tomb, agreeably fill'd their Ears. Then there appear'd at the Head of the Monument, a young Man extremely handsome, and dress'd in a Roman Habit, who to the Musick of a Harp, touch'd by himself, sung the following Stanza with an excellent Voice.

### ALTISIDORA'S Dirge.

**W**Hile slain, the fair Altisidora lies  
*A Victim to Don Quixote's cold Disdain ;*  
 Here all Things mourn, all Pleasure with her dies,  
*And Weeds of Woe disguise the Graces Train.*

*I'll sing the Beauties of her Face and Mind,  
 Her hopeless Passion, her unhappy Fate ;  
 No Orpheus self in Numbers more refin'd,  
 Her Charms, her Love, her Sufferings cou'd relate.*

*Nor shall the Fair alone in Life be sung,  
 Her boundless Praise is my immortal Choice :  
 In the cold Grave, when Death benums my Tongue,  
 For thee, bright Maid, my Soul shall find a Voice.*

*When from this narrow Cell my Spirit's free,  
 And wanders grieving with the Shades below,  
 Ev'n o'er Oblivion's Waves I'll sing to thee ;  
 And Hell it self shall sympathize in Woe.*

Enough

Enough, cry'd one of the two Kings; no more, Divine Musician; it were an endless Task to enumerate the Perfections of *Altisidora*, or give us the Story of her Fate. Nor is she dead as the ignorant Vulgar surmises; No, in the Mouth of Fame she lives, and once more shall revive, as soon as *Sancho* has undergone the Penance that is decreed to restore her to the World. Therefore, O *Rhadamantbus*! thou who sittest in joynt Commission with me, in the opacous Shades of *Dis*, tremendous Judge of Hell! Thou to whom the Decrees of Fate, unscrutable to Mortals, are reveal'd, in order to restore this Damsel to Life, open and declare 'em immediately, nor delay the promis'd Felicity of her Return, to comfort the drooping World.

Scarcely had *Minos* finish'd his Charge, but *Rhadamantbus* starting up, Proceed, said he, ye Ministers and Officers of the Household, superiour and inferior, high and low; proceed one after another, and mark me *Sancho's* Face with twenty four Twitches, give him twelve Pinches, and run six Pins into his Arms and Back-side; for *Altisidora's* Restoration depends on the Performance of this Ceremony. *Sancho* hearing this, could hold out no longer, but bawling out, Body of me! cry'd he, I'll as soon turn Turk, as give you Leave to do all this. You shall put no Countenance of mine upon any such Mortification. What the Devil can the Spoiling of my Face signify to the restoring of this Damsel? I may as soon turn up my broad End, and awaken her with a Gun. *Dulcinea* is bewitch'd, and I forsooth must flogg my self, to free her from Witchcraft. And here's *Altisidora* too, drops off of one Distemper or other, and presently poor *Sancho* must be pull'd by the Handle of his Face, his Skin fill'd with Oilet-holes, and his Arms pinch'd Black and Blue, to save her from the Worms. No, no, you must not think to put Tricks upon Travellers.



vellers. An old Dog will learn no Tricks. Relent, cry'd *Rhadamanthus* aloud, thou Tiger, submit proud *Nimrod*, suffer and be silent or thou dy'st. No Impossibility is requir'd from thee; and therefore pretend not to expostulate on the Severity of thy Doom. Thy Face shall receive the Twitches, thy Skin shall be pinch'd, and groan under the Penance. Begin, I say, ye Ministers of Justice, execute my Sentence, or upon the Honour of a Man, ye shall curse the Hour ye were born. At the same Time six old *Duena's* or Waiting-women appear'd in the Court, marching in a formal Procession one after another, four of 'em wearing Spectacles, and all with their right Hands held aloft, and their Wrists, according to the Fashion, about four Inches bare, to make their Hands seem the longer. *Sancho* no sooner spy'd them, but roaring out like a Bull, do with me what you please, cry'd he, let a Sack full of mad Cats lay their Claws on me, as they did on my Master in this Castle, drill me through with sharp Daggers, tear the Flesh from my Bones with red-hot Pincers, I'll bear it with Patience, and serve your Worships. But the Devil shall run away with me at once, before I'll suffer old Waiting-women to lay a Finger upon me. Don *Quixote* upon this broke Silence, have Patience my Son, cry'd he, and resign thy self to these Potentates with Thanks to Heaven, for having endow'd thy Person with such a Gift, as to release the Inchant'd, and raise the Dead from the Grave.

By this the Waiting-women were advanc'd to *Sancho*, who after much Perswasion, was at last wrought upon to settle himself in his Seat, and submit his Face and Beard to the Female Executioners; the first that approach'd gave him a cleft Twich, and then dropp'd him a Curtisie. Let Courtesy and less Sauce, good Mrs. Governante cry'd *Sancho*; for by the Life of *Pharaoh* your Fi

gers stink of Vinegar. In short, all the Waiting-women, and most of the Servants came and twitch'd and pinch'd him decently, and he bore it all with unspeakable Patience. But when they came to prick him with Pins, he could contain no longer, but starting up in a pelting Chafe, snatch'd up one of the Torches that stood near him, and swinging it round, put all the Women and the rest of his Tormenters to their Heels. Avaunt, cry'd he, ye Imps of the Devil, d'ye think that my Backside is made of Brasse, or I intend to be your Master's Martyr.

At the same Time, *Altisidora*, who could not but be tir'd with lying so long upon her Back, began to turn her self on one Side, which was no sooner perceiv'd by the Spectators, but they all set up the Cry, *She lives, she lives! Altisidora lives!* And then *Rhadamanthus* addressing himself to *Sancho*, desir'd him to be pacify'd, for now the wonderful Recovery was effected. On the other Side, Don *Quixote* seeing *Altisidora* stir, went and threw himself on his Knees before *Sancho*; my dear Son, cry'd he, for now I will not call thee Squire, now is the Hour for thee to receive some of the Lashes that are incumbent upon thee for the Disenchanted of *Dulcinea*. This, I say, is the auspicious Time, when the Virtue of thy Skin is most mature and efficacious for working the Wonders that are expected from it. Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire, quoth *Sancho*; I have brought my Hogs to a fair Market truly; after I have been twindg'd and tweak'd by the Nose and every where, and my Buttocks stuck all over, and made a Pin-cushion, I must be now whipp'd like a Top, must I? If you've a Mind to make an End of me at once, can't you as well tie a handsome Stone about my Neck, and tip me over into a Well. Better make an End of me at once, than have me loaded so every foot

like a Pack-horse with other Folks Burdens. Look ye, say but one Word more to me of any such Thing, and on my Soul, all the Fat shall be in the Fire.

By this time, *Altisidora* sat on the Tomb, and presently the Musick struck up, all the Instruments being joyn'd with the Voices of the Spectators, who cry'd aloud, Live, live, *Altisidora*! *Altisidora* live! The Duke and Dutchess got up, and with *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus* accompany'd by *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, went all in a Body to receive *Altisidora*, and handed her down from the Tomb. She pretending to faint, bow'd to the Duke and Dutchess, and also to the two Kings; but casting a shy Look upon *Don Quixote*, Heaven forgive that hard-hearted lovely Knight, said she, whose Barbarity has made me an Inhabitant of the other World, for ought I know a thousand Years. But to thee, said she, turning to *Sancho*, to thee the most compassionate Squire that the World contains, I return my Thanks for my Change from Death to Life; in Acknowledgment of which, six of the best Smocks I have shall be chang'd into Shirts for thee; and if they are not spick and span new, yet they are all as clean as a Penny. *Sancho* pull'd off his Mitre, put his Knee to the Ground, and kiss'd her Hand. The Duke commanded, that they should return him his Cap, and instead of his flaming Frock, to give him his Gaberdine; but *Sancho* begg'd of his Grace, that he might keep the Frock and Mitre, to carry into his own Country, as a Relick of that wonderful Adventure. The Dutchess said, he should have 'em, for he knew she was always one of his best Friends. Then the Duke order'd the Company to clear the Court, and retire to their respective Lodgings, and that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* should be conducted to their Apartments.

C H A P. LXX.

*Which comes after the sixty ninth, and contains several Particulars, necessary for the Illustration of this History.*

**T**HAT Night *Sancho* lay in a Truckle-bed in *Don Quixote's* Chamber, a Lodging not much to the Squire's liking, being very sensible that his Master would disturb him with impertinent Chat all Night long; and this Entertainment he found himself not rightly dispos'd for, his late Penance having taken him quite off the talking Pin: And a Hovel with good sound Sleep had been more agreeable to his Circumstances, than the most stately Apartments in such troublesome Company; and indeed his Apprehensions prov'd so right, that his Master was scarcely laid when he began to open.

*Sancho*, said he, what is your Opinion of this Night's Adventure? Great and mighty is the force of Love when heighten'd by Disdain, as the Testimony of your own Eyes may convince you in the Death of *Alfisdora*. 'Twas neither a Dart, a Dagger, nor any Poison that brought her to her Fate, but she expir'd through the meer Sense of my Disdain of her Affection. I had not car'd a Pin, answer'd *Sancho*, though she had dy'd of the Pip, so she had but let me alone. I never courted her, nor slighted her in my born-days; and for my Part, I must still think it strange, that the Life and Well-doing of *Alfisdora*, a whimsical, maggotty Gentlewoman, should depend upon the plaguing of *Sancho Panza*. But there are Inchanters and Witchcrafts in this World that's certain, from which good Heaven deliver me; for 'tis more than I can do my self. But now, Sir, let me sleep, I beseech you; for if you trouble me with any more Questions, I'm resolv'd to leap out

of the Window. I'll not disturb thee, honest *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, sleep; if the Smart of thy late Torture will let thee! No Pain answer'd *Sancho*, can be compar'd to the Abuse my Face suffer'd, because 'tis done by the worst of ill-natur'd Creatures, I mean old Waiting-women: The Devil rake 'em, quo' I, and so good Night! I want a good Nap to set me to rights, and so once again, pray let me sleep. Do so, said Don *Quixote*, and Heaven be with thee. Thereupon they both fell asleep, and while they are asleep *Cid Hamet* takes the Opportunity to tell us the Motives that put the Duke and Dutcheß upon this odd Compound of Extravagancies, that has been last related. He says, that the Batchelor *Carraço* meditating Revenge for having been defeated by Don *Quixote* when he went by the Title of the Knight of the *Mirrours*, resolv'd to make another Attempt in hopes of better Fortune, and therefore having understood where Don *Quixote* was, by the Page that brought the Letters and Present to *Sancho's* Wife, he furnish'd himself with a fresh Horse and Arms, and had a White Moon painted on his Shield; his Accoutrements were all pack'd up on a Mule, and, lest *Thomas Cecial* his former Attendant should be known by Don *Quixote*, or *Sancho*, he got a Country-Fellow to wait on him as a Squire. Coming to the Duke's Castle, he was inform'd that the Knight was gone to the Tournament at *Saragosa*; the Duke giving the Batchelor an Account also how pleasantly they had impos'd upon him with the Contrivance for *Dulcinea's* Disinchantment, to be effected at the Expence of *Sancho's* Posteriors. Finally, he told him how *Sancho* had made his Master believe that *Dulcinea* was transform'd into a Country-Wench by the Power of Magick; and how the Dutcheß had perswaded *Sancho* that he was deluded himself, and *Dulcinea* enchanted in good earnest. The Batchelor, though  
he



he could not forbear laughing, was nevertheless struck with Wonder at this Mixture of Cunning and Simplicity in the Squire, and the uncommon Madness of the Master. The Duke then made it his Request that if he met with the Knight, he should call at the Castle as he return'd, and give him an Account of his Success, whether he vanquish'd him or not. The Batchelor promis'd to obey his Commands, and departing in search of Don *Quixote*, he found him not at *Saragosa*, but travelling farther met him at last, and had his Revenge as we have told you. Then taking the Duke's Castle in his Way home, he gave him an Account of the Circumstances and Conditions of the Combat, and how Don *Quixote* was repairing homewards, to fulfil his Engagement of returning to his Village for a Year, as it was incumbent on the Honour of Chivalry to perform, and in this Space, the Batchelor said he hop'd the poor Gentleman might recover his Senses, declaring withal, that the Concern he had upon him to see a Man of his Parts in such a distracted Condition, was the only Motive that could put him upon such an Attempt. Upon this he return'd home, there to expect Don *Quixote* who was coming after him. This Information engag'd the Duke, who was never to be tir'd with the Humours of the Knight and the Squire, to take this Occasion to make more Sport with 'em; he order'd all the Roads thereabouts, especially those that Don *Quixote* was most likely to take, to be laid by a great many of his Servants, who had Orders to bring him to the Castle right or wrong.

They met him accordingly, and sent their Master an Account of it, whereupon all Things, being prepar'd against his coming, the Duke caus'd the Torches and Tapers to be all lighted round the Court, and *Altiſidora's* Tragi-comical Interlude was acted with the Humours of *Sancho Panſa*, the whole

so to the Life, that the Counterfeit was hardly discernable *Cid Hamet* adds, that he believ'd those that play'd all these Tricks were as mad as those they were impos'd upon: And that the Duke and Dutchess were within a Hair's Breadth of being thought Fools themselves, for taking so much pains to make Sport with the Weakness of two poor silly Wretches.

Now to return to our two Adventurers; the Morning found one of 'em fast asleep, and the other broad awake, transported with his wild Imaginations. They thought it Time to rise, especially the Don, for the Bed of Sloth was never agreeable to him, whether vanquish'd or victorious.

*Altisidora*, whom Don *Quixote* suppos'd to have been rais'd from the Dead, did that Day deck her Head with the same Garland she wore upon the Tomb, and in a Gown of white Taffery flower'd with Gold, thrown carelessly over her; her disshivel'd Locks flowing negligently on her Shoulders, she enter'd Don *Quixote's* Chamber, supporting herself with an Ebony-Stick.

The Knight was so surpriz'd and amaz'd at this unexpected Apparition, that he was struck dumb, and not knowing how to behave himself, he flunk down under the Bed-Cloaths, and cover'd himself over Head and Ears. However, *Altisidora* plac'd herself in a Chair close by his Bed's-head, and after a profound Sigh; To what an Extremity of Misfortune and Distress, said she in a soft and languishing Voice, are young Ladies of my Virtue and Quality reduc'd, when they thus trample upon the Rule of Modesty, and without Regard to Virgin-Decency are forc'd to give their Tongues a Loose, and betray the Secrets of their Hearts! Alas! Noble Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, I am one of those unhappy Persons over-rul'd by my Passion; but yet so reserv'd and patient in my Sufferings, that Silence broke my Heart, and my Heart broke in Silence.

'Tis

'Tis now two Days, most inexorable and marble-hearted Man, since the Sense of your severe Usage and Cruelty brought me to my Death, or something so like it, that every one that saw me, judg'd me to be dead. And had not Love been compassionate, and assign'd my Recovery on the Sufferings of this kind Squire, I had ever remain'd in the other World. Truly, quoth *Sancho*, Love might e'en as well have made choice of my Ass for that Service, and he would have obliged me a great deal more. But pray, good Mistress, tell me one Thing now, and so Heaven provide you a better natur'd Sweet-heart than my Master; what did you see in the other World? What Sort of Folks are there in Hell? For there I suppose you have been; for those that die of Despair must needs go to that Summer-house. To tell you the Truth, reply'd *Altisidora*, I fancy I could not be dead out-right, because I was not got so far as Hell; for, had I got in, I'm sure I should ne'er have been allow'd to have got out again. I got to the Gates indeed, where I found a round Dozen of Devils in their Breeches and Waste-coats, playing at Tennis with flaming Rackets; they wore flat Bands with scollop'd Lace, and Ruffles of the same. Their Arms were naked four Fingers Breadth to give an Air to their Wrists, and make their Hands look the longer. But what I most wonder'd at, was, that instead of Tennis-balls, they made use of Books that were every whit as light, and stuff'd with Wind and Flocks, or such Kind of Trumpery. This was indeed most strange and wonderful; but, what still amaz'd me more, I found, that contrary to the Custom of Gamesters, among whom the gaining Party at least is in good Humour, and the Losers only angry, these Hellish Tossers of Books of both sides did nothing but fret, fume, stamp, curse and swear most horribly, as if they had been all Losers.

That's

That's no Wonder at all, quoth *Sancho* ; for your Devils, whether they play or no, win or lose, they can never be contented. That may be, said *Altifidora* ; but another Thing that I admire (I then admir'd I would say) was, that the Ball would not bear a second Blow, but at every Stroke they were oblig'd to change Books, some of 'em new, some old, which I thought very strange. And one Accident that happen'd upon this I can't forget. They tos'd up a new Book fairly bound, and gave it such a smart Stroke, that the very Guts flew out of it, and all the Leaves were scatter'd about. Then cry'd one of the Devils to another, look, look, what Book is that ? 'Tis the Second Part of the History of Don *Quixote*, said the other ; not that which was compos'd by *Cid Hamet*, the Author of the first, but by a certain *Arragonian*, who professes himself a Native of *Tordesillas*. Away with it, cry'd the first Devil, down with it, plunge it to the lowest Pit of Hell, where I may never see it more. Why, is it such sad stuff, said the other ? Such intolerable Suff, cry'd the first Devil, that if I and all the Devils in Hell should set our Heads together to make it worse, it were past our Skill. The Devils continu'd their Game, and shatter'd a World of other Books, but the Name of Don *Quixote* that I so passionately ador'd, confin'd my Thoughts only to that Part of the Vision which I told you. It could be nothing but a Vision to be sure, said Don *Quixote*, for I am the only Person of the Name, now in the Universe, and that very Book is tos'd about here at the very same rate, never resting in a Place, for every Body has a Fling at it. Nor am I concern'd that any Phantom assuming my Name, should wander in the Shades of Darkness or in the Light of this World, since I am not the Person of whom that History treats. If it be well writ, faithful and authentick, it will live Ages ; but if it be bad, 'twill have but

a bad



a bad Journey from its Birth to the Grave of Oblivion. *Altisidora* was then going to renew her Expostulations and Complaints against Don *Quixote*, had not he thus interrupted her. I have often caution'd you, Madam, said he, of fixing your Affections upon a Man who is absolutely incapable of making a suitable Return. It grieves me to have a Heart obtruded upon me, when I have no Entertainment to give it, but bare cold Thanks. I was only born for *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and to her alone the Destinies (if such there be) have devoted my Affection: So 'tis Presumption for any other Beauty to imagine she can displace her, or but share the Possession she holds in my Soul. This I hope may suffice to take away all Foundation from your Hopes, and to recal your Modesty and re-instate it in its proper Bounds, for nothing is to be expected from a Man in Impossibilities.

Upon hearing this, Death of my Life! Cry'd *Altisidora*, putting on a violent Passion, thou Lump of Lead, thou with a Soul of Morter, and a Heart as little and as hard as the Stone of an Olive, more stubborn than a fullen Plough-driver or a Carrier's Horse that will never go out of his Road, I have a good Mind to tear your Eyes out, as deep as they are in your Head. Why, thou beaten Swash-buckler, thou Rib-roasted Knight of the Cudgel, hast thou the Impudence to think that I dy'd for Love of thy Lanthorn-Jaws. No, no Sir, Tiffany, all that you have seen this Night has been Counterfeit, for I would not suffer the Pain of a Flea-bite, much less that of dying, for such a Dromedary as thou art. Troth! Lads I believe thee, quoth *Sancho*; for all these Stories of People dying for Love are meer Tales of a roasted Horse. They tell you they'll dye for Love, but the Devil a-bit. Trust to that and be laugh'd at.

Their



Their Discourse was interrupted by the coming in of the Harper, Singer, and Composer of the Stanza's that were perform'd in the Court the Night before. Sir Knight, said he to Don Quixote, making a profound Obeisance, let me beg the Favour of being number'd among your most humble Servants; 'tis an Honour which I have long been ambitious to receive, in regard of your great Renown, and the Value of your Achievements. Pray Sir, said Don Quixote, let me know who you are, that I may proportion my Respects to your Merits. The Spark gave him to understand, he was the Person that made and sung the Verses he heard the last Night. Truly, Sir, said Don Quixote, you have an excellent Voice; but I think your Poetry was little to the Purpose; for what Relation pray have the Stanza's of *Garcilasso* to this Lady's Death? Oh! Sir, never wonder at that, reply'd the Musician, I do but as other Brothers of the Quill: All the upstart Poets of the Age do the same, and every one writes what he pleases, how he pleases, and from whom he pleases, whether it be to the Purpose or no; for let 'em write and set to Musick what they will, though never so impertinent and absurd, there is a Thing call'd poetical Licence, that is our Warrant, and a Safeguard and Refuge for Nonsense, among all the Men of Jingle and Metre.

Don Quixote was going to answer, but was interrupted by the coming in of the Duke and Dutchess, who improving the Conversation, made it very pleasant for some Hours; and *Sancho* was so full of his odd Conceits and arch Wipes, that the Duke and Dutchess were at a Stand which to admire most, his Wit or his Simplicity. After that, Don Quixote begg'd Leave for his Departure that very Day, alledging that Knights in his unhappy Circumstances were rather qualify'd for an humble Cottage than a Palace. They freely comply'd with his Request, and the Dutchess desir'd to know if *Altiidora* had yet

yet attain'd to any Share of his Favour. Madam, answer'd Don Quixote, I must freely tell your Grace, that I am confident all this Damsel's Disease proceeds from nothing else in the World but Idleness. So nothing in Nature can be better Phylick for her Distemper than to be continually employ'd in some innocent and decent Things. She has been pleas'd to inform me, that Bone-lace is much worn in Hell; and since without doubt she knows how to make it, let that be her Task, and I'll engage the tumbling of her Bobbins to and again, will soon toss her Love out of her Head, take my Word for't; this is my Opinion, and my Advice. And mine too, quoth Sancho, for I never knew any of your Bone-lace-makers die for Love, nor any other young Wench that had any Thing else to do; I know it by my self: When I am hard at Work, with a Spade in my Hand, I no more think of Pig'snies (my own dear Wife I mean) than I do of my dead Cow, though I love her as the Apple of my Eye. You say well, Sancho, answer'd the Dutchess, and I'll take care that *Altisidora* shall not want Employment for the future; she understands her Needle, and I'm resolv'd she shall make use on't. Madam, said *Altisidora*, I shall have no Occasion for any Remedy of that nature; for the Sense of the Severity and ill Usage that I met with from that Vagabond Monster, will without any other Means soon raze him out of my Memory. In the mean Time, I beg your Grace's Leave to retire, that I may no longer behold, I won't say his woeful Figure, but his ugly and abominable Countenance. These Words, said the Duke, put me in Mind of the Proverb, *After railing comes forgiving*. *Altisidora* holding her Handkerchief to her Eyes, as it were to dry her Tears, and then making her Honours to the Duke and Dutchess, went out of the Room. Alackaday! Poor Girl, cry'd Sancho; I know what will be the

End

End of thee, since thou art fall'n into the Hands of that sad Soul, that merciless Master of mine, with a Crabtree-Heart, as tough as any Oak. Woe be to thee, a'faith! Had'st thou fall'n in Love with this sweet Face of mine, Body of me, thou had'st met with a Cock of the Game. The Discourse ended here. Don *Quixote* dress'd, din'd with the Duke and Dutchess, and departed that Afternoon.

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## C H A P. LXXI.

*What happen'd to Don Quixote and his Squire in their way home.*

**T**HE vanquish'd Knight-Errant continu'd his Journey, equally divided between Grief and Joy; the Thought of his Overthrow sometimes funk his Spirits, but then the Assurance he had of the Virtue lodg'd in *Sancho*, by *Altisidora's* Resurrection, rais'd them up again; and yet after all, he had much ado to perswade himself that the amorous Damsel was really dead. As for *Sancho*, his Thoughts were not at all of the pleasing Kind; on the contrary, he was mightily upon the Sullen, because *Altisidora* had bilk'd him of the Smocks she promis'd him; and his Head running upon that, Faith and Troth, Sir, quoth he, I have the worst Luck of any Physician under the Cope of Heaven; other Doctors kill their Patients, and are paid for their Pains; and yet they are at no farther Trouble than scrawling two or three cramp Words for some physical Slip-slop, which the 'Pothecaries are at all the Pains to make up. Now here am I, that save People from the Grave at the Expence of my own Hide, pinch'd, clapperclaw'd, run through with Pins, and whipp'd like a Top, and yet the Devil a Cross I get

I get by the Bargain. But if ever they catch me a Curing any Body o' this Fashion, unless I have my Fee before-hand, may I be serv'd as I have been for nothing. Odsdiggers! they shall pay Sauce for't; no Money, no Cure; the Monk lives by his Singing; and I can't think Heav'n would make me a Doctor, without allowing me my Fees. You're in the right, *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, and *Altisidora* has done unworthily in the disappointing you of the Smocks. Though you must own that the Virtue by which you work these Wonders was a free Gift, and cost you nothing to learn, but the Art of Patience. For my Part, had you demanded your Fees for Disinchanting *Dulcinea*, you should have receiv'd 'em already; but I am afraid there can be no Gratuity proportionable to the Greatness of the Cure, and therefore I wou'd not have the Remedy depend upon a Reward; for who knows whether my proffering it, or thy Acceptance of it, might not hinder the Effect of the Penance? However, since we've gone so far, we'll put it to a Tryal; come, *Sancho*, name your Price, and down with your Breeches. First pay your Hide, then pay your self out of the Money of mine that you have in your Custody. *Sancho*, opening his Eyes and Ears above a Foot wide at this fair Offer, leap'd presently at the Proposal. Ay, ay, Sir, now you say something, quoth he, I'll do't with a Jirk now, since you speak so feelingly: I have a Wife and Children to maintain, Sir, and I must mind the main Chance. Come then, how much will you give me by the Lash? Were your Payment, said Don *Quixote*, to be answerable to the Greatness and Merits of the Cure, not all the Wealth of *Venice*, nor the *Indian Mines* were sufficient to reward thee. But see what Cash you have of mine in your Hands, and set what Price you will on every Stripe. The Lashes, quoth *Sancho*, are in all three thousand three hundred



hundred and odd, of which I have had five; the rest are to come, let those five go for the odd ones, and let's come to the three thousand three hundred. At a *Quartillo*, or three half Pence a-Piece (and I wou'd not bate a Farthing, if 'twere to my Brother) they will make three thousand three hundred three Half-pences. Three thousand three Half-pences make fifteen hundred three Pences, which amounts to seven hundred and fifty Reals or Six-pences. Now the three hundred remaining three Half-pences make an hundred and fifty three Pences, and threescore and fifteen Six-pences; put that together, and it comes just to eight hundred and twenty five Reals or Six-pences to a Farthing. This Money, Sir, if you please, I'll deduct from yours that I have in my Hands, and then I'll reckon my self well paid for my Jirking, and go home well pleas'd, though well whipp'd; but that's no thing, something has some Savour; he must not think to catch Fish, who is afraid to wet his Feet. I need say no more. Now Blessings on thy Heart my dearest *Sancho*, cry'd Don *Quixote*. Oh! my Friend, how shall *Dulcinea* and I be bound to pray for thee, and serve thee while it shall please Heaven to continue us on Earth! If she recover her former Shape and Beauty, as now she infallibly must, her Misfortune will turn to her Felicity, and I shall triumph in my Defeat. Speak, dear *Sancho*, when wilt thou enter upon thy Task, and a hundred Reals more shall be at thy Service, as Gratuity for thy being expeditious? I'll begin this very Night, answer'd *Sancho*, do you but order so that we may lie in the Fields, and you shall see how I'll lay about me; I shan't be sparing of my Flesh, I'll assure you.

Don *Quixote* long'd for Night so impatiently that like all eager expecting Lovers, he fancy'd *Phaëbus* had broke his Chariot-wheels, which made



the Day of so unusual a Length; but at last it grew dark, and they went out of the Road into a shady Wood, where they both alighted, and being sat down upon the Grass, they went to Supper upon such Provision as *Sancho's* Wallet afforded.

And now having satisfy'd himself, he thought it time to satisfy his Master, and earn his Money. To which Purpose, he made himself a Whip of Dapple's Halter, and having stripp'd himself to the Waste, retir'd farther up into the Wood at a small Distance from his Master. Don *Quixote* observing his Readiness and Resolution, could not forbear calling after him; Dear *Sancho*, cry'd he, be not too cruel to thy self neither. have a care, do not hack thy self to Pieces: Make not more Haste than good Speed; go more gently to Work, soft and fair goes farthest; I mean, I would not have thee kill thy self before thou gettest to the End of the Tally; and that the Reckoning may be fair on both Sides, I will stand at a Distance, and keep an Account of the Strokes by the Help of my Beads; and so Heaven prosper thy pious Undertaking. He's a honest Man, quoth *Sancho*, who pays to a Farthing. He only mean to give my self a handsome Whipping, for don't think I need kill my self to work Miracles. With that he began to exercise the Instrument of Penance, and Don *Quixote* to tell the strokes. But by that Time that *Sancho* had apply'd even or eight Lashes on his own Back, he felt the best bite him so smartly, that he began to repent him of his Bargain: Whereupon, after a short Pause, he call'd to his Master, and told him that he would be off with him, for such Lashes as these, laid on with such a confounded Lick-back, were modestly worth three Pence a piece of any Man's Money; and truly he could not afford to go on at three half-pence a Lash. Go on, Friend *Sancho*, answer'd Don *Quixote*, take Courage and proceed, I'll double thy

thy Pay ; if that be all. Say you so, quoth *Sancho* then have at all ; I'll lay it on thick and threefold Do but listen ——— With that, *Slap* went the Scourage ; but the cunning Knave left Persecuting his own Skin, and fell foul o'the Trees, fetching such dismal Groans every now and then, that one would have thought he had been giving up the Ghost. Don *Quixote*, who was naturally tender hearted, fearing he might make an End of himself before he could finish his Penance, and so disappoint the happy Effects of it, Hold, cry'd he, hold my Friend, as thou lovest thy Life, hold, I conjure thee, no more at this Time. This seems to be very sharp sort of Physick. Therefore pray don't take it all at once, make two Doses of it. Come come, all in good Time, *Rome* was not built in a Day. If I have told right, thou hast given thy self above a thousand Stripes ; that's enough for one Beating ; for, to use a homely Phrase, The Ass will carry his Load, but not a double Load ; Ride not a free Horse to Death. No, no, quoth *Sancho* it shall ne'er be said of me, the eaten Bread is forgotten, or that I thought it working for a dead Horse, because I am paid before-hand. Therefore stand off, I beseech you ; get out of the Reach of my Whip, and let me lay on t'other Thousand, and then the Heart of the Work will be broke. Such another flogging Bout, and the Jobb will be over. Since thou art in the Humour, reply'd Don *Quixote* I will withdraw, and Heaven strengthen and reward thee ! With that, *Sancho* fell to work afresh and beginning upon a new Score, lash'd the Tree at so unconscionable a Rate, that he fetch'd off their Skins most unmercifully. At length raising his Voice, seemingly resolv'd to give himself a sparring Blow, he lets drive at a Beech-Tree with might and main. There, cry'd he ! down with thee *Sampson*, and all that are about thee ! This dismal

Cry, with the Sound of the dreadful Stroke that attended it, made Don Quixote run presently to his Squire, and laying fast hold on the Halter, which Sancho had twisted about and manag'd like a Bull's Pizzle, Hold, cry'd he, Friend Sancho, stay the Fury of thy Arm: Do'st thou think I will have thy Death and the Ruin of thy Wife and Children to be laid at my Door? Forbid it Fate! Let Dulcinea stay a While, till a better Opportunity offers it self. I my self will be contented to live in Hopes, that when thou hast recover'd new Strength, the Business may be accomplish'd to every Body's Satisfaction. Well, Sir, quoth Sancho, if it be your Worship's Will and Pleasure it should be so, so let it be; I quo' I. But, for Goodness-sake, do so much as throw your Cloak over my Shoulders; for I am all in a muck Sweat, and I've no Mind to catch Cold; we Novices are somewhat in danger of that when we first undergo the Discipline of Flogging. With that, Don Quixote took off his Cloak from his own Shoulders, and putting it over those of Sancho, chose to remain in Cuerdo, and the crafty Squire being lapp'd up warm, fell fast asleep, and never stirr'd till the Sun wak'd him.

In the Morning they went on their Journey, and after three Hours riding, alighted at an Inn, for it was allow'd by Don Quixote himself to be an Inn, and not a Castle, with Moats, Towers, Portcullises and Draw-Bridges, as he commonly fancy'd; for now the Knight was mightily off the romantick Pin, to what he us'd to be, as shall be shew'd presently more at large. He was lodg'd in a ground Room, which instead of Tapistry was hung with a course painted Stuff, such as is often seen in Villages. One of the Pieces had the Story of Helen of Troy, when Paris stole her away from her Husband Menelaus, but scrawl'd out after a bungling Rate by some wretched Dawber or other. Another had the

Story

Story of *Dido* and *Aeneas*, the Lady on the Top of a Turret, waving a Sheet to her fugitive Guest, who was in a Ship at Sea, crowding all the Sails he could to get from her. Don *Quixote* made this Observation upon the two Stories, that *Helen* was not at all displeas'd at the Force put upon her, but rather leer'd and smil'd upon her Lover: Whereas on the other Side, the fair *Dido* shew'd her Grief by her Tears, which, because they should be seen, the Painter had made as big as Walnuts. How unfortunate, said Don *Quixote*, were these two Ladies that they liv'd not in this Age, or rather how much more unhappy am I, for not having liv'd in theirs! I would have met and stopp'd those Gentlemen, and sav'd both *Troy* and *Carthage* from Destruction; nay, by the Death of *Paris* alone all these Miseries had been prevented. I'll lay you a Wager quoth *Sancho*, that before we be much older, there will not be an Inn, a Hedge-Tavern, a blind Victualling-House, nor a Barber's Shop in the Country, but what will have the Story of our Lives and Deeds pasted and painted along the Walls. But I could wish with all my Heart though, that they may be done by a better Hand than the bungling Son of a Whore that drew these. Thou art in the Right, *Sancho*; for the Fellow that did these, put me in Mind of *Orbaneja* the Painter of *Ubeda*, who as he sat at Work, being ask'd what he was about made Answer, any Thing that comes uppermost; and if he chanc'd to draw a Cock, he underwrote *This is a Cock*, lest People should take it for a Fox. Just such a one was he that painted, or that wrote (for they are much the same) the History of this new Don *Quixote* that has lately peep'd out, and ventur'd to go a Strolling; for his Painting or Writing is all at Random, and any Thing that comes uppermost. I fancy he's also not much unlike our *Mantuan*, a certain Poet, who was at Court some



Some Years ago, and pretended to give Answer *ex tempore* to any manner of Questions; some Body ask'd him what was the Meaning of *Deum de Deo*? whereupon my Gentleman answer'd very pertly in Spanish, *De donde diere*, that is, *Hab nab at a Ven-  
ture*.

But to come to our own Affairs. Hast thou an Inclination to have t'other Brush to Night? What think you of a warm House? Would it not do better for that Service than the open Air? Why, truly saith *Sancho*, a Whipping is but a Whipping either Abroad or within Doors, and I could like a close Room well enough, so it were among Trees; for I love Trees hugely, d'ye see; methinks they bear me Company, and have a sort of fellow-feeling of my sufferings. Now I think on't, said Don Quixote, it shall not be to Night, honest *Sancho*, you shall have more Time to recover, and we'll let the rest alone till we get Home; 'twill not be above two Days at most. E'en as your Worship pleases, answer'd *Sancho*; but if I might have my Will, it were best making an End of the Jobb now my Hand's in, and my Blood up. There's nothing like striking while the Iron is hot, for Delay breeds Danger: 'Tis best Grinding at the Mill before the Water's past: Ever take while you may have it: A Bird in Hand is worth two in the Bush. For Heaven's sake, good *Sancho*, cry'd Don Quixote, let alone thy Proverbs; if once thou go'st back to *Sicut erat*, or as it was in the Beginning, I must give thee over. Can'st thou not speak as other Folks do, and not after such a tedious and intricate manner. How often have I told thee of this? Mind what I tell you, I'm sure you'll be the better for't. 'Tis an unlucky Trick I've got, reply'd *Sancho*, I can't bring you in three Words to the Purpose without a Proverb, nor bring you in any Proverb but what I think to the Purpose; but I'll mend if I can,  
And



And so for this Time their Conversation broke off.

## C H A P. LXXII.

*How Don Quixote and Sancho got Home,*

**T**hat whole Day Don *Quixote*, and *Sancho* continu'd in the Inn, expecting the Return of Night, the one to have an Opportunity to make an End of his Penance in the Fields, and the other to see it fully perform'd, as being the most material Preliminary to the Accomplishment of his Desires.

In the mean Time, a Gentleman with three or four Servants came riding up to the Inn, and one of 'em calling him that appear'd to be the Master, by the Name of Don *Alvaro Tarfe*, your Worship, said he, had as good stop here till the Heat of the Day be over. In my Opinion, the House looks cool and cleanly. Don *Quixote*, overhearing the Name of *Tarfe*, and presently turning to his Squire, *Sancho*, said he, I am much mistaken if I had not a Glimpse of this very Name of Don *Alvaro Tarfe*, in turning over that pretended second Part of my History. As likely as not, quoth *Sancho*, but first let him alight, and then we'll question him about the Matter.

The Gentleman alighted, and was shew'd by the Land-lady into a Ground-Room that fac'd Don *Quixote's* Apartment, and was hung with the same Sort of course painted Stuff. A While after the Stranger had undress'd for Coolness, he came out to take a Turn, and walked into the Porch of the House, that was large and airy. There he found Don *Quixote*, to whom addressing himself, Pray, Sir, said he, which Way do you travel? To a Country-Town  
not

not far off, answer'd Don *Quixote*, the Place of my Nativity. And pray, Sir, which Way are you bound? To *Granada*, Sir, said the Knight, the Country where I was born. And a fine Country it is, reply'd Don *Quixote*. But pray, Sir, may I beg the Favour to know your Name, for the Information I am perswaded will be of more Consequence to my Affairs that I can well tell you. They call me Don *Alvaro Tarfe*, answer'd the Gentleman. Then without Dispute, said Don *Quixote*, you are the same Don *Alvaro Tarfe*, whose Name fills a Place in the second Part of Don *Quixote de la Mancha's* History, that was lately publish'd by a New Author? The very Man, answer'd the Knight; and that very Don *Quixote*, who is the principal Subject of that Book, was my intimate Acquaintance. I am the Person that entic'd him from his Habitation so far at least, that he had never seen the Tournament at *Saragosa*, had it not been through my Perswasions, and in my Company; and indeed, as it happen'd, I prov'd the best Friend he had, and did him a singular Piece of Service; for had I not stood by him, his intolerable Impudence had brought him to some shameful Punishment. But pray, Sir, said Don *Quixote*, be pleas'd to tell me one Thing; am I any thing like that Don *Quixote* of yours? The farthest from it in the World, Sir, reply'd the other. And had he, said our Knight, one *Sancho Panza* for his Squire? Yes, said Don *Alvaro*, but I was the most deceiv'd in him that could be; for by common Report that same Squire was a comical, witty Fellow, but I found him a very great Blockhead. I thought no less, quoth *Sancho*, for every Man's nose won't make a Shoeing-Horn; and that *Sancho* you talk of must be some paltry Raggamuffin, some rattling Mumper, or Pilfering Crack-Rope, I warrant him. For 'tis I that am the true *Sancho*

*Panſa*; 'tis I that am the Merry-conceited Squire, that have always a Tinker's Budget full of Wit and Wagery, that will make Gravity grin in ſpight of its Teeth. If you won't believe me, do but try me; keep me Company but for a Twelve-Month, or ſo, you'll find what a Shower of Jokes and notable Things drop from me every Foot. Adad ! I ſet every Body a Laughing, many times, and yet I wiſh I may be hang'd if I deſign'd it in the leaſt. And then for the true Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, here you have him before you. The Stranch, the Famous, the Valiant, the Wiſe, the Loving Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, the Righter of Wrongs, the Punisher of Wickedneſs, the Father to the Fatherleſs, the Bully-rock of Widows, the Murderer of Damſels and Maidens; he whoſe only Dear and Sweet-heart is the peerleſs *Dulcinea del Toboſo*; here he is, and here am I his Squire. All other Don *Quixotes*, and all *Sancho Panſa's* beſides uſ two, are but Shams, and Tales of a Tub. Now by the Sword of St. *Jago*, honeſt Friend, ſaid Don *Alvaro*, I believe as much; for the little thou haſt utter'd now, has more of Humour, than all I ever heard come from the other. The Blockhead ſeem'd to carry all his Brains in his Guts, there's nothing a Jeſt with him but filling his Belly, and the Rogue's too heavy to be diverting. For my Part, I believe the Inchanters that perſecute the good Don *Quixote*, have ſent the bad one to perſecute me too. I can't tell what to make of this Matter; for though I can take my Oath, I left one Don *Quixote* under the Surgeon's Hands at the Nuncio's Houſe in *Toledo*, yet here ſtarts up another Don *Quixote* quite different from mine. For my Part, ſaid our Knight, I dare not avow my ſelf the good, but I may venture to ſay, I am not the bad one; and as a Proof of it, Sir, be aſſur'd, that in the whole Courſe of my

my Life, I never saw the City of *Saragosa*; and so far from it, that hearing this Usurper of my Name had appear'd there at the Tournament, I declin'd coming near it, being resolv'd to convince the World that he was an Impostor. I directed my Course to *Barcelona*, the Seat of Urbanity, the Sanctuary of Strangers, the Refuge of the Distress'd, the Mother of Men of Valour, the Redresser of the Injur'd, the Residence of true Friendship, and the first City of the World for Beauty and Situation. And though some Accidents that befell me there, are so far from being grateful to my Thoughts, that they are a sensible Mortification to me; yet in my Reflection, of having seen that City, I find Pleasure enough to alleviate my Misfortune. In short, Don *Alvaro*, I am that Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, whom Fame has celebrated, and not the pitiful Wretch who has usurp'd my Name, and would arrogate to himself the Honour of my Designs. Sir, you are a Gentleman, and I hope will not deny me the Favour to depose before the Magistrate of this Place, that you never saw me in all your Life 'till this Day, and that I am not the Don *Quixote* mention'd in this second Part, nor was this *Sancho Pança* my Squire, the Person you knew formerly. With all my Heart, said Don *Alvaro*, though I must own my self not a little confounded to find at the same time, two Don *Quixote's*, and two *Sancho Pança's*, as different in Behaviour as they are alike in Appellation; for my Part, I don't know what to think on't, and I'm sometimes apt to fancy my senses have been impos'd upon. Ay, ay, quoth *Sancho*, there has been foul Play to be sure. The same Trick that serv'd to bewitch my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* has been play'd you, and if three Thousand and odd Lashes laid on by me on the hind part of my Belly, wou'd dis-inchant your Worship

as well as her, they shou'd be at your Service with all my Heart ; and what's more, they should not cost you a Farthing. I don't understand what you mean by those Lashes, said Don *Alvaro*. Thereby hangs a Tale, quoth *Sancho*, but that's too long at a Minute's Warning ; if it be our Luck to be Fellow-Travellers, you may chance to hear more of the Matter.

Dinner-time being come, Don *Quixote* and Don *Alvaro* din'd together ; and the Mayor or Bailiff of the Town happening to come into the Inn with a Publick Notary, Don *Quixote* desir'd him to take the Deposition which Don *Alvaro* Tasse was ready to give, where he certify'd, and declar'd, That the said Deponent had not any Knowledge of the Don *Quixote* there present, and that the said Don *Quixote* was not the same Person that he this Deponent had seen mention'd in a certain printed History intitul'd, or call'd the Second Part of Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, written by *Abellanedá*, a Native of *Tordesillas*. In short, the Magistrate drew up and engross'd the Affidavit in due Form, and the Testimonial wanted nothing to make it answer all the Intentions of Don *Quixote* and *Sancho*, who were as much pleas'd as if it had been a Matter of the last Consequence, and that their Words and Behaviour had not been enough to make the Distinction apparent between the two Don *Quixote's* and the two *Sancho's*.

The Compliments and Offers of Service that pass'd after that between Don *Alvaro* and Don *Quixote* were many, and our Knight of *La Mancha* behav'd himself in that with so much Discretion, that Don *Alvaro* was convinc'd he was mistaken ; for he thought there was some Inchantment in the Case since he had thus met with two Knights and two Squires, of the same Names and Professions, and yet so very different.

The



They set out towards the Evening, and about half a League from the Town, the Road parted into two, one Way led to Don *Quixote's* Habitation, and the other was that which Don *Alvaro* was to take. Don *Quixote* in that little Time let him understand the Misfortune of his Defeat, with *Dulcinea's* Inchantment, and the Remedy prescrib'd by *Merlin*; all which was new Matter of Wonder to Don *Alvaro*, who having embrac'd Don *Quixote* and *Sancho*, left them in their Way, and he followed his own.

Don *Quixote* pass'd that Night among the Trees, to give *Sancho* a fair Occasion to make an End of his Discipline, when the cunning Knave put it in Practice, just after the same Manner as the Night before. The Bark of the Trees paid for all, and *Sancho* took such Care of his Back, that a Fly might have rested there without any Disturbance.

All the While his abus'd Master was very punctual in telling the Stroaks, and reckon'd that with those of the foregoing Night, they amounted just to the Sum of three Thousand and twenty Nine. The Rising Sun, that seem'd to have made more than ordinary Haste to view this Humane Sacrifice, gave 'em Light however to continue their Journey; and as they went on, they discanted at large upon Don *Alvaro's* Mistake, and their own Prudence, in relation to the Certificate before the Magistrate, in so full and authentick a Form.

Their Travels all that Day, and the ensuing Night, had no Occurrence worth mentioning, abating that *Sancho* that Night put the last Hand to his Whipping-work, to the inexpressible Joy of Don *Quixote*, who waited for the Day with as great Impatience, in hopes he might light on his Lady *Dulcinea* in her disenchanted State; and all the Way he went, he made up to every Woman he spy'd,

to see whether she were *Dulcinea del Toboso* or not; for he so firmly rely'd on *Merlin's* Promises, that he did not doubt of the Performance.

He was altogether taken up with these Hopes and Fancies, when they got to the Top of a Hill, that gave 'em a Prospect of their Village. *Sancho* had no sooner bless'd his Eyes with the Sight, but down he fell on his Knees, and O my long, long wish'd-for Home! cry'd he, open thy Eyes, and here behold thy Child, *Sancho Pança*, come back to thee again, if not very full of Money, yet very full of Whipping: Open thy Arms, and receive thy Son, Don *Quixote* too, who, tho' he got the worst on't with another, he ne'ertheless got the better of himself, and that's the best Kind of Victory one can wish for; I have his own Word for it. However, tho' I have been swingingly flogg'd, yet I han't lost all by the Bargain, for I have whipp'd some Money into my Pocket. Forbear thy Impertinence, said Don *Quixote*, and let us now in a decent Manner make our Entry into the Place of our Nativity, where we will give a Loose to our Imaginations, and lay down the Plan that ought to be follow'd in our intended Pastoral Life. With these Words they came down the Hill, and went directly to their Village.

C H A P. LXXIII.

*Of the ominous Accidents that cross'd Don Quixote as he enter'd his Village, with other Transactions that illustrate and adorn this memorable History.*

WHEN they were entering into the Village, as *Cid Hamet* relates, Don *Quixote* observ'd two little Boys contesting together in an adjoining Field; and says one to the other, Never fret thy Gizzard about it, for thou shalt never see her while thou hast Breath in thy Body. Don *Quixote* over-hearing this, *Sancho*, said he, did you mind the Boy's Words, *Thou shalt never see her while thou hast Breath in thy Body*. Well, answer'd *Sancho*, and what's the great Business though the Boy did say so? How, reply'd Don *Quixote*, dost thou not perceive, that applying the Words to my Affairs, they plainly imply that I shall never see my *Dulcinea*. *Sancho* was about to answer again, when a full Cry of Hounds and Huntsmen put up a Hare, which they cours'd so hard to her Shifts, that she came and squatted down for Shelter just between *Dapple's* Feet. Immediately *Sancho* laid hold of her without Difficulty, and presented her to Don *Quixote*; but he, with a dejected Look, refusing the Present, cry'd out aloud, *Malum signum, Malum signum, An ill Omen*, A Hare runs away, Hounds and Coursers pursue her, and *Dulcinea* is not started. You are a strange Man, quoth *Sancho*. Can't we suppose now, that poor Puss here is *Dulcinea*, the Grey-hounds that follow'd her are these Dogs the Inchanters, that made her a Country-Puss. She scours away, I catch her by the Scut, and give her

safe and sound is to your Worship's Hands; and pray make much of her now you have her; for my Part, I can't, for the Blood of me, see any Harm nor any ill Luck in this Matter.

By this Time the two Boys that had fallen out came up to see the Hare; and *Sancho* having ask'd the Cause of their Quarrel, he was answer'd by the Boy that spoke the ominous Words, that he had snatch'd from his Play-fellow a little Cage full of Crickets, which he would not let him have again. Upon that *Sancho* put his Hand in his Pocket, and gave the Boy a Three-penny Piece for his Cage, and giving it to *Don Quixote*; There, Sir, quoth he, here are all the Signs of ill Luck come to nothing. You have 'em in your own Hands; and though I am but a Dunder-head, I dare swear these Things are no more to us than the Rain that fell at *Christmas*. I am much mistaken if I ha'n't heard the Parson of our Parish advise all sober Catholicks against heeding these Whim-whams; and I have heard you your self, my dear Master, say, that any Christian that troubl'd his Head with these Fortune-telling Follies, was neither better nor worse than a Numskull: So let us e'en leave Things as we found 'em, and get Home as fast as we can.

By this Time the Sportsmen were come up, and demanding their Game, *Don Quixote* deliver'd them their Hare. They pass'd on, and just at their coming into the Town, they perceiv'd the Curate and the Batchelor *Carraasco* at their Devotions in a small Field adjoining. But we must observe by the Way, that *Sancho Panza*, to cover his Master's Armour, had by Way of a Sumpter-Cloth, laid over *Dapple's* Back the Buckram-Frock-figur'd with Blazes of Fire, which he wore at the Duke's the Night that *Altisidora* rose from the Dead, and he had

had no less judiciously clapp'd the Mitre on the Head of the Ass; which made so odd and whimsical a Figure, that it might be said, never four-footed Ass was so bedizen'd before. The Curate and the Batchelor presentily knowing their old Friends, ran to meet 'em with open Arms; and while Don *Quixote* alighted and return'd their Embraces, the Boys, who are ever so quick-sighted, that nothing can 'scape their Eyes, presently spying the mitred Ass, came running and flocking about 'em; Oh law! dry'd they to one another, look a' there Boys! Here's Gaffer *Sancho Panza's* Ass as fine as a Lady! and Don *Quixote's* Beast leaner than ever. With that they ran hooping and hollowing about 'em thro' the Town, while the two Adventurers, attended by the Curate and the Batchelor, mov'd towards Don *Quixote's* House, where they were receiv'd at the Door by his old House-keeper and his Niece, that had already had Notice of their Arrival. The News having also reach'd *Teresa Panza*, *Sancho's* Wife, she came running half naked, with her Hair about her Ears, to see him; Hand in Hand all the Way with her Daughter *Sanchica*, who hardly wanted to be lugg'd along. But when she found that her Husband look'd a little short of the State of a Governor, Mercy o' me, quoth she, what's the Meaning of this, Husband! You look as tho' you had come all the Way on Foot, nay, and tir'd off your Legs too! Why, you come liker a Shark than like a Governor. Mum, *Teresa*, quoth *Sancho*, 'tis not all Gold that glisters, and every Man was not born with a Silver Spoon in his Mouth. First let's go Home, and then I'll tell thee Wonders. I've taken Care of the main Chance. Money I have, old Girl, and I came honestly by it, without wronging any Body. Hast got Money, old Boy, nay then



then 'tis well enough, no Matter which Way, let it come by Hook or by Crook, 'tis but what your Betters have done afore you. At the same Time *Sanchica* hugging her Father, ask'd him what he had brought her Home, for she had gap'd for him as the Flowers do for the Dew in May. Thus *Sancho* leading *Dapple* by the Halter on one Side, his Wife taking him under the Arm on the other, and his Daughter fastning upon the Waste-band of his Breeches, away they went together to his Cottage, leaving Don *Quixote* at his own House, under the Care of his Niece and House-keeper, with the Curate and Batchelor to keep him Company.

That very Moment Don *Quixote* took the two last aside, and without mincing the Matter, gave 'em a short Account of his Defeat, and the Obligation he lay under of being confin'd to his Village for a Year, which, like a true Knight-Errant, he had resolv'd punctually to observe: He added, that he intended to pass that Interval of Time in the Innocent Functions of a Pastoral Life; and therefore he would immediately commence Shepherd, and entertain his amorous Passion solitarily in Fields and Woods; and begg'd, if Business of greater Importance were not an Obstruction, that they wou'd both please to be his Companions; assuring them he would furnish them with such a Number of Sheep, as might entitle them to such a Profession. He also told 'em, that he had already in a Manner fitted them for the Undertaking, for he had provided them all with Names the most pastoral in the World. The Curate being desirous to know the Names, Don *Quixote* told him he wou'd himself be call'd the Shepherd *Quixotus*, that the Batchelor shou'd be call'd the Shepherd *Garrasco*, the Curate Pastor *Curiambro*, and *Sancho Panza*, *Pansino* the Shepherd.

They

They were struck with Amazement at this new Strain of Folly ; but considering this might be a Means of keeping him at Home, and hoping at the same Time, that within the Year he might be cur'd of his mad Knight-Errantry, they allow'd of his Pastoral Folly, and with great Applause to his Project, freely offer'd their Company in the Design. We shall live the most pleasant Life imaginable, said *Sampson Carrasco* ; for, as every Body knows, I am a most celebrated Poet, and I'll write Pastorals in abundance. Sometimes too I may raise my Strain, as Occasion offers, to divert us as we range the Groves and Plains. But one Thing, Gentlemen, we must not forget, 'tis absolutely necessary that each of us choose a Name for the Shepherdess to be celebrated in his Lays, nor must we forget the Ceremony us'd by the amorous Shepherds, of Writing, Carving, Notching, or Engraving on every Tree the Names of Shepherdesses, tho' the Bark be ever so hard. You are very much in the Right, reply'd Don *Quixote*, tho' for my Part, I need not be at the Trouble of devising a Name for an imaginary Shepherdess, being already captivated by the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, the Nymph of these Streams, the Ornament of these Meads, the Primrose of Beauty, the Cream of Gracefulness, and in short, the Subject that can merit all the Praises that hyperbolical Eloquence can bestow. We grant all this, said the Curate, but we who can't pretend to such Perfections, must make it our Business to find out some Shepherdesses of a lower Form, that will be good-natur'd, and meet a Man half-way upon Occasion. We shall find enough, I'll warrant you, reply'd *Carrasco* : 'Tis but giving them Names out of some Book or other, if we can find no other ; there are *Phyllis*, *Amarillis*, *Diana*, *Florinda*, *Galatea*, *Belisarda*, and a thousand

and more, are to be dispos'd of publickly in the open Market; and when we have purchas'd 'em, they are our own. Besides, if my Mistress (my Shepherdess I should have said) be call'd *Ann*, I will name her in my Verses *Anarda*; if *Frances*, I'll call her *Francenia*; and if *Lucy* be her Name, then *Lucinda* shall be my Shepherdess, and so forth; and if *Sancho Panza* makes one of our Fraternity, he may celebrate his Wife *Teresa* by the Name of *Teresaina*. Don *Quixote* could not forbear smiling at the Turn given to that Name. The Curate again applauded his laudable Resolution, and repeated his Offer of bearing him Company all the Time that his other Employment would allow him; and then they took their Leaves, giving him all the good Advice that they thought conducing to his Health and Welfare.

No sooner were the Curate and Batchelor gone, but the old House-Maid and Niece, who, according to Custom, had been listening to all their Discourse, came both upon Don *Quixote*: Bless me, Uncle, cry'd the Niece, what's here to do! What new Maggot's got into your Head? When we thought you were come to stay at home, and live like a sober honest Gentleman in your own House, are you hearkning after new Inventions, and running a Wooll-gathering after Sheep, forsooth! By my truly, Sir, you're somewhat of the latest: The Corn is too old to make Oaten Pipes of. Lord, Sir, quoth the House-keeper, how will your Worship be able to endure the Summer's Sun, and the Winter's Frost in the open Fields? And then the Howling of the Wolves, Heaven bless us! pray, good Sir, don't think on't: 'Tis a Business fit for no Body but those that are bred and born to it, and as strong as Horses. Let the Worst come to the Work, better be a Knight-Errant still, than a  
Keeper

Keeper of Sheep. Troth, Master, take my Advice; I am neither drunk nor mad, but fresh and fasting from every Thing but Sin, and I have fifty Years over my Head, be rul'd by me: Stay at home, look after your Concerns, go often to Confession, do good to the Poor, and if ought goes ill with you, let it lie at my Door. Good Girls, said Don Quixote, hold your Prating. I know best what I have to do: Only help to get me to Bed, for I find my self somewhat out of Order. However, don't trouble your Heads; whether I be a Knight-Errant, or an Errant-Shepherd, you shall always find that I will provide for you. The Niece and Maid, who without Doubt were good-natur'd Creatures, undress'd him, put him to Bed, brought him something to eat, and tended him with all imaginable Care,

## C H A P. LXXIV.

*How Don Quixote fell sick, made his last Will, and died.*

**A**S all humane Things, especially the Lives of Men, are transitory, their very Beginnings being but Steps to their Dissolution ; so Don *Quixote*, who was no way exempted from the common Fate, was snatch'd away by Death when he least expected it. Whether his Sickness was the Effect of his melancholick Reflections, or pre-ordain'd by the Heavens, I will not determine ; but he was seiz'd with a violent Fever that confined him to his Bed six Days

All that Time his good Friends, the Curate, Batchelor, and Barber came often to see him, and his trusty Squire *Sancho Panza* never stirr'd from his Bed-side.

They conjectur'd that his Sickness proceeded from the Regret of his Defeat, and his being disappointed of *Dulcinea's* Dis-inchantment ; and accordingly they left nothing unessay'd to divert him. The Batchelor begg'd him to pluck up a good Heart, and rise, that they might begin their Pastoral Life, telling him, that he had already writ an Eclogue to that Purpose, not inferiour to those of *Sannazaro*, and that he bought with his own Money, of a Shepherd of *Quintana*, two tearing Dogs to watch their Flock, the one call'd *Barcino*, and the other *Bueron* ; but this had no Effect on Don *Quixote*, for he still continu'd dejected. A Physician was sent for, who, upon feeling his Pulse, did not very well like it ; and therefore desir'd him of all Things to provide for his Soul's Health, for that of his Body was in a dangerous Condition. Don

*Quixote*



*Quixote* heard this with much more Temper than those about him; for his Niece, his Housekeeper, and his Squire fell a weeping as bitterly as if he had been laid out already. The Physician was of opinion that meer Melancholy and Vexation had brought him to his approaching End. Don *Quixote* desir'd them to leave him a little, because he found himself inclinable to Rest; they retir'd, and he had a hearty Sleep of above Six Hours, which the Maid and Niece were afraid would be his last.

At length he wak'd, and with a loud Voice, Blessed be the Almighty, cry'd he, for this great Benefit he has vouchsafed to do me! Infinite are his Mercies; they are greater, and more in Number than the Sins of Men. The Niece hearkening very attentively to these Words of her Uncle, and finding more Sense in them than there was in his usual Talk, at least since he had fallen ill; What do you say, Sir, said she, has any Thing extraordinary happen'd? What Mercies are these you mention? Mercies, answer'd he, that Heaven has this Moment vouchsafed to shew me, in spite of all my Iniquities. My Judgment is return'd clear and undisturb'd, and that Cloud of Ignorance is now remov'd, which the continual Reading of those damnable Books of Knight-Errantry had cast over my Understanding. Now I perceive their Nonsense and Impertinence, and am only sorry the Discovery happens so late, when I want Time to make Amends by those Studies that shou'd enlighten my Soul, and prepare me for Futurity. I find, Niece, my End approaches; but I wou'd have it such, that tho' my Life has got me the Character of a Mad-man, I may deserve a better at my Death. Dear Child, continu'd he, send for my honest Friend, the Curate, the Batchelor *Carrasco*, and Master *Nicholas* the Barber, for I intend to make  
my

my Confession and my Will. His Niece was sav'd the Trouble of sending, for presently they all three came in; which Don *Quixote* perceiving, My good Friends, said he, I have happy News to tell you; I am no longer Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, but *Alonso Quixano*, the same whom the World for his fair Behaviour has been formerly pleas'd to call the Good. I now declare my self an Enemy to *Amadis de Gaul* and his whole Generation; all profane Stories of Knight-Errantry, all Romances I detest. I have a true Sense of the Danger of reading them, and of all my pass'd Follies, and thro' Heaven's Mercy, and my own Experience, I abhor them. His three Friends were not a little surprized to hear him talk at this rate, and concluded some new Frenzy had possess'd him. What now, said *Sampson* to him? What's all this to the Purpose, Signior Don *Quixote*? We have just had the News that the Lady *Dulcinea* is dis-inchanted, and now we are upon the point of turning Shepherds, to sing, and live like Princes; you are dwindl'd down to a Hermit.

No more of that, I beseech you, reply'd Don *Quixote*; all the Use I shall make of these Follies at present is to heighten my Repentance; and though they have hitherto prov'd prejudicial, yet by the Assistance of Heaven they may turn to my Advantage at my Death. I find it comes fast upon me, therefore, pray Gentlemen, let us be serious. I want a Priest to receive my Confession, and a Scrivener to draw up my Will. There's no trifling at a Time like this; I must take Care of my Soul; and therefore pray let the Scrivener be sent for, while Mr. Curate prepares me by Confession.

Don *Quixote's* Words put them all into such Admiration, that they stood gazing upon one another; they

they thought they had Reason to doubt of the Return of his Understanding, and yet they cou'd not help believing him. They were also apprehensive he was near the Point of Death, considering the sudden Recovery of his Intellects; and he deliver'd himself after that with so much Sense, Discretion and Piety, and shew'd himself so resign'd to the Will of Heaven, that they made no Scruple to believe him restor'd to his perfect Judgment at last. The Curate thereupon clear'd the Room of all the Company but himself and Don *Quixote*, and then confess'd him. In the mean time the Batchelor ran for the Scrivener, and presently brought him with him; and *Sancho Pança* being inform'd by the Batchelor how ill his Master was, and finding his Niece and House-keeper all in Tears, began to make wry Faces, and fall a crying. The Curate having heard the sick Person's Confession, came out, and told them, that the good *Alonso Quixano* was very near his End, and certainly in his Senses; and therefore they had best go in, that he might make his Will. These dismal Tidings open'd the Sluices of the Housekeeper's, the Niece's, and the good Squire's swollen Eyes, so that a whole Inundation of Tears burst out of those Flood-Gates, and a thousand Sighs from their Hearts; for indeed, either as *Alonso Quixano*, or as Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, as it has been observ'd, the sick Gentleman had always shew'd himself such a good-natur'd Man, and of so agreeable a Conversation, that he was not only belov'd by his Family, but by every one that knew him.

The Scrivener, with the rest of the Company, then went into the Chamber, and the Preamble and formal Part of the Will being drawn, and the Testator having recommended his Soul to Heaven,  
and

and bequeath'd his Body to the Earth, according to Custom, he came to the Legacies as follows.

*Item*, I give and bequeath to *Sancho Panza*, whom in my Madness I made my Squire, whatever Money he has, or may have of mine in his Hands; and whereas there are Reckonings and Accounts to be adjusted between us, for what he has received and disburs'd; my Will and Pleasure is, That whatever may remain due to me, which can be but small, be enjoy'd by him as my free Gift, without any Let or Molestation, and much Good may it do him. And as, when I was mad, he was, thro' my Means, made Governour of an Island, I wou'd now in my right Senses give him the Government of a Kingdom, were it in my Power, in Consideration of his Integrity and Faithfulness. And now, my Friend, said he, turning to *Sancho*, pardon me that I have brought upon thee, as well as my self, the Scandal of Madness, by drawing thee into my own Errors, and perswading thee there have been, and there are still Knights Errant in the World. Woe is me, my dear Master's Worship! cry'd *Sancho*, all in Tears, don't die this Bout, but e'en take my Counsel, and live on a many Years; 'tis the maddest Trick a Man can ever play in his Life, to let his Breath sneak out of his Body without any more ado, and without so much as a Rap o'er the Pate, or a Kick of the Guts; to go out like the Snuff of a Farthing-Candle, and die meerly of the Mulligrubs, or the Sullens. For Shame, Sir, don't give way to Sluggishness, but get out of your doleful Dump, and rise. Is this a Time to lie honing and groaning a Bed, when we shou'd be abroad in the Fields in our Shepherd's Coats, as we had resolv'd? Ten to one but behind some Bush, or under some Hedge, we may find the Lady Madam *Dulcinea*, stripp'd of her enchanted Rags, and as fine as a Queen. May-

haps



haps you take it to Heart, that you were unhors'd, and a little Crupper-scratch'd t'other Day; but if that be all, lay the Blame upon me, and say 'twas my Fault, in not girting *Rosinante* tight enough. You know too, there's nothing more common in your Errantry-Books, than for the Knights to be every Foot justl'd out of the Saddle. There's nothing but Ups and Downs in this World, and he that's cast down to Day, may be cock-a-hoop to Morrow. Even so, said *Sampson*, honest *Sancho* has the right Notion of the Matter. Soft and fair, Gentlemen, reply'd Don *Quixote*, ne'er look for Birds of this Year in the Nests of the last: I was mad, but I am now in my Senses; I was once Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, but am now (as I said before) the plain *Alonso Quixano*, and I hope the Sincerity of my Words, and my Repentance, may restore me the same Esteem you have had for me before, and so Mr. Scrivener pray go on.

*Item*, I constitute and appoint *Antonia Quixano*, my Niece here present, sole Heiress of all my Estate, both Real and Personal, after all my just Debts and Legacies bequeath'd by these Presents, shall have been pay'd, satisfy'd, and deducted out of the best of my Goods and Chattels; and the first of that Kind to be discharged, shall be the Salary due to my House-keeper, together with twenty Ducats over and above her Wages; which said Sum I leave and bequeath her to buy her Mourning.

*Item*, I appoint Mr. Curate, and Mr. *Sampson Carrasco* the Batchelor, here present, to be the Executors of this my last Will and Testament.

*Item*, It is my Will, that if my Niece *Antonia Quixano* be inclinable to marry, it be with none but a Person, who, upon strict Enquiry, shall be found never to have read a Book of Knight-Errantry



try in his Life; and in case it appears, that he has been conversant in such Books, and that she persists in her Resolution to marry him, she is then to forfeit all Right and Title to my Inheritance, which, in such Case, my Executors are hereby empowered to dispose to pious Uses, as they shall think most convenient.

*Item*, I entreat the said Executors, that if at any time they happen to meet with the Author of a Book now extant, entitl'd, *The Second Part of the Achievements of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, they wou'd from me most heartily beg his Pardon for my being undesignedly the Occasion of his writing such a Parcel of Impertinences as is contain'd in that Book; for it is the greatest Burden to my departing Soul, that ever I was the Cause of his making such a Thing publick.

Having finish'd the Will, he fell into a swooning Fit, and extended his Body to the full Length in the Bed. All the Company were troubl'd and alarm'd, and ran to his Assistance: However, he came to himself at last; but relaps'd into the like Fits almost every Hour, for the Space of three Days that he liv'd after he had made his Will.

The whole Family was in Grief and Confusion: and yet, after all, the Niece continu'd to eat, the House-keeper drank, and wash'd down Sorrow, and *Sancho Pança* made much of himself: For there is a strange Charm in the Thoughts of a good Legacy, or the Hopes of an Estate, which wondrously removes, or at least, alleviates the Sorrow, that Men shou'd otherwise feel for the Death of Friends.

At last *Don Quixote's* Dying-Day did come, after he had made all those Preparations for Death which good Christians ought to do; and by many free and weighry Arguments, shew'd his Abhorrence of Books of Knight-Errantry. The Scrivener, who was

by, protested he had never read in any Books of that kind of any Knight-Errant who ever dy'd in his Bed so quietly, and like a good Christian, as Don Quixote did. In short, amidst the Tears and Lamentations of his Friends, he gave up the Ghost, or to speak more plainly, died; which when the Curate perceiv'd, he desir'd the Scrivener or Notary to give him a Certificate, how *Alonso Quixano*, commonly call'd *The Good*, and sometimes known by the Name of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, was departed out of this Life into another, and died a natural Death. This, left any other Author but *Cid Hamet Benengeli* shou'd take Occasion to raise him from the Dead, and presume to write fabulous Histories of his pretended Adventures.

Thus dy'd that ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose Native Place *Cid Hamet* has not thought fit directly to mention, with design that all the Towns and Villages in *La Mancha* should contend for the Honour of giving him Birth; as the Seven Cities of *Greece* did for *Homer*. We shall omit *Sancho's* Lamentations, and those of the Niece and the House-keeper, as also several Epitaphs that were made for his Tomb, and will only give you this, which the Batchelor *Carrasco* caus'd to be put over it.

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Don

## Don Quixote's Epitaph.

**T**HE Body of a Knight lies here,  
 So brave, that, to his latest Breath,  
 Immortal Glory was his Care,  
 And makes him triumph over Death.

His Looks spread Terror every Hour,  
 He strowe Oppression to controul;  
 Nor cou'd all Hell's United Pow'r  
 Subdue or daunt his Mighty Soul.

Nor has his Death the World deceiv'd  
 Less than his wondrous Life surpriz'd;  
 For if he like a Madman liv'd,  
 At least he like a Wise One dy'd.

Here the Sagacious Cid Hamet addressing himself  
 to his Pen, O thou my slender Pen, says he, thou,  
 of whose Knib, whether well or ill cut, I dare not  
 speak my Thoughts! Suspended by this Wire, re-  
 main upon this Rack, where I deposite thee. There  
 may'st thou claim a Being many Ages, unless pre-  
 sumptuous Scribblers take thee down to pro-  
 fane thee. But e'er they lay their heavy Hands on  
 thee, bid 'em beware, and, as well as thou can'st,  
 in their own Stile, tell 'em,

*Avaunt, ye Scoundrels, all and some!  
 I'm kept for no such thing.  
 Defile not me; but hang your selves;  
 And so, God save the King!*

For me alone was the great *Quixote* born, and I alone for him. Deeds were his Task; and to record 'em, mine: We two, like Tallies for each other struck, are nothing when apart. In vain the Purious Scribe of *Tordesellas* dar'd with his blunt and bungling Ostridge-Quill invade the Deeds of my most Valorous Knight; The great Attempt derides his feeble Skill, while he betrays a Sense be- numm'd and frozen.

And thou, Reader, if ever thou can'st find him out in his Obscurity, I beseech thee advise him likewise to let the wearied, mouldring Bones of *Don Quixote*, rest quiet in the Earth that covers 'em. Let him not expose 'em in *Old Castile*, against the Sanctions of Death, impiously raking him out of the Grave where he really lies stretch'd out beyond a Possibility of taking a third Ramble thro' the World. The two Sallies that he has made already (which are the Subject of these two Volumes, and have met with such universal Applause in this and other Kingdoms) are sufficient to ridicule the pretended Adventures of other Knights-Errant. Thus advising him for the best, thou shalt discharge the Duty of a Christian, and do good to him that wishes thee Evil. As for me, I must esteem myself happy, and gain my End in rendring those fabulous, nonsensical Stories of Knight-Errantry, the Object of the Publick Aversion. They are already going down, and I do not doubt but they will drop and fall altogether in good Earnest, never to rise again. *Adieu.*

F I N I S.





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